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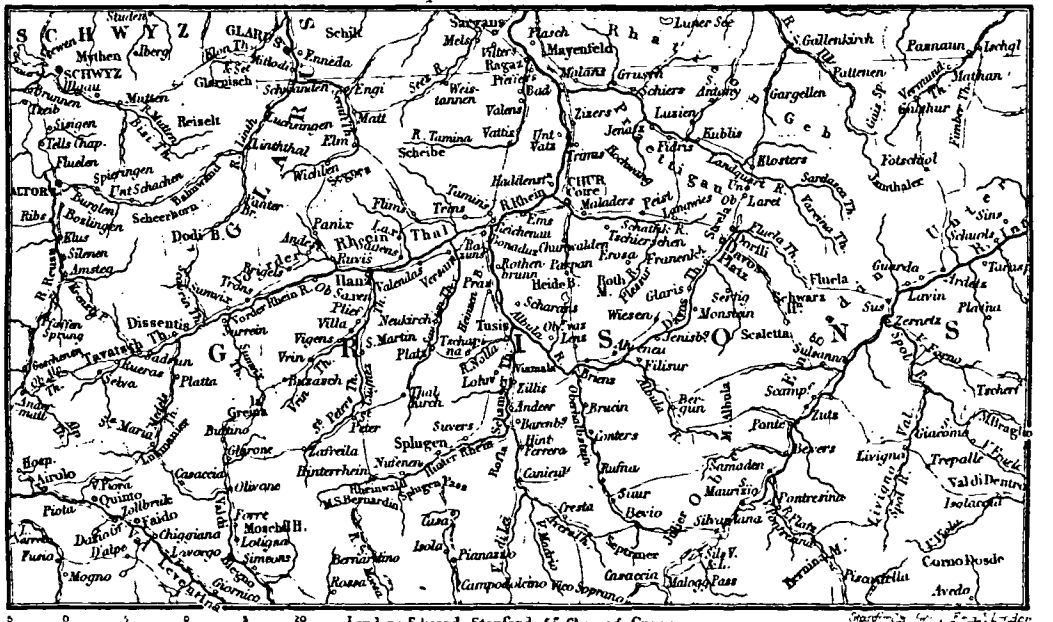
A Sketch Map of Davos-Platz and Environs.



DAVOS-PLATZ;

A NEW ALPINE RESORT

FOR

SICK AND SOUND

IN

SUMMER AND WINTER.

BY

ONE WHO KNOWS IT WELL.

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PREFACE.

SEVERAL years ago, when in a critical state of health, we were led by accident to the Alpine valley, of which the following pages treat, and we felt that the great good derived by ourselves, and witnessed in the case of others from a residence there, imposed upon us the duty of making the district and its healing influences as widely known as we could in England. The extensive resources of the place, discovered as soon as we were able to enjoy them, furnished an additional motive for bringing Davos under the notice of our countrymen. Our object was to present the best information attainable, on all points of interest, and to give conscientiously the most approved and useful advice. A pamphlet, published by us last year, did not seem sufficiently comprehensive to do justice to the subject, and now this fuller and, so far as circumstances allowed, complete guide book is offered to the English public by

THE AUTHOR.

Davos-Platz, 1878.

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DAVOS-PLATZ.

CHAPTER I.

FOR INVALIDS.

THE legend of the first discovery of Davos can be perused in a subsequent chapter, and the reader may believe in it or not, according to the greater or less credence which he gives to traditionary lore, but the second disinterment of the lonely valley is too modern an event for the doubts of the caviller, though the story of its arousal from a slumber of centuries to become a household word in most European countries is romantic enough to be an incident of fiction.

Before it reached its sudden renown, there had been at the hamlet of Davos-Platz, as in many other Alpine villages, a simple inn, where boarders were taken during the summer—persons from the adjacent low-lying towns and districts who came for a little fresh mountain air, as town folk with us flock to the nearest seaport or fishing village in July, August, and September. Neither these good people nor their hosts troubled their heads about—

"The fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time."

—and they had no idea of the interest excited in medical and scientific circles in Germany regarding the beneficial effects upon invalids of the Alpine-air system of treatment. As Switzerland had become more gene-

rally known, men skilled in sanitary science had observed with astonishment that phthisis rarely appeared among the inhabitants of valleys that were situated at a certain height above the sea, and this hypothesis, at first received with incredulity, has now a whole host of partizans—4000 feet above sea-level being fixed as marking the line of immunity from the disease in this portion of Europe.

It is not uninteresting to notice, as a coincidence, that this is also the line above which the beech-tree is not known to grow, and that the last beech-woods are found in the neighbourhood of Klosters, which, lying over 1300 feet lower than Davos, stands on the debatable ground, where the beautiful foliage of the green thickets cannot make one forget the possible presence of the enemy.

People must not, however, hastily jump at the conclusion that a residence in a place where phthisis is unknown among the aborigines, will eradicate it from constitutions in which it has already appeared. 'Every mountain side or high-lying valley, at an elevation of more than 4000 feet, does not present the same favourable features as Davos, which, despite all the researches that have been made by men of competent knowledge and experience, still stands unrivalled for the cure of various complaints. The difficulty of finding a suitable locality will, perhaps, be better understood, if we compare Davos with some resort familiar to the British public, and we will, therefore, briefly enumerate some of the advantages it possesses over the adjacent Engadine, thus enabling our readers to understand why Davos has been chosen as a health-resort in preference to the valley of the Inn, to which some English doctors have sent many patients in summer, and a few stray ones in winter. That our medical men should have done so is one more proof of the inconveniences resulting from the tower of Babel, for it is the unfamiliarity with the German language prevalent among the faculty in England, that has caused practitioners to start on the right track indeed, but to reach the wrong goal, nevertheless. The popular

Engadine was as well known to them as their daily rounds of regular visits, while Davos, despite the many notices of it written by famous professors and doctors in Germany, remained a *terra incognita* to the very class who must have been most deeply interested in its discovery.

The Engadine is cold and inhospitable even to summer visitors, and this is easily to be explained by its great length, and its want of shelter at both ends, for at one extremity it seems to invite the ingress of the chilly north wind, and at the other the open Maloja Pass encourages the attack of the rightly dreaded sirocco. This is particularly formidable in spring, when it plays in the Engadine at its own wild will, melting the snow and breaking up the roads a full month earlier than in the more sheltered valley of Davos. The close vicinity of numerous glaciers and snowy mountains, producing icy blasts and a cold harsh air, the long string of lakes, the many acres of swampy ground, and the general configuration and geological formation of the valley, contrast unfavourably with Davos. Davos lies N.N.E.–S.S.W., a position which, together with the considerable breadth of the valley, insures to it many hours of sunshine on the briefest winter's day; it is short, and is completely sheltered at both ends by mountains of great height, while no glaciers lie in such enticing propinquity as to form the goal for the afternoon rambles of the high-heeled, train-incumbered dame of fashion. The soil is dry and gravelly, and the great variety of level walks—so important to the patient—must not be forgotten when summing up in favour of our valley. These, and many other considerations which would lead us far afield, make of it an Alpine sanitorium hard to rival.

The two first patients of which the place can boast were happy in their choice, when they selected Davos some dozen years ago as the spot to test on their own persons the then still debated system of treating consumption by a residence in high Alpine air. One of them was a German medical man of experience, who

arrived with good diplomas in his pocket, but a very bad lung under his waistcoat. He was accompanied by a young friend of pleasing but effeminate exterior, whose face, guiltless of the capillary appendages usual to the masculine countenance, gave rise to the belief in the minds of the then unsophisticated peasantry that he was a Polish princess in disguise; and the uncomfortable result was that the door of the one modest hostelry was for long closed against the pair on that wintry afternoon. Notwithstanding this inauspicious reception, the German physician and his supposed lady-love regained health rapidly, and when they showed themselves again in Germany, were admirable living advertisements both of the system and the place.

This then was the second discovery of Davos, and since the fortunate event it has undergone such a transformation as to have outgrown the memory of its own offspring. A wealthy *conditore*, recently returning to his Grisons valley after a prolonged absence, was so lost in astonishment at the change in the well-remembered hovels to which his youth had been accustomed that for a time he stood speechless from amazement, and then, after exhausting all the ejaculations of his native tongue, added the Italian expletives which had been acquired during his wanderings. It has in truth increased in exact ratio to the success of the *bracing* as opposed to the *enervating* system followed in the cure of many chronic complaints, the chief of which, both on account of its prevalence and of its dangerous results, is phthisis.

It was long thought that this fatal malady could be most successfully combated by a residence in a warm, equable climate, where the risk of cold was supposed to be reduced to a minimum. Damp, dust, wind, impurity of atmosphere and greater or less barometrical pressure were never taken into account, and thus arose a long list of health resorts, charming winter *séjours* for those not in need of them, but chiefly of use to the invalid, by smoothing his pathway to the grave.

Yet though most southern resorts merely offer to the

patient a continuation of a fine northern summer, their seductive charms must not be underrated. It *is* a sacrifice to the invalid whose weakness renders him singularly open to objective impressions, and the nature of whose malady makes him cling to soft, fair beauty in preference to the stern grandeur which may have charmed him in happier, healthier days, to resign the balmy south for the rigour of the north. He has to exchange citron, and orange-trees for gloomy storm-beaten *Arvenbäume* (*Pinus Cembra*); the graceful pin maritime of Italy, which stands sentinel over the dancing waves of the Mediterranean, is replaced by the stunted pin rabougri (*Pinus Mughus*) as it creeps along the precipitous cliff, shivering beneath the Alpine blasts, and trembling before the impending avalanche; and instead of the silvery olive-tree, with its pale, neutral tints and flickering shadows, the eye rests on a few misshapen alders and distorted willows, while the tufts of sweet-smelling myrtle find their representatives only in scentless *roses des Alpes*. For a laughing landscape and turquoise sea, there are serrated peaks, frowning mountains, sombre lakes, and rock-imprisoned torrents, while the gay frivolity of the people of the south gives place to the churlish reserve of the self-contained mountaineer.

The contrast in the scenes is not greater than the revulsion in the treatment to which the patient is submitted.

Cold was long looked upon as most injurious to the lungs, but now it is acknowledged by many that cold, provided the atmosphere be *dry*, braces the constitution; and that all, that tends to strengthen the body generally, acts in time upon the local malady. Thus it comes that many physicians of the modern school send their patients to a high, dry Alpine resort, instead of choosing a lovely but enervating southern climate. A glance at results frequently solves difficult problems.

Granting that benefit, even great benefit, has been derived by the sufferer from a winter passed on the Riviera, in Sicily, Egypt, or Algiers, still he returns to his northern home utterly unable to withstand its

changeable climate and pursue the occupations of his former busy existence, and has frequently to leave his country for a long series of winters, or pay the final penalty for rashly remaining in it. This is *not* the case when a winter has been passed in Davos. Here not only does the restorative power of the air cure the local disease, but the keen, pure mountain atmosphere makes the general constitution hardy, and the patient goes back to his former mode of life, more able for his work than at any previous period. Lukewarm friends are more dangerous than open enemies, and *half* partisans of the bracing system assert that only *robust* invalids can derive benefit from a sojourn among the Alps. Any one, who has had an opportunity of observing a sufficient number of cases in Davos, will maintain the contrary. It is frequently the weakest and feeblest patients, those who at home are the most susceptible to cold and rapid changes of temperature, who make the quickest and most satisfactory recoveries here. This is particularly remarkable as regards Italians—people who have developed consumption in the very climate to which we send our patients for a cure!

But though we are anxious to make known to sufferers the most heroic and satisfactory remedy yet discovered for a malady long considered incurable, we would at the same time warn them *to come in time*, and not allow themselves to be deluded by the treacherous cruelty of a disease that plays with its victims and holds out hopes of escape, even when the last struggle is at hand. Unlike most chronic and all acute complaints, it steals upon us almost imperceptibly. A diminution of appetite, a gradual loss of strength and weight, a cough perhaps, and other symptoms which the patient disregards because they cause him little annoyance and no pain, are the only indications of its presence.

It would indeed be well for the invalids, their friends, and their medical advisers, were they, instead of cherishing a false feeling of security, to realise early the true nature of the threatened danger and bring

into practice the wholesome old adage—true of lung-tissue as of fabrics—"A stitch in time saves nine." But here we come upon the kernel of the evil. Patients, friends, and doctors are often led astray by the insidious malady, and no radical measures are taken till it often already is too late to avert the fatal termination. When such is the case, a peaceful parting at home, among all the familiar objects and pleasant associations dear to the invalid, is preferable to a death among strangers in a strange land; or if a change be insisted upon, then let the sufferer close his days with gentleness and resignation in the tepid atmosphere and amid the bewitching scenery of the south. It should be distinctly understood that the air of Davos, though the most approved remedy yet discovered for phthisis, cannot be expected to perform impossibilities: and as an amputated limb is never again developed from the stump where it has been, so the lung-tissue once destroyed cannot be woven anew. The atmosphere of Davos will patch and mend, but material must be there upon which to work. However, even when the material is very slight and each stitch, as it is put in, seems to give way, some good may nevertheless be achieved. Cases are by no means uncommon of persons utterly unable to exist in the plains who not only live but enjoy life here. Healthy people—people sound to the core—may shrug their shoulders and vow that they would rather die at once than accept a reprieve, however long, with such conditions attached to it. But circumstances change men. Place these same philosophers face to face with death, and they will eagerly compound for a life-long imprisonment at Davos! True, it is sad to be confined within the narrow limits of an Alpine valley, when the scenes of the great beautiful world are there to choose from, but, such circumstances notwithstanding, life is more than merely endurable when ill-health does not produce anxiety and pain.

Here the invalid may live as the healthy do elsewhere, and it is no small boon to the prisoner that the shackles which bind him should not be forced upon

his notice. Still "prevention is better than cure," and looked upon from a purely utilitarian point of view, it is wiser to come early to Davos than late. A patient, when the malady is beginning, will be cured in months, whereas it might take years for him to regain his health should he wait till the evil is far advanced, and at all events the work when completed would be much less thoroughly done.

Many are the hypotheses of ingenious theorists on the continent to explain the indisputable results attained here in the cure of many chronic diseases, and these speculators have occupied themselves, particularly, with a study of the atmospheric influence exerted on the pulmonary organs.

One class of theorists maintain that the curative process is brought about by the *lightness* of the air (the weight being one-fifth less than at sea-level), which, relieving the delicate lung from undue pressure, permits it gradually to recover its normal condition; others hold that the rarity of the air, which induces more rapid respiration, restores the organ to its former healthy elasticity by a species of pulmonary gymnastic; while others again contend that the solar radiation is the grand curative agent; and yet another class of scientific men find in the marvellous purity of the atmosphere, and its consequent freedom from germs, a satisfactory solution of the much-vexed problem.

The supporters of the last-named supposition discover in the facts that meat, when exposed here to the air, dries instead of putrefying, and that external wounds and injuries heal instead of suppurating, a strong confirmation of their view of the matter, while the extreme dryness of the atmosphere enables them to account for the gradual absorption of the festering matter in the diseased lung.

Whether or no, the reader accepts unreservedly any one of these theories, rejects them entirely, or believes in the united effect of many influences, certain it is that he would be satisfied by the results he witnessed in Davos itself, and doctors and patients would do well, were they, laying aside all prejudices, to give the new

system of treatment and the new health resort a trial.

And now, although a detailed medical dissertation would be out of place, a list of the maladies most suited to Davos—*i.e.* that have been cured or palliated —may here be given.

As may be inferred from the mode of cure, chronic affections are the complaints which are most successfully dealt with.

Pulmonary diseases in the earlier stages are radically cured, and in cases where the malady is far advanced, and the lung-tissue already gravely affected, the mischief may yet be brought to a standstill. Infiltration is got rid of, cavities (even large ones) frequently heal up, and, strangely enough—when the experience of Alpine climbers is considered—not only does hæmorrhage rarely occur, but the tendency to it seems gradually to disappear.

Those who have had the opportunity of observing a large number of phthisical cases must have noticed that the first symptoms of amelioration are almost always identical. The hectic fever, which was gradually exhausting the vitality of the sufferer, is got under, and, simultaneous with its departure, is the return of a healthy appetite. It may be said in many instances that the patient eats the malady away, and one favourite common-sense theory, adopted by persons who do not care to venture into a scientific region, is that the appetite is so strengthened and stimulated by the bracing mountain air as to give the sufferer force sufficient to shake off the illness. A general appearance of returning health begins to show itself. The face assumes a natural colour, the pale lips and gums grow redder, the dead glassy look of the eye gives place to a cheerful life-like glance, the languid step becomes alert and free, and along with these æsthetical improvements comes the more material one of a rapid increase in weight. An augmentation of 20 lbs. in a couple of months is by no means a singular occurrence, but the average is of course very much less. The humidity is so slight that colds are at a discount,

or, if taken, quickly disappear, and do not lead to the bad results that often attend them at lower levels.

In other affections of the respiratory organs the curative power of Davos is also remarkable. The predisposition to bronchitis is overcome, and that most capricious of complaints—asthma—seems to be less capricious here than elsewhere.

In cases of young people where there is suspicion of hereditary disease, or where the strength has been affected by rapid growth, the benefit of a residence here cannot be overrated; and the knowledge of Davos will be a blessing to many anxious parents and guardians, who watch the growth of their children and charges, haunted by the terrible fear that they will never reach maturity.

In nervous maladies this air is most beneficial in its influence. Many are the cases of weakness in the spine and limbs (productive of great debility and even lameness) which have here been cured, while the minor ill of nervous headaches vanishes rapidly, and those more obscure affections that have their seat in the brain of the over-worked man or in the imagination of the self-tormenting hypochondriac, may be successfully struggled with in the more favourable conditions of life at this height and in this atmosphere.

Dyspepsia too, a complaint to which English people seem to be peculiarly prone, disappears with a certainty and a rapidity that are marvellous. Food is not only easily digested, but readily assimilated, and so sufferers from stomachic disorders, who have been condemned to a farinaceous diet in England, are here seen partaking of heavy suppers—solids, salad, and beer—with no prospective fears of nightmare to mar their vigorous enjoyment.

Indeed chronic stomachic disorders belong to the class of complaints for which Davos air may be said to be a specific, and many affirm that the benefit derived in such cases is even greater than that experienced by phthisical patients. Certainly, though the wonders performed may not be so startling, the results are usually obtained in a shorter period of time.

Anæmia and the numerous maladies produced by poverty of blood and want of tone are also successfully combated with; the tendency of blood to the head is counteracted, and in functional diseases of the heart, especially where the circulation is languid, the progress made even in a short time is astonishing. The restorative air of Davos is also most advantageous to persons whose strength has been exhausted by some acute complaint, or by an internal disease, which, though got rid of or arrested, has left the patient in a condition of debility that the usual remedies are unable to remove. In fact, wherever tone and vitality are wanting, there is no such trustworthy treatment as a residence at Davos.

The air here is popularly supposed to be unfavourable in cases of rheumatism, but our experience goes far to prove the contrary, for we have witnessed many remarkable instances of amelioration both in it and its sister malady—neuralgia; and, where the opposite has unfortunately ensued, careful investigation almost always brings to light some grave imprudence, which would as surely have produced the same mischief elsewhere. The chief maladies counter-indicated are *organic* disease of the heart as opposed to functional, and organic affections of the brain as distinguished from nervous disorders. Cases where these occur ought not to be sent to Davos.

As already observed, the vehicle of cure, at once giving a reputation to Davos and placing it above all other health-resorts of the same genus, is its unrivalled air, thin, dry, pure, and tonic. The minutiæ of treatment—their importance as elements of the Davos cure is frequently exaggerated—such as modified hydropathy, much milk, &c., can in any case be enjoyed with equal advantage at other places, where a considerable water power and rich pasturages are to be found. There is no doubt, however, that to weak people with good digestions a quantity of milk is highly beneficial, and the nutritious beverage can be obtained fresh from the cow at every hotel in the place. The small dun Swiss cows, as is well known, give an exceedingly rich

milk. The air, however, is the *ne plus ultra*, and all sensible patients will quickly grasp the fact that they can do much themselves to encourage the progress of the cure. Indeed, common-sense and a strong will are the great means to recovery. Many people die because they have not the energy to live, while others again try to carry on in their invalid state the unhealthy habits of their former healthy lives, and yet a third class by over-care and "coddling" actually deprive themselves of the power to profit by the chief healing agency. Both these last groups of invalids, though their modes of conducting themselves are diametrically opposite, succeed in bringing about the same mischievous results. Those, however, who are most anxious to do the best for themselves, must not forget the dangers of over-zeal, but quietly submit to feel their way cautiously at first, and endure somewhat irritating inaction. The peculiarities of the climate necessitate prudence at the outset. Care and judgment are essential, particularly for such as have transplanted themselves from the dense atmosphere of the sea-level to the rarified air of a valley higher than the summit of any mountain in Great Britain.

The process of acclimatisation, as it is called, is not always an agreeable one. Sleeplessness, headache, sensations of oppression, breathlessness and nervous disturbances sometimes render the first few days or even weeks anything but pleasant. But the effect is different in different cases, and the majority escape such feelings entirely. Those afflicted in such a way must bear the ordeal patiently and beware of fretfully fancying, from the temporary inconvenience, that the climate is not going to suit them. Sometimes the weakly patient is completely spared, and the atmospheric influences kindly avenge themselves upon the robust constitution of his sound companion. Even, however, when the first effects of the climate are productive of exhilaration, rather than depression, the health-seeker ought to be careful of taxing his strength too violently, for in addition to the sudden change of climatic conditions, it must be borne in mind, that the

new-comer to Davos has probably been subjected to the fatigue, excitement, and consequent reaction of what is to him an exhausting journey. Let him have patience! The rest and quiet so necessary on his arrival will gradually be replaced by exercise, gentle to begin with, afterwards more vigorous, and in a short time those who fretted and fumed on balcony or terrace, or as they crept along the level road, may advance by slow degrees to the stage of exertion which they regarded with envious admiration in others during the days of enforced inaction, and themselves become in turn objects of like wonder to the "freshman." It is not, however, only on the occasion of their *début* at Davos that patients ought to practise rigid restraint over themselves; indeed the duty of continuous self-management cannot be too strongly impressed upon all who suffer from the chronic disorders which here find alleviation and cure. When people are placed in favourable conditions for overcoming a serious malady, it is wonderful how much can be done to aid and foster these conditions by the invalids themselves, and how much, alas! can also be done to hinder good results. No one can help them as they can help themselves; their very existence is often, as it were, given into their own hands, to retain or cast away as they choose. Let them come here determined to lead natural, simple, open-air lives, and, getting over old-fashioned British proclivities in favour of drugs and doses, let them place themselves as much as possible in the way of benefiting by the influence of the great curative agent. The issue will prove a sure means of conversion to the new theory of treatment, and make them share that faith in the air of Davos which those who have experienced its efficacy already abundantly possess.

As regards the general impression produced by the place on new-comers who study it in a medical aspect, we may say with truth that, to those acquainted with the quackery and charlatanism of many *soi-disant* health-resorts, Davos is refreshingly free from all the meaningless paraphernalia of the modern watering-

place, that impose upon the simple and disgust the sensible. The character of the valley stands on a basis so firm and solid that "shams" for the most part can be dispensed with. In certain cases the *douche* is doubtless of advantage, but its good effects make themselves much more manifest to our somewhat water-shy German cousins than to us, who have been accustomed to the use of cold baths from our infancy upwards. There are some half-dozen of these shower-baths in the place, and their virtue is enhanced tenfold in the eyes of the timid by the fact that a doctor turns the cock. Ludicrous incidents in connection with the *douche* often occur. One water-hating Teuton raised a stout umbrella to shelter himself from the pelting rain, while another victim—a gallant field-officer, who had served with distinction throughout the Franco-German war, and whose perforated lung demonstrated his bravery under French fire, could not stand the assault of the opposite element, and had to be held fast by the bathman when undergoing the trying ordeal. It need scarcely be said that only those whose circulation insures a good reaction, and who have strength sufficient for a walk both before and after the operation should adopt this adjunct to their cure. Day begins soon and ends soon too, for the Davos health-seeker early rising and early bed-going are alike advisable here. The patient's life presents some curious anomalies when looked at in the light of ordinary hygienic notions. People are willing enough to remain out of doors on fine summer and autumn evenings, but in winter's crackling frosts they find it hard to take an after-dinner stroll, instead of the forty winks with which we are all familiar. Such late exercise is of course only to be recommended to patients with good constitutions and thoroughly acclimatised. All are urged in winter to be within doors at sundown, but, warmly shielded from the cold by plaids and great-coats, most may go out for a walk immediately afterwards. The hour of sunset is feared in this dry, pure atmosphere only on account of the sudden change in the temperature, not, as in Italy, because of unwhole-

some exhalations that accompany the approach of darkness.

To sum up in a few words, an existence passed in the open air, plenty of milk, good food, and a liberal allowance of the tannin-impregnated Veltliner wine, in suitable cases the *douche*, and *frottements* with cold water, complete at least the outlines of the cure. And the air does its work, in the majority of cases, thoroughly. The healthy appetite, the muscular strength, and the nervous vigour of former days return, and few of the Davos invalids, who have for some time breathed its pure, life-giving atmosphere, will fail to bear comparison, as regards the outward appearance of health, with their friends and relatives from the plains. In consequence of the brown tint that the complexion here assumes, a badge more satisfactory than becoming, Davos patients are everywhere easy to recognise, and are known by the cognomen of Moors or negroes.

Indeed, strange blunders are often made by newcomers, who mistake the sick for the sound, and *vice versâ*; and it is certainly difficult to convince an onlooker, who views, for the first time, one of the well-filled *tables d'hôte*, that he actually has before him a company of invalids. One "casual" jocosely remarked, "The only consumption here appears to be the consumption of food," and truly the words seemed not unjustified. There are always, however, at least two sides to everything, and sometimes the danger is not slight, that the feeling of health, rapidly acquired by the invalid, should blind him to the fact that he is a patient still, and so induce him, with confident rashness, to overstep the boundaries that a watchful prudence would prescribe. The health-seeker, when he *feels* well, while thankful for the consoling, and often speedy indication of a cure, ought not to allow either himself or his friends to be run away with by a premature confidence in a completed recovery. He who comes to Davos afflicted by a malady of long standing must bring with him a goodly stock of patience. Days and weeks will not suffice to rid him of the plague

that has spoiled his life perhaps for years; illnesses that come gradually for the most part leave gradually too. Considering the tedious nature of many of the diseases which Davos air has power over, it is an important point that the climatic conditions of the place are such as to permit the sufferer to reap its benefits during the greater portion of the year, instead of being forced to go elsewhere after a residence of a few months, as is the case in most other health-resorts. People can come with advantage in the first days of June, and remain till towards the beginning of April. But this suggests a very common misapprehension. Because Davos is a fitting spot in which to hybernate, many find it difficult to understand how it can be equally suitable in summer, and its climatic superiority at that season of the year to the vast majority of places of the sort is apt to be underrated. Patients and doctors both combine in arguing that it does not much signify where the fine months are spent, forgetful of the fact that if the danger is greater in winter, it only diminishes, and does not vanish, with the warmer but still changeable weather which, in our islands, is characteristic of the summer. The most to be expected is that the illness should make no decided progress; or be brought, perhaps, to a temporary standstill. But it is a grave and fundamental error to temporise with such an enemy—the weapons ought never to be laid aside, the struggle must be continued throughout the year; the likeliest means available should be resorted to at once, and continued without intermission till danger has been overcome. People make a grievous mistake, when *the best* is offered, to choose only *the good*, as many sufferers who come here in autumn sadly realise, while they vainly regret the time lost at other places less favourable to them, which would have been passed to much better purpose in the sheltered Alpine valley of Davos.

The cures effected here in summer are just as remarkable as those made in winter, and it would be well indeed were this fact more generally appreciated and more universally acted upon. Well, too, would it

be, if those interested understood clearly that a charming climate and a salubrious one are two totally different things, and that the properties of the one and of the other are seldom found united. The soft enervating atmosphere which constitutes the paradise of the sybarite, and the restorative air that braces and heals, have absolutely nothing in common. The Davos climate belongs emphatically to the latter of the two classes, and its effect upon the health lies far deeper than the superficial influence of tracts of fine weather and pleasant balmy breezes, though here too the brilliant sunshine is far from being an inconspicuous feature in the agencies at work. The healing power acts upon the diseased body in summer as in winter, and invalids are guilty of culpable neglect who throw away or diminish their chance of recovery by absenting themselves from Davos during the summer months, or at least postponing their journey thither, because in the good period of the year there are superior attractions elsewhere, and they rashly hope in this way to unite pleasure and profit, both in full measure, to the detriment probably of both. Most people blind themselves willingly to the inconvenient truth, that chronic maladies often make as much progress from May to November as from November to May; so they prefer their pleasant old axiom of allowing the enemy do its worst in the dog-days, while they act on the defensive in a winter campaign. This is excusable enough as regards foreign patients, who have often to husband their small resources that they may be able to leave their insalubrious homes at the worst time of the year; but in England, where the percentage of phthisical and dyspeptic patients is among the highest known, there is undoubtedly also the greatest proportion of persons whose material position enables them to do their duty in the preservation of their lives for themselves and those belonging to them. While the foreigner is diminishing his small capital, or expending his hard-earned savings in the struggle to regain strength, the English invalid can often live at his ease on a comfortable income. But if there is no nation so *able*,

there is also none so *unwilling*, to sacrifice the time necessary for a thorough restoration to health. We islanders are bound and fettered by innumerable little threads of habit, fashion, and conventionalism, more difficult to sunder than the chain of the galley-slave; they can only be broken by a straightforward, clear-sighted view of the gravity of the position in which the prisoner lies, and a realisation of the fact that the chronic affection which has stolen upon the victim so imperceptibly and makes itself felt so perilously little, is yet leading him relentlessly and swiftly to the bourne from which no footsteps lead.

"Who dies not in March dies in April," says a German proverb, therefore would we impress upon those who have happily survived the dangerous season, to come here as soon as flowery June has sprung full-blown from the lap of winter, without the aid of spring. There are, in truth, but two seasons instead of four in Davos, for summer comes without prelude, and does not fade away sadly into autumn, as is the case upon the plains. Indeed, here is but little to mark the changes of the year. September and October are generally glorious months in the high Alps. The weather is often steadier then than in July or August, and the fall of the year brings with it none of the disadvantages which exist so conspicuously further down, among the changing flowers and deciduous forests that are so familiar to all of us. Here are no morning mists, no evening dews, no rank decaying vegetation, no "moist rich smell of the rotting leaves," all baneful to the patient; and there is little of that transition period which causes autumn—the lingering death of summer into winter—to bear no small resemblance to the insidious disease that is slowly but surely wearing his life away.

In Davos autumn hardly exists. True, the luscious green of the summer meads is replaced by tawny yellow, the sparcely strewn alders, willows, and larches (the only trees not evergreen of which the valley can boast) become bright brown and orange; the mountains burn like a furnace beneath the setting sun,

from the masses of the Alpine Arctostaphylos which clothe their summits, the tiny dark green leaves turning to a bright scarlet in September and October; but these are all minor signs, and do not impress the beholder with mournful thoughts of nature's decay, or of the evanescence of all things.

It is therefore a *double* pity, when English invalids who have already committed an error by not coming here in summer, should persist in carrying out their usual practice of refusing to choose winter quarters till the season is far advanced. By lingering late in England they are, on the one hand, exposing themselves to the many perils connected with the murky autumnal atmosphere of our islands at the fall of the leaf, while, on the other, they are probably missing bright, settled weather that would exert a positive influence in benefiting them. It must be remembered that the cogent reasons which deter people from seeking the south before November or December do not apply to Davos. Here they need neither fear malaria nor any of those incidental maladies the idea of which suggests a later start from home. No oppressive autumn days enfeeble still further the feeble invalid; no troublesome mosquitoes annoy the stranger; while, besides all these negative advantages, there exist many good grounds to induce the patient, casting old habits to the winds, to seek his winter home before winter has come upon him.

By arriving at Davos in the end of September, or *at latest* in the beginning of October, he has made his journey at a favourable time, he gets acclimatised—and this is *most important*—before the snow falls, he has in prospect a longer period for recovery, and, as a minor inducement, he may enjoy the satisfaction of becoming acquainted with the valley, before it lays aside its green garb to don its white one.

Further, there are as many reasons for urging the health-seeker to stay late as for pressing him to come early.

If he is truly anxious to make every sacrifice for the great end he has in view, he ought not to forget that

any place to which he goes from Davos will be inferior to it as regards the strengthening effect upon his constitution; and he should, therefore, make up his mind to remain in his winter quarters as long as no other considerations render his stay there undesirable. A prudent patient will not leave before the close of March, or the beginning of April, for Davos, along with other advantages, enjoys an enviable immunity from the cold east winds of spring in other places so justly dreaded by the defenceless invalid.

The last portion of April, and the whole of May is the slack time, in its otherwise busy season. In April the snow-melting begins, and May, though fitful, is not a poetical month in the high Alps; thus not till the beginning of June does one see figures, new or familiar, wandering through the valley which wakes again to busy life after weeks of its original seclusion.

But however much we would urge health-seekers to remain in their winter quarters till the end of March—a month fraught with peril to the patient in any spot easy of access from Davos—we would warn them just as strenuously to turn a deaf ear to the suggestions made from certain interested quarters—for the most part by shallow observers with imperfect information and feeble judgment—to remain on beyond the beginning of April, among the melting snows of the valley. We have only to remind our proverbially practical countryfolk, of the effect of a thaw at home, in producing colds, catarrhs, bronchitis, &c., among healthy people, to make them see what the results must be here upon invalids, where English *inches* are represented by Swiss *feet*, and the process of liquefaction is proportionately longer.

It is surely short-sighted policy, setting aside higher ground, to try to detain people in the months of April and May, when the melting masses saturate the usually dry air with watery vapour, while other resorts conveniently near are already wearing their spring garb, and inviting them to enjoy the pleasant change of bright days and a gentle atmosphere. A season of ten months is surely a long one—variety of scene has no

slight influence on the shattered nerves that are almost always a concomitant of grave maladies; and we advise advocates of "the snow-melting" to be content with the harvest they have gained, and not to imperil the reputation of an unrivalled health-resort, by trying to keep people in it, during the only insalubrious season of the year.

And now I hope that my words, however imperfect, may prove sufficient to direct attention to a place, by the results of a residence in which doctors and patients would alike be satisfied, however strong their prejudice might have been against a course of cure by sending delicate people up to, instead of away from the region of the snow.

And here, perhaps, it may not be unsuitable again to remind both medical men and invalids that the curative power is the air—the air alone—and that he, who wishes to benefit by the place, ought to put himself in the most favourable possible circumstances for being acted upon by the restorative influence. The progress made by the sick here depends greatly upon external conditions, which in many other health-resorts rank only second in importance.

Were Davos a mere place for pleasure-seekers, like so many popular resorts in Switzerland, we would gladly avoid making favourable mention, as it may seem invidiously, of two particular houses; but the paramount importance of the subject compels us to name the hotels Belvedere and Buol, whose superiority in the matter of situation and general hygienic arrangements cannot fail to strike the most superficial observer. They stand near each other at the entrance of the village, but not in it, on pleasant open sites, with no other buildings in such close proximity as to interfere with the free circulation of the air, or the happy influence of the beneficent sunshine, or the enjoyment of views over mountain and valley, looked upon as their right by all visitors to Switzerland, and especially cheering to invalids, whose powers of locomotion are limited. Both are situated on little eminences above the high road, and its dust—so subtle an enemy to the delicate

lung-tissue—cannot trouble their inhabitants; while another simple hygienic principle—which we should have thought self-evident had not an acquaintance with Davos-Platz taught us the contrary—has likewise been attended to, in that their principal façades are both turned directly to the south. In summer, the close vicinity of the aromatic pine-woods is a great advantage to those not very robust, who find a pleasant shade too dearly bought by the relatively long walk from the hotels in the village. In winter the superior warmth of their position is felt by the most unobservant visitors, who however may probably be unable to explain the phenomenon. Just before the village is entered, the banks bounding the valley on this side rise precipitously, and form a rough crescent facing the south. The reflection from their sunny slopes, and the increased shelter afforded by their position, constitute a limited district of peculiar warmth and brightness, which has consequently obtained among the strangers its well-deserved appellation "the Africa of Davos." The Hôtel Belvedere, in particular, lies, as it were, in the embrace of this happy hollow; and its situation is perhaps on the whole preferable to that of the Hôtel Buol. It is, moreover, emphatically the *English house* of the place, where our wishes and comforts are not only understood but attended to. Thoroughly well-drained habitations are so seldom met with on the continent—one of the reasons that make English doctors hesitate before sending patients abroad—and the want of proper drainage is so often fraught with disastrous and even fatal consequences to our countrymen, that any hotel possessing the recommendation of due attention to this important matter deserves especially prominent mention; and it is, therefore, only right to state, for the benefit of those who may meditate a visit to Davos, that the sanitary arrangements of the Hôtel Belvedere are such as would meet with approval even in England.

In order to avoid misconception, on the part of those who have never been on the Continent, or who are familiar only with the usual arrangements of German

Spas, we must observe that, where there are mineral springs and baths, the title of *Kurhaus*, assumed by the principal bathing and drinking-establishment, has a certain justification; but the name (actually adopted by one house here—a highly misleading advertisement) loses its significance altogether in Davos, where the curative agent is air instead of water.

Every hotel here has therefore the same reason to entitle itself Kurhaus—i.e. *house of cure—and it is to be remembered that the one which best justifies the name is the house where the atmosphere is purest, and its circulation freest,* i.e. *where the most favourable situation is combined with the most satisfactory sanitary arrangements.*

In closing this chapter, we cannot avoid an expression of regret, that so good a cause has not had a better advocate; on the other hand, it is wiser, perhaps, to say too little than too much; and to all who hastily condemn a treatment of which they have had no experience, we would simply say, come and judge for yourselves. Yet even in England, where our science is as steadily conservative as our constitution is liberal, there have been many eager searchers after light, who felt that the old *régime* was obsolete and false, yet did not know how to save from destruction those that seemed already marked for death. To medical men of this class the knowledge of Davos would come as a revelation.

To the patients themselves we would give a parting word of counsel. No one would deny the superior attractions, both as regards beauty and pleasure, of a fair southern resort over this northern sanatorium; but most will willingly relinquish the soothing *palliative,* in order to obtain the radical, *cure.* The sufferer ought to realise clearly the choice he is called upon to make. Phthisis at least is no enemy to whom you can say, "Thus far and no further." Will, you, then in some charming southern clime, follow the deceitful spectre along a flower-strewn pathway to the tomb, or with strong endeavour freeze the very power of evil out of him, in the ice-ribbed regions of the Alps? We believe, after long experience, that it is not too much to say—these are the alternatives between which most consumptive patients have to choose.

CHAPTER II.

IN SUMMER.

Not, however, to the invalid only has Davos inducements to offer; in summer, when all who can are on the wing, it is as much frequented by persons in search of enjoyment and relaxation as by those who come in quest of health, and the influx of strangers is so great that billiard-tables as well as beds have been frequently in requisition. English people, however, have up to this time been playing hide-and-seek around the valley which has concealed itself so cunningly that they have rarely succeeded in finding it. The valley of the Rhine with its well-known towns and villages, the passes of the Julier and Albula, leading to that fashionable British play-ground the Engadine, are as familiar to them as their own flower-pots or tennis lawns at home; and even Piz d'Aela, Piz Michel, and that smaller edition of the Matterhorn, the dolomite point of the Tinzenhorn, which form the mountain-chain that bounds the valley of Davos to the South, are all well-known names to the summer tourist, to whom Davos has still remained "the back of beyond." Few people, however strong, in these modern days of over-taxed energies and exhausting brain-work can afford to let "well alone," and the yearly trip, that all now claim as a necessity, is generally undertaken for the double purpose of pleasure-seeking and health-recruiting. Both objects can be admirably combined in Davos, which presents all the desiderata that visitors to Switzerland expect, along with the most favourable climate possible for strengthening over-worked brains and jaded nerves.

The meteorological conditions here have, of course, a strong family resemblance to those of other high

regions, but Davos seems to possess greater advantages and fewer drawbacks in this respect than are found elsewhere at the same altitude. When the height above the sea is properly taken into consideration, the climate must be pronounced singularly genial and equable. The air is just as bracing and invigorating as that of rougher and harsher localities, though the atmospheric disturbances are neither so violent nor so frequent as in most, and the changes of temperature are not nearly so trying as in other equally elevated Alpine regions. The solar radiation—averaging 125°–150° F.—is great, but the refreshing coolness of the air subdues the effect of the sun's heat, and permits those, who are inclined, to take as much exercise as they please without fear of lassitude or exhaustion.

The *Fön*—a Swiss name for the dreaded sirocco of Italy—is far less felt here, than in most similarly situated districts, as its ingress is happily impeded by a double and treble bulwark of mountains.

Fogs likewise are of much rarer occurrence than in most retreats among the Alps, where human habitations approach the domain of the clouds, for, somehow or other, these usually content themselves with hanging sullenly athwart the mountains, very seldom venturing into the *Thalsohle* itself. Thunder-storms are not common, and they generally vent their fury, when they do come, on the lowering peaks of the side valleys, whence they hurry away to the mighty giants of the Engadine. In Davos-Platz houses have been struck by lightning only five times this century, and three of these occurred in a great storm of 1877.

Under the most favourable conditions, however, an Alpine climate is apt to be a capricious coquette, whose moods and vagaries it is impossible to foretell; and even the typical "oldest inhabitant" will cautiously shake his head and drift into generalities, when questioned about the signs of the times, instead of becoming garrulous with local meteorological lore, as is the case when the old folk—always approved weather-prophets—are consulted anywhere else than in the Alps. One

well-proved prognostic he may, nevertheless, point out, as he explains to you that, when the Tinzenhorn girds on his sword—i.e. a long scarf-like cloud which stretches horizontally across the mountain—a change is not far off. Left to his own resources, the novice in Alpine weather-science begins to make the simple observations familiar to him at the sea-level, but he soon discovers that his principles are inapplicable. It is a superfluous work to consult smoke, weathercocks, or any of the other convenient signs commonly studied for ascertaining the direction of the wind. The innumerable draughts in the valley, produced by various small natural outlets, have no effect whatsoever upon the weather. The upper and lower currents are frequently diametrically opposed to each other; but the upper one alone influences the atmospheric changes, and the movement of the highest strata of clouds is the only trustworthy guide regarding the real direction of the air-tide. The so-called *Thalwind*—valley-wind—blows in fine summer weather with singular regularity, for some hours daily, from the north; it is entirely a local current, of which fact the incredulous visitor can convince himself by climbing three or four hundred feet above the level of the Landwasser basin, where he enters a region of complete calm. This aërial wave is productive of no pernicious effect to the invalid, who may enjoy it without fear.

The despairing meteorological student will, however, be glad to find that there *are* some broad natural laws to which he may appeal in his difficulties. Clear, steady weather comes with a northerly wind, while cloudy days and rain reach us from southern directions. This order of things is reversed in autumn, when the most azure skies and the longest tracts of perfect weather are brought by the *Fön*. In truth, the autumn, to perpetrate an Irish bull, is often the best summer. The days are finer and clearer, and the mountaineer can reckon with more certainty upon the proper reward for his toil and fatigue—a bright and uninterrupted view. The sluggard, too, will be glad that the transparency of the atmosphere continues

throughout the day, thus removing the necessity for those preternaturally early starts which must be a trial to all but the most determined Alpine enthusiasts.

"You must not praise the day till evening comes," says the pretty German version of our clumsy "Don't crow till you're out of the wood," and in this case we may cite its literal, instead of its figurative, sense; for, after a most brilliant forenoon, you may see by three or four o'clock, a cloud no larger than a man's hand curling up like a wreath of smoke against the forest, above the Davoser See. This graceful streak of mist is the unwelcome *avant-coureur* of many an audacious nimbus, that appears in a wonderfully short time, veiling the mountains, and sometimes even invading the valley. We owe this shadowy phalanx of watery ghosts to the autumnal damps of the Prättigau. The hot air of midday keeps the vapour in suspension, but the chill atmosphere of the evening permits it to condense into thick banks of fog, assuming the forms of clouds, as they float upwards to the Landschaft of Davos. By the time, however, that these enemies to panoramic views have found their way here, the day's excursion is over, and pedestrians are hurrying homewards, bearing along with them the pleasant memories of healthy and invigorating hours. Many, who do not wish to make Davos the scene of their whole holiday, may yet find it a suitable station for some special purpose. Mountaineers, for instance, will discover in Davos a most desirable arena for preparatory training-walks, only they should take care not to enter the lists with the fair sex until they have warmed to their work, or at least to avoid such lady-pedestrians as the indefatigable climber who hurried her attendant swain to the summit of the Great Schiahorn and back again, in the incredibly brief space of three hours by the clock!

To another class of people, wanting headquarters central, convenient, and neither over-bustling nor over-expensive, Davos has great advantages to offer. Wives and boxes can here be comfortably disposed of

and easily found again, while the possessor thereof lightly clambers up bachelor-fashion into the banquette of the diligence, or even straps a knapsack on his stalwart shoulders. Much of the grandest scenery in this part of Switzerland can be visited during an absence of a few days.

The Upper Engadine may be reached in eight or ten hours; the lower portion of it, in half that time; a trip into the Tyrol is easily managed; the Vorarlberg can be promptly explored, by means of passes far from difficult across the Rhaeticon chain from Klosters; Ragatz, with the splendid Pfeffers gorge, is seven hours distant; the Schynstrasse and Via Mala are very accessible indeed, while a dip down to the Italian lakes takes little time, costs little money, and will amply repay the traveller.

Davos is likewise a rare "find" for young men looking out for a spot in which to read during the "Long." It is not "slow" enough to be voted tiresome, nor so "fast" as to induce the conscientious student to leave the inevitable books in the unopened portmanteau. The English colony which, summer and winter, seems to have pitched its headquarters in the Hôtel Belvedere, always finds something to do. Excursions are constantly planned. Gay parties of picnickers may often be descried having themselves "carted" up the lateral valleys. Some again test their walking powers on the various peaks and summits; while yet others go in for a favourite hobby with select and sympathising friends. A few will, perhaps, try a little equestrian exercise, for Davos, although not rich in saddle-horses, and destitute of donkeys, mules, *et hoc genus omne*, can still produce from its stables, mounts, sufficient to organise considerable riding-parties, and many, whose pedestrianism is below par, will be glad to follow their stronger companions on horseback. Most of the animals let out for hire are chargers of the Swiss army, ridden by their owners during a few weeks of soldiering in the autumn, and devoted for the rest of the year to very multifarious uses, of which the most interesting and most recent consists in aid-

ing the fair sex to make acquaintance with the beauties of the Davos neighbourhood.

Select little parties of two or three often disappear in the morning, and, with no discoverable object, spend long, lazy days upon the hill-sides, their luncheons stowed away in their pockets; more energetic excursionists have the opportunity of displaying their rowing powers upon the Davoser See, as now, besides the cranky old tub belonging to Doerfli, there are two neat little boats that hail from the pleasant Seehorn Inn, situated on the post-road, close to the western margin of the lake. The presiding genius here is one of the buxom daughters from the Alpenrose, and, while your friends are on the water, she will, if you like, bring your coffee, or your *Schoppen* of Veltliner, to the shady, wooden gallery with which the *Wirthschaft* is provided. The eastern shore of the Davoser See is a perfect El Dorado for the organiser of picnics. Here are many picturesque, sheltered spots for the gipsy encampment; plenty of fir cones and dried branches, with which to feed the fire, and water enough hard by to infuse the tea. The young people will find a suitable outlet for their energies in plucking the bilberries, whortle-berries, and cow-berries—the forest is full of them, and they can be boiled down into an impromptu jam, and eaten with the delicious cream which other enterprising members of the party have meanwhile fetched from the Drusatchalp.

All visitors to Switzerland are not, however, provided with superabundant energy; perhaps they do not even profess themselves disciples of muscular Christianity, and many here who prefer a *dolce far niente* sort of holiday will be rejoiced to find, if resident in either of the hotels Belvedere and Buol, that they have pleasant shade and grateful greenness in much closer vicinity than is now, alas! generally the case with most elevated resorts of the forest-denuded Alps. When, as often happens, secret lovers of ease and idleness are sojourning here, the wood above these hotels presents an almost ludicrous aspect. In every pretty and convenient nook, hammocks are slung from branch

to branch, wherein the lazy bipeds *roost*, half fancying themselves members of the feathered tribe, as they gaze sleepily into the tangled anatomy of the fir-branches, while book, or sketching block lies usually within reach, to be seized upon deftly, and with a firm grasp, as soon as the footsteps of a passer-by betray the presence of a possible interrogator.

About five o'clock groups of these forest-birds are visible, lounging around the rustic restaurant, as they listen for the tinkling of bells which heralds the approach of cows from the Strela-Alp. The milk, partaken of *al fresco*, close to the fragrant pine-trees, and with suggestions of aromatic Alpine herbs, tastes doubly as sweet as usual, and there is no difficulty in realising that it is far superior in nutritious qualities to the same beverage in the plains. People who have spent their afternoon in the Mattenwald—the wood on the eastern side of the valley—can have the same rural treat at the Waldhaus, whose owner possesses a herd that grazes on the slopes of Jacobshorn. More energetic persons, who have given a wider scope to their wanderings, need not be afraid of missing the afternoon's refreshment, for at most of the inns and peasants' châlets good milk can be procured.

Not a few visitors to Switzerland find flower-gathering among the Alps, as good an excuse for dawdling as is sea-weed-picking in England, and those who have taste and judgment can easily arrange bouquets of blossoms which in delicacy of form and intensity of colour far surpass the gaudy products of our much-tended gardens at home. Nosegay-seekers must regret, however, the transitoriness of what has given them so much pleasure, and they often devise groups of carefully dried flowers, or even make collections of plants, which more learned friends christen for them. The work is an interesting one, but it requires time and patience, for the specimens should be laid between sheets of porous grey paper as soon as possible, after having been plucked, when there was neither rain nor dew upon them. Moisture is indeed fatal to success; even if the blooms are half faded,

putting them in water to revive them does a great deal more harm than good, as the saturation of the cellular tissue makes it doubly difficult to preserve the vividness of the colouring matter. Coarse grey paper is the best means for drying purposes, and it ought to be changed every day. The Davos sun will suck up the moisture from the sheets you have just used, and a wooden board from the village carpenter, with a couple of rough stones, picked up like David's pebbles from the nearest brook, will produce a rough but ready and efficient press. In the case of fleshy plants—Crassulaceæ—it is necessary to plunge them at once (all except the blossom) into boiling water, otherwise they will vindicate their right to the title that one genus bears, and will declare themselves with unpleasant emphasis to be Sempervivums by not only living, but actually growing, when they undergo the process that makes mummies of other plants. These extraordinary vegetable existences really find in the drying paper the exact nourishment suited to their wants. The sketcher, too, will light upon a mine of wealth in the way of subjects, studies, and "little bits" at Davos. Those delicious *châlets* will convert his palette into a confusion of sepia, vandyke-brown, and sienna, while the grand development of the fir-trees resolutely protests against that facile "suggestiveness" with which the mannerist often gets rid of their deciduous brethren. Admirable pictures all ready for the canvas, composed by the cunning hand of Dame Nature, may be found by the Davos Lake, and on the shores of the Schwarzsee, up the Dischma- and Sertig-Thäler, about Spinabad and Glaris, and in the ravine of the Zuege. Good general views, for those who wish to carry away remembrances of Platz and of the valley, can be taken on the terrace of the Belvedere; from the forest restaurant, in the meadow near the Schiahorn waterfall, and about a quarter of a mile beyond the village by the side of the Frauenkirch highway. A picturesque old house at Doerfli must also not be neglected by the lover of the beautiful, who will be interested to know that the "Rössli"

was the original hostelry of the place, and existed long before post-roads, diligences, and strangers were seen, or even thought of, in the primitive Landschaft. The summer has glided swiftly away amid congenial amusements, occupations, studies, and visitors are often surprised to see the pale petals of the lilac crocus (*Colchicum autumnale*), herald of autumn, already crowding the meadows, while the Davos peasant greets the early appearance of the *Herbstzeitlose* (as the Germans prettily term it) with joy, for he then feels sure of a fine winter. The strange disks of the stalkless thistle (*Carduus acaulis*) star the green slopes, and red and purple berries hang in clusters beneath sheltering leaves. These autumnal visitors are buried beneath the first snow-fall, but, long before its coming, the summer birds of passage have taken flight, leaving their nests ready for the reception of the flocks that come to hybernate in a climate which deserves in a *fine* season to have Jean Paul Richter's saying reversed, and to be called a "summer painted white," the snow and the short days (longer, however, than in England) being the only indication that we are actually passing through the severe season of the year.

CHAPTER III.

IN WINTER.

WINTER generally comes upon us all of a sudden in Davos, not gradually, as in most other climates. On some day in the first half of November the grand transformation scene may be expected, which is, for the most part, abrupt in its arrival and thorough in its work. The day may have been as glorious as its forerunners, but towards eventide soft bands of grey cloud stretch themselves across the southern horizon, the wind sobs ominously among the sombre pines, and in the morning you awake to a *white* Davos where you left a *green* one. The winter-cure (as the Germans term it) has begun.

From this time, till the end of March, it is an anomaly if rain is seen. Snow falls frequently, even after the "snowing-in," as the first great fall is locally termed, has taken place, but, in the intervals between what we should call wintry weather, there is usually a tract of brilliant days, stretching over weeks, during which not a cloud, save the white feathery cirrhus, is visible in the sky. The "valley-wind" has disappeared, the air is cold and still, and the solar thermometer ranges from 125° to 165° Fahrenheit, enabling patients to sit out of doors for many hours daily. The remarkable paradox of unmelting snow and great heat—which those who are unacquainted with Davos rashly declare to be impossible—is easily accounted for by the low temperature of the air itself, and it is to be remembered that the direct solar rays alone impart caloric to the body with the insignificant addition of their reflection from the snow. The truth of this statement may easily be tested by the visitor, if he is walking along the road with his

back to the sun on one of the typical winter days, for he will speedily find that his breath has formed on his moustache—a lady's veil will present the same phenomenon—a mass of icy incrustation. The thermometer, therefore, in clear weather, always registers a temperature under the freezing-point in shade, though of course lower at night than during the day. In cloudy weather the cold is much less intense; still, even then, it is only on rare occasions that the column of mercury or alcohol does not mark several degrees of frost; but, along with the diminished keenness of the air, there is also apt to be an increased tendency to atmospherical disturbance, though anything of the nature of a gale is seldom felt, save when the snow is actually falling, and howling Boreas blows it into wreaths, or beats it mercilessly against the window panes. Even a storm of this sort, however, is rather the exception than the rule, for the snow generally comes down quietly in thick-set flakes, and it is so dry, and crumbles so easily into powder, that there is no difficulty in shaking it off greatcoat, cloak, or shawl. As many patients are peremptorily ordered to take exercise in such weather, their healthy companions can find no valid excuse for remaining indoors. On the first day after a fresh fall, the air is sharper than on the succeeding ones, and this is to be accounted for by the fact, that there is more damp in the atmosphere, while, perhaps, at the same time, the reflection is less, since the white surface has not yet been consolidated. The snow has, in truth, not only the effect of equalising the atmosphere, but its glittering crust actually multiplies the sun's rays by sending them back from it almost uninjured, and may thus modify to some extent the temperature of certain positions in the shade. There is also quite a difference in warmth between slopes turned to the south and a flat open space in the valley, the full power of a very strong sun striking more perpendicularly on the former, and being returned more directly, with greater force. This peculiarity has been already mentioned in chapter I, with reference to the situation of the Hôtel Belvedere.

The snow lies at an average depth of from two to four feet. Much more than this falls during the winter, but large allowance must be made for its exaggerated bulk when fresh and loose, as compared with the solid, compact mass into which it gradually settles.

The falls, roughly speaking, vary from a few inches to a couple of feet at a time. One tremendous storm —the greatest, it is said, in Davos this century—took place in November 1874. It lasted five days, and eight to ten feet fell. For forty-eight hours isolation reigned in the valley. Even the mail sledges could not pass, the telegraph wires were broken, all intercourse with the outer world ceased, the very communication from village to village was stopped. But as soon as the over-charged heavens seemed to have got rid of their burden, an old law which had become well-nigh obsolete was put into force, to the effect that all the male inhabitants of the Landschaft had to turn out and clear the way. The men of Glaris worked along the road as far as Frauenkirch, whose "hands" meanwhile were busy on the stretch between their village and Platz. The capital had to open a tract to Doerfli and help those at Doerfli to make Laret accessible, while they of Laret expected to meet the toilers from Klosters on the steep Klosters-Stutz. But these last-named proved themselves indifferent to the terrors of the law and laggards indeed, for instead of obeying the summons and helping to release the Davoser from their imprisonment, they stayed quietly at home, willing to let the Landschaft shift for itself, and it was not till two days later that, convinced or frightened by the complaints directed against them, they were brought to a sense of duty and induced to do their share of the work, which was defined by the frontier-stone of the two districts.

The scene presented by this road-clearing was a novel and interesting one. In front, broad-shouldered mountaineers breasted the snow; then came a number of loose horses that perfectly understood their business of *pawing* their way; men followed with shovels and spades; and finally, there was a train of sledges to

broaden the track and make a flat, smooth surface. Yet, despite its novel and striking features, we cannot help feeling happy that such an experience has only to be gone through once in a hundred years.

Fogs, seldom seen in summer and autumn, are still more unfrequent in winter; the stripe of white mist that often hangs in fine weather, like the train of a water-nymph's robe, about the Landwasser, appearing after sunrise and lasting a brief space, is probably caused by the ascent of the vapour from the warmer stream into the colder strata of air above.

Dust is in winter an impossibility; an impenetrable barrier, white, pure, thick, and strong, has been set between the sands and crumbling rocks of Mother Earth and her children, at Davos. Those who shiver and shudder in our damp but temperate English climate need not dread to encounter the *dry* cold here; though they may feel its severity for the first day or two, if they make their *début* in mid-winter, the body will very speedily become inured to the invigorating temperature. Indeed, we know nothing the least worthy of comparison with a typical winter-day in Davos, and those who are still strangers to it have—however *blasés*—one novel sensation yet in store for them. Inhaling this air is almost like drinking champagne, but without the subsequent reaction. The most sluggish fish-like blood courses rapidly and warmly through the veins; a feeling of buoyancy and exhilaration elates the spirits; "the blues" and melancholia are banished for the nonce; and one rises above the every-day level of petty annoyances and cares. But, though more highly developed on such days as these, good spirits are chronic in the place—a fact which must doubtless be explained by the highly unæsthetical consideration, that the digestive organs are kept in first-rate order by the absence of germs and the bracing effects of the atmosphere. Many of the worries that beset us, and sometimes even the very griefs that seem to bow us down, often have their seat in the *stomach* rather than in the mind or *heart*. The preacher, who once admonished the elder mem-

bers of his flock concerning the useless regrets with which they looked back upon "the good old times," had truth on his side when he told them that in their young days the world wagged precisely as it was doing, that the human race had not degenerated, nor men and women grown greater sinners; but that thirty years ago they looked at things from a different point of view, for their *now* impaired digestions were *then* in prime working order. May not the damp, muggy air of our islands, by promoting dyspepsia, with consequent moroseness and ill-temper, account for the numerous unhappy households to be found in a country where less perhaps than elsewhere domestic troubles are to be ascribed to grave incurable defects?

But the scene Davos presents on a fine winter's day is objectively striking enough, without taking into account its subjective influences.

The whole basin of the Landwasser has now been converted into a wide snow-field, in whose hollows and ridges linger cobalt shadows—shadows which the artist's colour-box cannot help him to depict—and spread over all is a vault of blue—but a blue so deep as to put to shame the pale half-tints of an Italian sky—on which no cloud has floated since dawn lit up the distant points and needles, till the sun goes down suddenly behind the near horizon, in a glow of colour that one can only see among the higher Alps in winter.

The flowers that decked the valley in June and July are replaced by the blossoms of winter—splendid snow crystals—strewn about the meadows with no niggard hand—before whose prismatic hues the fairest petals of summertide grow dull. The snow too in many places assumes the forms of a fairy forest, the intricate network of foliage outrivalling the most delicate of exotic ferns. Or again, the crystals combine to produce the appearance of a thick, rich fur. Often, too, when the heat of the sun has partially melted the surface, this freezes again into a glittering crust, and many a southern slope—now and then a whole mountain side—looks as though attired in a bridal array of sheeny satin.

The winter appears to the greatest perfection after a recent fall, when each tiny branch of every fir-tree is covered with a complicated lace-work, and there is then a lightness, a brightness, and a freshness about the snow, which it loses when it has settled down into a compact, solid mass. But, viewed at any time, the scene is a magnificent one. Dark and stern on the hill-sides, darker and sterner by comparison, with the white landscape around them, stand the solemn pines, in grim and stately array, while far above tower the dazzling summits of the mountains, among which a few, too rocky and too rugged for the soft covering to rest upon, rise up black and bare against the sky, in bold contrast to the smoothly-rounded forms of the cupola-shaped hills besides them. The western hemisphere is brilliant turquoise, but to the east the heavens display a colour of deep violet, and the intensity of the hue goes on increasing as day advances—till it reaches its richest tint, just before sunset. The evenings are grand beyond description. One scarcely knows whether to give the preference to the moonlit nights, when the whole valley, and the most distant peaks that bound it, are seen as clearly as by day, flooded by a gentle chastened light, which defining the contours, conceals insignificant details, that often lessen the general effect—or to the darker evenings, on which myriads of stars shine with a brilliancy undreamt of on the plains, while the "milky way" is one long gleaming network, and the planets hang like great lamps in the firmament.

If the nights seem strange and startling to natives of lower levels, the days must astonish them still more. The sunrise is superb, when the orb of day, with no envious clouds or vapours to mar his glory, slips suddenly from behind the mountain, like an enormous ball of fire, and shoots his golden darts through the sombre silent forest, transfiguring the pine-trees on the glowing ridge into brilliant, mysterious forms, clothed with a transient illumination of ghostly, silvery light.

Every year, about the middle of February, the ex-

traordinary phenomenon is presented, of a whole hour's increase in the length of the day, all at once, because of the configuration of the horizon.

As soon as the sun has fairly shown himself, the union of Siberia and the tropics presented by Davos-Platz strikes the stranger as paradoxical.

All around lies the deep snow; water has ceased to flow; rivulets and cascades are masses of ice or clumps of pendent icicles. The pines bend beneath their white burdens, but no snow-cloud dims the dazzling light; there is no moisture in the air to deaden the direct rays of the powerful sun, and so, crowding balcony and terrace, are groups of people with parasols and sun-shades, and broad garden hats of every form and description, working, sketching, reading, smoking, drinking coffee, or gaily chatting together as though it were July instead of January! The very flies and butterflies are led into the same error, and skim lightly past one, revelling in the sunshine. Somewhat less lazily inclined than the denizens of the balconies are the groups of ladies and gentlemen who saunter along the broad highway, or "Corso," as the visitors to Davos term it. Here the follower of fashion can exhibit her train with more satisfaction than in Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées, for it sweeps along on the dry crisp snow—which crunches under your feet, "as though you were walking on arrowroot," remarked a lady, with great propriety—unsoiled by either mud or dust. But remember, fair readers, that the sun of Davos is a sad enemy to delicate hues in textile fabrics; and there are those among your representatives here who prefer to don a more serviceable costume, and to accompany their male relatives and friends in their different walks and rambles, which are, in winter, far more circumscribed than during summer. Only very enterprising persons will attack the untrodden snow of the mountains, where every footstep is a work of labour, and most will probably prefer to climb the lower slopes of the hills on the pathways, tracked by the peasantry, as they go to and from their habitations, or fetch hay from the "Alps" or wood from the forest. The best-marked

footways lead to the Gemsjäger hut, the Grüne Alp, Lochwiese, Schatzalm, up the lower reaches of the Doerfli-Berg, and to the Alms, near Frauenkirch. The side-valleys likewise bring variety into the rambles, and the baths of Clavadel form in winter, as in summer, the pleasant object of a walk. The roads and narrow passages through the meadows are also well-defined, so that the more enterprising among the visitors are by no means restricted to the highways. These last are usually kept in prime order, especially in the neighbourhood of Platz, where a leveller and snow-plough do good service after each recurring fall. The forest-paths, made by the *Kurverein*, up the nearer reaches of the hills, are likewise cleared, whenever some confidence is felt in a run of good weather. As regards the peasants' tracks above-mentioned, the visitor must either help to restore them himself, or wait patiently for several days after every storm, till the aborigines have done the work for him. Those given to roam about at random had better not let themselves be "taken in" by the Landwasser, which, in some parts frozen over and covered with snow, bears a deceitful resemblance to a broad highway; they will, however, find that the Davoser See offers a pleasant surface for a long walk. Winter has converted it into a wide white space, crossed and re-crossed every day in various directions by heavily laden sledges, so that the timid pedestrian may lay his fears aside and push on boldly, though he hears the ice crack ominously, and knows that many fathoms of water lie beneath his feet. The lake rarely freezes before December, and prudent persons will not venture upon it until the cautious Davos yeoman has led the way. Often the ice from the very first is rough and lumpy, for the snow and frost frequently begin and go on together, producing a coarse, uneven surface, more suited to the boot than to the skates. Sometimes, however, its wide acreage of water is transformed at once into a steel-grey mirror, where every transient shadow is reflected, while forests of aquatic plants, rocks, stones, and pebbles are plainly visible at startling depths, and

through the transparent barrier that protects you, you may gaze with half shrinking curiosity far down towards the mysterious dwellings of the water-nymphs and nixies.

The fortuitous combination of circumstances that turns the Davoser See into a rink provides a gala-time for skaters, and even for their non-skating friends, who light fires, roast potatoes and chestnuts, boil eggs, prepare mulled wine, and enjoy right thoroughly their December picnic on the ice. The artificial skating-rink is a more lasting success than can be expected from the short-lived though greater attractions of the lake, for the former can be cleared of snow, and, by means of sluices from the Landwasser, flooded at will. It is a strange comment upon the small appreciation which outdoor amusements find among Germans that Davos was known to and crowded by them for more than a decade, and yet a rink was never dreamt of. The occasional skating-ground represented by a small reservoir seldom swept, that might be readily crossed in a "stroke," could hardly lay claim to the title in question, even in the seclusion of Davos. With the English came the rink. The winter of 1876–77 was the first season when any number of English hibernated in the place. They formed a British colony in the Hôtel Belvedere, and the energetic young men of the party soon provided the means for their favourite pastime. The rink is now the property of Mr. Coester, the proprietor of the Hôtel Belvedere, and all who wish to enjoy the privilege of skating have only to provide themselves with a season ticket. Since its establishment, everybody wonders how it was possible to exist so long without it, for it creates a centre of attraction not only to the performers but to the spectators also, who promenade up and down or lounge upon the benches, reading newspapers, criticising the skaters, watching flirtations, and laughing heartily at the small misfortunes of beginners. Their more energetic friends come from time to time and fling themselves down beside them, complaining of the intense heat, which, despite shady hats and well-lined parasols,

makes itself so powerfully felt at midday that many prefer coming after sunset.

The position of the ice-rink near the Landwasser, in the flat meadow below the village, is singularly pretty and well chosen. Sketchers, anxious to have a little souvenir of a scene so novel, try to transfer it to a sheet of drawing-paper; but here again the contrasts in the climate pronounce themselves. If we sit in the shade, "Winsor and Newton's" best colours freeze into hard little lumps, instead of spreading under the brush into flat, broad washes; while, if we place ourselves in the sun, the vehicle dries almost before we have brought paper and paint together.

The skating generally begins in November, and lasts till the middle of March, but not without interruption, for the heavy snow-falls of this altitude produce difficulties and hindrances of which the denizens of the plains can form no sufficient idea. English people, too, fret and fume with impatience when they witness the leisurely manner in which the Davos labourers go to work. These can neither be coaxed nor driven to what they deem over-exertion, so that their performances, if sure, are very slow. A rival pastime is meanwhile going on along the steep road which leads from the Hôtel Strela to the Landwasser, for this offers an admirable sphere to the skilful Tobogginer, who, starting from the top, shoots over the highway and dashes with headlong speed right down to the skating-ground.

The Canadian amusement is familiar to many of our countrymen who have crossed the Atlantic, but here the idea has been borrowed from the natives, for, on many a clear, cold night, when the white mountains, like giant spectres, keep watch in the bright moonlight over the tranquil valley, the young folk, their work completed, may be descried busy on the nearest slopes with their hand-sledges. The school-children are likewise always to be seen enjoying this recreation during their play-hours; and tiny tots, who can scarcely walk, are found practising all day, on some short, safe incline.

For the sake of those to whom the term "Toboggin" represents nothing but an unpronounceable word, we will explain that the fun consists in dashing down a sufficiently steep slope, on a small sledge which your own weight propels. Some skill is required in guiding yourself; proficients in the art use two small sticks as a helm, tyros prefer steering with their heels. English people thoroughly appreciate the sport, and "go in" for it without distinction of age or sex. Sometimes quite long journeys are made in this way. The Flucla road from the Alpenrose to Doerfli is not an unfavourable stretch; but the scene of bliss is disclosed to the enthusiastic Tobogginer when the highway from Kulm to Klosters is well beaten down and in good order. Then the only interruption in a five-mile course consists of a short, flat piece at Laret, where you must drag your sledge instead of making it carry you; otherwise you never draw bridle, but rush along the zigzags and round the corners to your destination at what may be called, without a shadow of exaggeration, railway speed. The distance is frequently performed at an average rate of one mile in four minutes, or five miles in twenty, certainly as fast as an ordinary train in Switzerland. Large parties of ladies and gentlemen descend in this way to Klosters, where they have luncheon, returning to Davos in private sledges, or timing themselves to catch the diligence, without having to wait too long for it, their horseless equipages being in either case tied on behind and towed up along with the regular conveyances. It is, however, well to have a little preliminary training before making any such ambitious attempt as is represented by the drive to Klosters; and a very good place for beginners to practise upon is the slope down to the highway in front of the Hôtel Belvedere; though even here caution is necessary in order not to interfere with the comforts of strollers along the road, as a lady unfortunately did once, by charging into a company and bowling over two Germans, who, we are sorry to say, neither looked nor spoke as if they properly appreciated the experience.

The little vehicles are sometimes put to another use,

for those in search of novel sensations hire a large country sledge, upon which the elders are safely stowed away, while the juvenile members of the company seat themselves each on his own "curricle"—or, it may be, two and two together—the carriages of the train being roped to one another and firmly attached to the hay-sleigh to the number of a dozen and more, while the whole when in motion has the appearance of a kite with a very long tail. The driver standing in front, in a Homeric attitude, keeps the horses going at a good pace, and, as the long line swings to and fro, the merriment becomes fast and furious, principally directed against the unfortunate occupant of the hindmost vehicle, who has great difficulty in retaining his seat, and comes in *facile princeps* as regards "spills."

More sober-minded persons enjoy *bonâ fide* sledge drives, and the swift, smooth motion through the keen quiet air is undoubtedly exhilarating. Large parties are thus often formed for the purpose of visiting favourite spots in the neighbourhood, doubly grand in winter, however beautiful they may be in summer. Long days are frequently so spent on excursions to Wiesen, Klosters, and the Fluela Pass, at all which places comfortable luncheons can be procured, while the interval between sunrise and sunset furnishes ample time for the expedition. A less favourite amusement has been taught to the visitor by the aborigines. The idea of snow-shoes has also been borrowed from the peasantry, and recently with their aid one bold young man crossed the Strela Pass, in mid-winter, to Coire. In February and March such adjuncts may usually be discarded, for the snow, which melts somewhat on the top beneath the intensely hot rays of the sun, freezes again at night, and next day till noon presents a firm, hard layer on which a footprint is hardly discernible. The valley and hills can then be traversed in every direction, but woe to the unlucky dame or cavalier of portly dimensions who, having forgotten the lapse of time and the growth of the day, commences the homeward trudge after the hot sun has so softened the upper crust that it breaks beneath the

foot. Their ludicrous position and sorry plight only excite the hilarity of lightly-weighted friends, who with elastic step bound over the snow in which the heavy cavalry is struggling helplessly.

Indoor Davos life presents fewer features than outside existence. At an Alpine health-resort one must not expect the resources and dissipations of a town, nor would it be desirable to have them offered to a population which, however well it may *appear* and *feel*, is yet in the condition of invalidism. In summer the genus tourist is richer than the genus patient, but in winter this order of things is quite reversed, the foreign guests consisting almost entirely of health-seekers, with the sympathising friends and relatives who accompany them. It will therefore be easily understood that rest and quiet are great factors in the cure, while late hours, crowded assemblies, and undue excitement have a pernicious influence in retarding the attainment of the end all have in view. At the same time, cheerful companionship and suitable social intercourse should be encouraged as a counterbalance to the tendency that many people possess to dwell over-much on the ills they have to bear. The first appearance of an English colony here is still so recent that the data are too limited for the production of satisfactory statistics; yet, even with the slight information obtainable, it must strike all observant spectators that no class of patients make more brilliant cures than our countrymen—probably in consequence of the broad contrast between our mild, muggy climate and the bracing dryness of Davos air; while, undoubtedly, in other respects no nation is so well fitted to enjoy and profit by a winter here. While continental foreigners too frequently gossip and yawn in the drawing-rooms, billiard-rooms, or cafés, from which their medical advisers or judicious friends make vain efforts to disinter them, hang about the bazaars, or saunter wearily up and down the well-kept highway, the English visitors are taking healthy, invigorating exercise on the hill-sides, or spending the day on distant excursions, or else skating, toboggining, sledging, as the case may

be, and they turn their steps homeward, braced and exhilarated for some equally pleasant, or perhaps more intellectual, sedentary occupation. Many go in for the acquirement of modern languages—a branch of education too much neglected among us—and for which Davos presents excellent opportunities in the way of good masters and moderate terms; others have some favourite hobby or pursuit, for the energetic prosecution of which time has heretofore been wanting; while all unite in encouraging social intercourse, and help to organise readings, concerts, charades, theatricals, and whatever entertainment besides, ingenuity can discover or invent. The true Briton will of course find a boundless field of study in the columns of the *Times*, whose giant sheets excite the pitying wonder of the foreigner; nor, though far from home, will he fail to take a gentle interest in the gossip of the day, as retailed by so many London weeklies. By the way, the names of these periodicals sometimes produce ludicrous misunderstandings, as the following example may show. A pert waitress, getting hold one Sunday evening of *Truth*, was informed, in reply to her question about the meaning of the word, that the title was the English for *La Vérité*. "La vérité, la vérité," she replied; "alors un journal religieux," and she hastily returned its spicy columns to the "knowing" miscreant who was perusing them.

In Davos, too, we seem to have the advantage of the foreigner in the free and pleasant intercourse of social life—the very ground where he is popularly supposed—as he supposes himself—to be so much more at home than we are. It must be remembered that the winter population, unlike the summer one, is stationary; and that from October till April, there is little change in the constitution of the society, save when the vacation brings the annual Christmas crush of visitors coming to see their relatives and friends, or stray parties of strangers take a run over to enjoy the outdoor recreations of the place. People, therefore, are thrown for a lengthened period into constant contact, and so the very reserve and stiffness, that we

hear so much blamed, stand us in good stead, by keeping us out of the hot water, in which the foreigner is so constantly boiling. He rushes into premature intimacies without consideration of class or character, and the bosom friend of the autumn is the deadly enemy of the spring. *We*, on the contrary, are seldom "gushing" after our teens are past, but preserve that *politesse de l'intimité* which, though untranslatable into our language, is nowhere so much at home as in our country.

Early education and early up-bringing have, of course, much to do with the social catastrophes that we here frequently witness. Young men straight from the counting-house, where they commenced their mercantile career as mere boys; women, whose favourite sphere of action has been the kitchen or nursery, cannot readily reconcile themselves to a radical change of surroundings. That such adaptability is, to a great extent, the product of mental training, we can discover anywhere by observing how much more easily the mistress "roughs it" than the maid. In this case, the young men miss their ledgers and pens; the ladies, their recipes and cradles; he his beer-house, she her coffee-parties; and both, the theatres, concerts, and many cheap amusements with which even small towns on the continent abound. No wonder that from sheer idleness and *ennui* they frequently rush into much that we consider it far more dignified to avoid.

It would, however, be a great mistake to forget that many foreigners are the most pleasant of companions, and it is no exaggeration to say that the best-educated and most highly cultured among them show the very opposite of an aversion to English society, where they invariably receive a hearty welcome.

Davos presents, among other attractions, a valuable opportunity to the student of character, for making his favourite observations. It is impossible to retain a mask for weeks and months without giving a watchful companion the chance of peeping behind it, and the difficulty is enhanced by that want of self-restraint which so often goes hand in hand with a chronic illness;

frequently the assumed face is allowed to drop, and the real features disclose a very different individuality from that worn by the former actor. Romances, too, unfold themselves from time to time, and awaken the amusement, sympathy, or sadness of the experienced onlooker, who, with advancing years, has troubled himself less and less with the stereotyped three volumes of fiction, has perused more and more those tales of deeper interest—written, for the most part, with the blurred, sad characters of uncertainty and grief—which the more complex and ravelled pages of real life disclose to the reverent and compassionate inquirer.

And so the season wears on, and Christmas, with its varied festivities, is of the past ere yet we realised its approach, and, long weeks before the end of winter, thoughts of departure occupy every mind. It is quite curious to observe the regularity with which, year after year, this all-engrossing topic crops up. From the end of February till the winter guests take wing in April, the subject of the snow-melting is served along with the dinner, and forms, indeed, the *pièce de résistance*. Amid anticipations of going, the day for the start itself arrives, and we leave Davos bearing pleasant and grateful remembrances along with us, as we exchange the Siberian landscape of ice and snow for a welcome in the green lowlands by bursting buds, carolling birds, and living streams—provided with a fresh stock of health, strength, and animal spirits, with which we feel as if beginning anew the spring-time of existence.

CHAPTER IV.

WALKS AND EXCURSIONS.

"The rugged mountains cased in sparkling snow,
The flowery meadows by the rippling lake,
The woods that frown—the brawling streams that flow,
The rustic châlets in the lonely mead,
I love you and salute you all a thousandfold by word and deed.'

ANON.

THE above lines are by no means an inapt description of the scenery of the valley whose closer acquaintance we are about to make, but before entering into details we will take a general survey of the country, noting its most conspicuous and prominent features. The valley of Davos lies N.N.W.–S.S.E., and forms, as it were, a gently inclined plain, which slopes slightly from north to south. The village of Davos-Platz, our central point of interest, distant three miles from Wolfgang, is 5106 feet (English) above sea-level, while Schmelzboden, situated at the southern gateway—the Züge—has an elevation of 4220 feet. The whole stretch is 10 English miles in length, with an average width of one-third of a mile, which, greatest at Platz, decreases rapidly after Frauenkirch is passed, till between Glaris and Schmelzboden the Landschaft presents the appearance of a ravine. Mountains, at a medium height of three thousand to four thousand feet above the valley, encircle and shelter it on every side, only to the north is there a considerable depression in the immediate protecting range, but this again is compensated for, by the second barrier presented in the long Rhaeticon chain. To the south, the force of the treacherous *Fön* is broken by a row of formidable peaks; to the east the gigantic

bulwarks of Jacobshorn and the Bischa range bid defiance to the withering blasts of the dreaded spring visitor; while the western gales are subdued in their violence by a long-drawn line of sturdy earth-works.

The plain of the valley—*Thalsohle*, as the Germans expressively term it—is composed of a carpet of green meadows, through which meanders the Landwasser with many a graceful curve and turn. This stream takes its rise in the Davos Lake, whose basin lies at the upper or northern end, and it is reinforced by the rivulets of the lateral dales, and by brooks straight from the hill-side. The lower reaches of the mountains are clothed with pines, that flourish up to a height of one thousand to twelve hundred feet above the Landwasser. The forest frontier forms a pretty regular line; and only here and there, in sheltered nooks and hollows, do the vanguard push on, some distance in front of their fellows. Beyond the average altitude the life even of the hardy fir becomes a struggle for mere existence. The stunted forms and weirdly twisted stems, like all suggestions of a gallant but despairing combat, impress the beholder painfully, and he turns with relief from the grey, lichen-grown branch stretched plaintively towards the sky, to gaze at the short but luxuriant crop of Alpine grass thickly strewn with flowers, which a couple of thousand feet higher give way in their turn to the lower Cryptogams, that creep about the bare and rocky summits of the silent hills. The western wall of the Landschaft, seamed by watercourses, and torn asunder by ravines, presents no wide breaks or interruptions; but the eastern side possesses four large openings fully deserving the appellation of lateral valleys. The first, to the north, is the Flüela, and it is followed by the Dischma, the Sertig, and Monstein. The *Thalsohle* is intersected by three highways. The post-road from Landquart, continued up from Klosters in 1852, enters the valley from the north and passes through the village of Doerfli to Platz. The Landwasser-Strasse, completed in 1874, finds a passage out to the south by way of the Zuege,

and is in fact a continuation of the first-named road, while it forms a direct line of communication with Coire, Thusis, Tiefenkasten, and the passes of the Albula and Julier, leading to the Engadine. The third route leaves the district of Davos at the village of Doerfli, forming a right angle with the Coire and Landquart highway, which traverses the Landschaft from end to end. It was finished in 1865, and greatly facilitates the traffic with the Lower Engadine and Tyrol. The new post-road does not follow the many deviations of the old rough char-way that formerly ran through the valley, and was its only means of intercourse with the outer world. Here and there the lines of route coincide, and here and there portions of the track are still used for carts and by pedestrians, while in many places the primitive highway has been swallowed up by the meadow land. Half a mile before it entered Platz, the original road divided into two arms, which came together again beyond the houses. In the village these two lines were cut at right angles by a third, that crossed the market-place and passed up near the site of the present post-office. The designations of Obere and Untere Strassen—upper and under roads—for these rival tracks, upon both of which the old hamlet of Platz was built, are still common in the mouths of the peasantry, and have likewise become familiar to the tongue of the visitor. With the roads leading into the side-valleys, and the numerous paths, we shall gradually become acquainted in the course of our walks. But before beginning these, we will take a general view, and will place ourselves for this purpose near a hay-châlet standing on the sloping meadow to your left as you go from Platz to Doerfli, on the other side of the Hôtels Belvedere and Buol.

To the north the eye rests on the pine-clad ridge—barely deserving the name of a col—that forms in that direction the natural boundary of Davos. The culminating point, on which stands a lonely inn, is known by the double designation of Davoser Kulm and Wolfgang. The latter, an old name derived from the fact that in former days the spot was a favourite haunt of

the wolves which crossed and recrossed the narrow neck when passing to and from the valley. Beyond is the bare serrated line of the Rhaeticon, and along its base winds the highway, through the Prättigau to Landquart. At the bottom of the Davoser Kulm lies the Davos Lake, with a circumference of three English miles, and said to reach on its eastern side a depth of about 500 feet.

Above it rises the Seehorn, with bald head and pine-covered precipices, but a disappointing mountain nevertheless, for its independent, self-asserting looks have not much to justify them, as a glance from some higher altitude shews that it is merely an excrescence of the Bischa range, to which it is attached by a lofty, green col. Another summit of the same chain —the Hörnli—is visible behind the Seehorn, the little horn being nevertheless the higher mountain. The Flüela-Thal opens at the base on this side, and is bounded by the fir-clad Bühlersberg, which conceals from us the rounded summit of the Bischa and its little glacier, now fast disappearing from the southern slope, on which it lies. The Bühlersberg is the foremost portion of a long ridge that divides the Flüela from the Dischma-Thal, the opening of which is almost opposite to us. The Sentishorn and Braunhorn are insignificant points; but the formidable-looking Schwarzhorn seems inaccessible enough to please any mountaineer. The Scaletta glacier closing the Dischma is not visible from our meadow. Massive Jacobshorn, with its *real* top lying far behind our horizon, and its steep sides actually supported by palisade-work to guard the prairies from the avalanches and landslips, whose onslaught has been made imminent by the reckless felling of the protecting forest, stands in front of us. Beyond Jacobshorn is the dark spur of the Rinner Horn, its summit, however, concealed from view, as are likewise the other mountains of the Sertig, the dull Gefrorenes Horn, the grim Leidbach-Horn, the Hoch-Ducan, with its satellites, and the glittering ice of the Kuhalp Glacier.

Between the spur of the Rinner Horn and the but-

tress of Jacobshorn, is the mouth of the Sertig-Thal. Further to the south lies a long flat-topped ridge, in whose deep incisions lurk, even during the brightest sunlight, deep mysterious shadows; one of these hollows, the vale of Monstein, is not distinctly visible from our point of observation; but the Züge, a gorge roughly chiseled through untold ages, as an outlet for the impetuous Landwasser—the course of the torrent has been followed by man in the formation of the Landwasser-Strasse—is plainly seen at the extreme south of the picture. This ravine is the natural mode of egress from the Landschaft to the south. Looking so near, and yet in reality so far away, is a fine background of peaks, which forms a fitting close to the Davoser valley. Piz d'Aela, the highest mountain seen from Davos, is concealed from us; but the leaning tower of the Tinzenhorn rises to the left; there stands also, in a depression, the two horned Piz Ozur, and, to the right, the massive Piz Michel, bearing a glacier on its sloping side, seems to support itself on the broad shoulder of the darkly-wooded Altein. We have now reached the western wall, into which this same Altein appears impertinently to protrude. The deep ravine on this side of the mountain—not however visible from here—is the Bärenthal, and the naked summits that follow are the Schafgrind, Körbshorn, Wannengrat, and Küpfenfluh. Hid among these, in the deep hollow formed by their slopes, lies the Lochalp. Above the pines the *châlets* of the "Grüne Alp" are visible. Close to us are the lower stretches of the Strela Pass, whose summit we cannot see; only the huts of the Strela-Alp peer at us between the tops of the trees, the Lesser Schiahorn towers above us, masking effectually the Greater and the unpretentious summits of the Hörnli peeping modestly over from behind the nearer slopes. The Weissfluh-, Haupt-, Davoser, Schwarzhorn, &c., are all lost behind the green shoulders of the Doerfli-Berg, which likewise cover the Casanna-Spitze, and its satellite the Gotschna, that rise beyond Wolfgang; and thus the rounded side of the Doerfli-Berg completes our panoramic view, by

abutting upon the Rhaeticon line, called Schilt, above Klosters.

Allowing the eye to wander from the grand mountains above, to the valley at our feet, we find ourselves standing about midway betwixt the villages of Doerfli and Platz, the former to the north, to the south the latter, with that picturesque but unavoidable steeple, cutting forest, horizon and sky. Close to the church are grouped the old houses of the original hamlet of Davos-Platz, where generations of peasants lived and died and played their simple parts in life's drama, long ere the stream of modern civilized life, with its complexity of circumstance and feeling, flowed through the primitive Landschaft.

These quiet romances, and monotonous existences, are almost lost amid the tangled stories, and restless lives of the strangers, just as the primitive country village, vanishes behind the large, staring buildings which foreign wants and habits have necessitated. Beyond these commonplace and conspicuous signs of flaunting modern civilisation we get again into the homely life of the Landschaft, when our eyes wander from the capital of the valley to the green slopes and meadows which surround the straggling hamlet of Frauenkirch; Glaris, the last of the four villages that lie along the Landwasser, is concealed from our view. Beyond Platz is the Alberti-Tobel, above it "auf der Grüne" the cottage of the Gemsjäger, close to us again the Schiahorn-Tobel, whose pretty cascade makes a pleasant, subdued music to the ear. Our meadow itself has been formed in the lapse of ages by the earth, sand and stones, which the torrents of many a spring have swept down from the mountain sides above.

Now that we have made some acquaintance with the general aspect of our surroundings, we will commence a series of rambles, choosing the Hôtel Belvedere as a convenient starting-point, because of its central position as regards the walks, its vicinity to the forest, and its association with the English, for whom we are especially writing. We will travel from its threshold,

round the southern half of the valley from west to east, and then describe the northern portion, going from east to west. In this way we shall have made the complete circuit of the Landschaft, and our companions will, we trust, be satisfied with the diversity of the excursions in which we are to play to them the part of cicerone. To avoid tiresome repetitions, we have taken all the walks long or short, fatiguing or easy, steep or level, exactly as they come, but at the end of this chapter is added a list, in which they are carefully classified; each division being also arranged alphabetically. Of course as regards mountain-expeditions, time is much more important than distance, since even a tourist with a pedometer can only make a rough guess at the result. A table of the heights has also been appended, the calculations being based on the figures in Dufour's Ordnance Survey Map. The distances are given in English miles and the heights in English feet. The time has been calculated for easy-going pedestrians, and not for the long stride of the practised mountaineer. By perusing this chapter, and then glancing at the appendix, we hope our readers will find that the aim of providing a trustworthy guide to the walks of Davos has been attained. No map has been inserted, for none we could have given would have been nearly so satisfactory as General Dufour's sheet of the district. The visitor can procure it by writing to the Dalp'sche Buchhandlung, Berne; or, easier still, from Mr. Richter, the intelligent bookseller, at Davos. The price is four francs, and he must ask for Blatt XV. of the "Topographische Karte der Schweiz vom General G. H. Dufour."

Starting, then, as proposed above, from the Hôtel Belvedere, the first walk that presents itself is a zigzag immediately behind the house, with a series of green benches, where the weary can rest, and from which lovers of the picturesque may admire pretty peeps of the valley. In four minutes we have reached the restaurant belonging to the Hôtel Buol, and, overcoming the wish to "turn in," with accompanying visions of foaming beer or frothy milk, we find our-

selves in two minutes more under the shadow of the pine woods. Here again numerous seats invite us to repose, but, resisting the temptation, we continue our course along the "Invalids' Walk," made by the Davos Kurverein in the summer of 1877. For a time it keeps almost on the level, and then rising in very gentle curves—which will probably be voted a bore by the sound, and a blessing by the sick—we reach a charming green basin, hollowed out by the whilom glacier that lay in the Schiahorn gorge. The moraine, thrown up by the ice, and now dotted with trees, is distinctly visible, even to an unpractised eye. This basin, sheltered on all sides, covered with short turf and strewn with boulders, is the very spot for holding an open-air tea-party; water is procurable from the Schiahorn torrent tumbling past it, and, while the kettle is on the fire, the artist will be tempted to enrich his portfolio with a pretty glimpse into the wild limestone gorge, crowned by the crags of the Lesser Schiahorn. If we keep this ravine closely to our right and follow the original cow-track, we shall be rewarded for our pains by rising rapidly from the valley to the Strela Alp, a group of cottages surrounded by rich pasturages, situated on the confines of the forest. Then, bearing to the left, and descending rather than ascending, we reach in ten minutes the Schatzalm—lover's mead—an Alpine *châlet*, the coveted goal of many a patient at Davos. Such, however, have accomplished their desire by following the circuitous "Invalids' Walk," well provided with seats, that winds slowly upwards from the little hollow, leaving the Schiahorn-Tobel at a distance. Less ambitious patients, however, need not climb so high, but, guided by a friendly signboard, may take advantage of another pretty path, leading them back to the valley behind the Strela Hotel. Those who have proceeded to the Schatzalm will be rewarded for their trouble, by a charming view of the Landschaft of Davos, with side vales and the surrounding mountains; the Hoch-Ducan and Piz d'Aela that look over at one coquettishly below, show now in all their solid splendour. Some, how-

ever, who prefer the utilitarian to the æsthetical, will think, while resting in the pavilion provided for their comfort, more of refreshments than of panoramas, and perhaps as they partake of the good milk and eggs, sour wine, or fiery brandy offered by the rustic *Wirthschaft*, may enjoy a cheerful talk with the pretty little *Sennerin*. She is a pleasant surprise to the experienced Swiss traveller, who, in contrast to the neophyte's dreams of fair Arcadian shepherdesses, is thankful on such occasions to be ministered unto by some coarse-featured, slovenly young woman, in preference to having his wants supplied by the *Senner*—a still more undesirable man, who has perhaps just flung down a very doubtful pitchfork to handle the edibles with a still more dubious pair of hands. "Never go *near* a *châlet*," says a French proverb; and truly, if you wish to nurture poetical notions regarding Swiss pastoral life, the warning ought not to be disregarded.

He who seeks variety will return to the valley by the old Schatzalm track, a steep, rough path winding along the side of the Gugger Tobel: Tobel, by the way, is an Alpine expression for a ravine with a torrent running down it. The rugged footway brings you out of the pine-wood just above the Strela Hotel. A little side-walk here allows the stranger to have a look at this same gorge, whose hidden waters have been listened to by him during the whole descent. The precipitous rocks and pretty cascade are by no means unworthy of a spare scrap in a sketch-book. The homeward walk could have been made a little longer and a little prettier by following the course of this same stream a hundred yards or two *above* the Schatzalm. When the brook has been crossed, a goat-track guides you for some minutes through the forest, till striking downwards along a faint path to the left you reach the idyllic Lochwiese, the brownest of brown huts surrounded by the darkest of dark pine trees. Still descending, you come to an enclosed plantation where you find a way to the left that leads to the "Goat Fountain," whose cold waters drip languidly into a rough wooden trough. The broadening path brings

you past the summer douche-house, on the right side of the Gugger Tobel, and across a little bridge to the base of the old Schatzalm track already described. Again we must return to this inevitable Schatzalm, for from it those, whose strength does not allow them to get as far as the Strela Pass on foot, follow the old way on horseback, while the pedestrian prefers the foot-path, behind the Hôtel Belvedere, already described, only, instead of branching off to the Strela-Alp, he holds on near, but not close to, the Schiahorn-Tobel, passes between two sentinel-like trees, the outposts of the forest, and through a chaos of hillocks and ridges, reaches the green summit of the Strela Pass. From the knoll on the top his eye traces the route which will lead him to Coire, winding away through the fair dale of the Schanfigg till it is lost in an aërial perspective of pasturages and pine woods. If he follows the road no further than the village of Langwies, and then turns sharp to his left, he enters the vale of Arosa with its lonely hamlet and cluster of lakes, and may come into the Landschaft of Davos by the Maienfelderfurka Pass, leaving on his right the weird-looking Kummerberg (mountain of grief), where the disintegrated limestone has assumed the dilapidated outlines of some old-world castle, whose former Titan inhabitants lie interred beneath its ruins. This excursion is too long to be carried out in one day—a night must be passed at Arosa, where a rough bed and rougher fare are all that the village can afford. Neither does Langwies boast of very civilised accommodation; but, in summer, the traveller bound for Coire, and wishful for a "cast," can time himself so as to drop down opportunely upon the capital of the Schanfigg, and catch the little *Einspänner*—one-horse shay doing duty for a diligence—leaving Langwies at the convenient hour of 2 P.M. The road completed in 1874 is a good one, winding along the banks of the romantic Plessur; a continuation of it is projected across the Strela Pass to Davos. Passengers are evidently not expected to make use of the col in winter, for the *Einspänner* starts at the early hour of 6 A.M.

Few can have gazed at the beautiful though confined view which the Strela Pass offers without longing to see the complete panorama from the top of the Great Schiahorn, and anyone can gratify his wish by the fatigue of an hour's safe climbing. If the following directions be strictly observed, a guide is unnecessary. From the top of the Pass begin the ascent at once, bending backwards a little in the direction of the Davos valley. Avoid the side of the mountain which falls into the Schanfigg. After sloping upwards for about twenty minutes, a thumb-like rock is reached, standing up on the middle of the mountain. This rock is the land-mark for the ascent, and can be seen from a considerable distance. It must be passed on the *right hand*. There is close to it a nasty piece of *Geröll*—loose stones—startling to the tyro, but offering no danger whatever. Afterwards, all is plain sailing, for a faintly-marked zigzag leads upwards, close to the precipice that overhangs the lap-like hollow lying between the two Schiahörner. After admiring the view from the summit, rendered very picturesque by the grotesque forms of the limestone crags, pinnacles, and towers, in the foreground, people willing to vary their route follow the track—they ascended by—only a few minutes downwards, then, scrambling through a narrow funnel-like passage, they reach, in this way, the above-mentioned Schiahorn basin, descend into the often-named limestone gorge, cross the stream—here in its infancy—and, climbing up its other bank, soon enjoy again the welcome shade of the forest.

Those who are already familiar with the Schiahorn, may like to ascend the Küpfenfluh, the giant that stands sentinel on the other side of the Strela Pass. This ascent is easier, for good footing is afforded by the short, tufted grass, and a walk along the crested top presents a variety of views. The way can be diversified by descending into a deep hollow with a tiny lake, where the cattle come to drink, and from this pond a well-marked track conducts the rambler either to the Schatzalm or to Lochwiese. We have now pretty well explored the extent of mountain, bounded

on one side by the Schiahorn-Tobel, whose waters escape by a break-neck leap over steep rocks, into the green prairie from which we formerly surveyed the valley, and, on the other, by the dangerous Alberti gorge, lying a quarter of a mile beyond the southern end of the village of Platz. About midway between these two are a couple of smaller gullies, the Mühlen-Tobel—its rocks and a little cascade pretty objects from the village—and the Gugger Tobel, already described, whose torrent, after sundry vagaries above the hamlet, is cruelly imprisoned between ugly stone walls, and conducted like an angry culprit past the Strela and Schweizerhof hôtels, into the Landwasser.

Those who do not wish to climb, and who desire a short, level walk, may follow the so called "upper-road" which, passing behind the Belvedere, bifurcates with the highway beyond Davos-Platz. The last house on the right-hand is the *Pfarrhaus*—parsonage—and its modest exterior causes a smile at the contrast it presents to an English rectory. The picture of rural simplicity is completed by the sight of some of the female members of the clergyman's family, engaged in operations of a domestic nature at the pump. People inclined to try their powers up-hill will leave the Obere Strasse at the square-towered, white-washed Schlössli—little castle—and, passing its doorway, will follow a narrow footpath through the fields, to the rushing Alberti-Tobel, where the huge granite boulders, and devastated meadows, show what a mischievous stream can do, when the hands of man deprive its banks of the watchful forest. After the disastrous *éboulement* of 1871, dams were built to restrain the force of the water, but doubts are now entertained respecting the adequacy of the masonry, should another great storm burst forth. The chamois-hunter's hut, "auf der Grüne," a sunny, green slope, 300 feet above the valley, is soon reached, and from the wooden pavilion there is a charming view of the main valley, the blue Davos Lake, and the surrounding country. Those who feel that they have climbed enough, may return by a winding path which joins

the Frauenkirch road at the new cemetery, while others of a more "excelsior" disposition can scramble up the grassy bank, pass a cluster of hay châlets, and, bending to the left, find a footway that winds through the fir-wood, and brings them in half an hour to the "Grüne Alp," a fair mountain pasturage on the shoulder of the Wannengrat, just at the frontier of the forest.

Forming a line along the slopes on this side of the valley, and at an almost uniform altitude above it, is a series of three Alpine pasturages, the Erp-Alp, the Staffel-Alp, and the Kummer-Alp, but many intervening gullies have to be traversed before the rambler descends from the last named Alm, whose numerous Sennhütten make it look like a mountain village, to the banks of the Landwasser near Frauenkirch.

The Wannengrat is best ascended from the Grüne Alp; the Steinmännchen—stone man—as the Germans term a cairn—not to be confounded with the nearer heap of stones on a mere buttress—is reached in about two hours from this point. People ambitious only of an afternoon's occupation, will do better, instead of crossing the brooklet to the huts of the Green Alm, to keep the little rill between them and it; if they walk on for ten minutes, and then turn to the right, they will soon stand on the giddy brink of the Alberti Tobel, and see the spot where the savage stream tore from the mountain side huge masses of rock, which its waters, along with earth, sand, stones, and *débris* hurled into the rich pastures below. Verily, a case of matter in a wrong place! A path winds along the edge of the gully to the lonely Loch-Alp, a meadow in the bosom of the hills, where the chamois-hunter feeds his cattle; here the nascent Alberti torrent can be crossed and recrossed at will; and a well-worn track leads to the Lochwiese, the descent from which to the valley, is already familiar to the wanderer.

And now having scrambled over the hills from the Schiahörner to the Alberti-Tobel, and from the Alberti-Tobel to the Kummer-Alm, tired of rough mountain footpaths, we will wend our way down-

wards, and make acquaintance with the smooth high-road.

It is three miles from our starting-point at the Hôtel Belvedere, to the quaint little church of Frauenkirch, with its avalanche breaker—a triangular structure which has alone saved it from the devastating, snow-masses of the Kummer-Alp; and the highway which describes a tolerably straight line slopes downwards—though almost imperceptibly—the whole way. On turning homewards, we feel that we are pulling against the collar, and may, perchance, make this an excuse for a half hour's rest in the new inn, or in the mill of Frauenkirch, relieved by a chat with the miller's comely daughters, one of whom, the good-looking blonde, usually presides at the newly built "Zur Post"—situated on the main road; while the other, a lively brunette, is to be found "Am Sand" a few hundred yards up the road, into the Sertig-Thal, where a little garden with benches and various shady corners is fitted up for the accommodation of the visitor. He can start homewards by the steep zigzag, just opposite the rural inn, which conducts him into the larch plantations of the "Wilde Boden;" the pretty path debouches presently on one of the old country roads; he crosses a bridge that spans the Landwasser, and having in this wise cut off a great angle, finds himself again on the "turnpike" he had left at Frauenkirch. Persons who prefer four miles to three will, instead of "turning in" at Frauenkirch, proceed to Spinabad, a solitary house on the highway, and there pull wry faces over a glass of cold sulphur water, make an inspection of the primitive bathing arrangements, and drink their coffee in the alder copse, close to the rushing waves of the Landwasser.

From Spinabad, you may pass easily over the col of the Maienfelder Furka to Arosa, and from Spina also, the ascent of the Rinnerhorn is best made, although the summit is also accessible from the Sertig-Thal.

The hump-backed Altein is most comfortably climbed from Glaris, a hamlet situated about half a mile beyond the unpretentious bathing establishment, but on the

right bank of the stream. A good path leads to the Rüti-Hof—Rüti farm—and a cattle track is discernible for some distance farther, but it ends abruptly at two châlets, beyond which you are left to your own devices; still, though unmarked by anything, the way up the grassy slope is not hard to find, only the pedestrian must be careful to keep well to the right and close to the edge of the mountain, which he will be all the more ready to do, as the peeps into the Bären-Thal —bears' dale—are very charming. This Bären-Thal is itself well worthy of having a day's work expended upon it. The view from the summit of the Altein into the districts of Davos and Belfort is beautiful, and the encircling peaks and ridges show to great advantage. The village of Wiesen is distant only two hours from the top, but the tourist must be careful to pass by the Alte (old), not by the Neue (new) Alp; the latter, though it seems to offer the shorter route, really entailing a very considerable round. Another way to Wiesen is "über die Züge"—above the Züge—and it, too, begins at the village of Glaris, but, since the construction of the post-road, is but little used, the repairs made necessary by the wear and tear of the spring avalanches not having been undertaken, so that good heads and good heels are both essential to those who choose this wild and dilapidated track. Energetic ladies do not, however, find the difficulties insurmountable; but probably one such experience may be deemed enough, and we will therefore drive to Wiesen and bring our travellers back in a comfortable carriage. This has only become possible within the last few years, for, previous to the construction of the Landwasser Strasse, the highway went no further than Spinabad, and tourists determined to leave Davos by its southern outlet were "carted" along the roughest of rough tracks till they reached the road again miles beyond the village of Wiesen. Traces of the primitive char-route are still to be seen, winding up the opposite side of the gully, though the old bridge over the Landwasser was swept away some years ago. Now a good road makes the Züge—one of the finest of Swiss ravines

—accessible to all travellers;—the *conducteur* of the diligence, stops the lumbering vehicle for a moment and lets you step on to the Kanzel—platform—of the Bärentritt and look into the giddy depths, where three deep gullies meet, and their waters foam together.

The "turnpike" now ascends in zigzags to the village of Wiesen, and, while resting ourselves at dinner, we admire the beautiful views of the valley and the magnificent mountains in front of us. Those who wish to lengthen their excursion will proceed by way of Tiefenkasten and the Schynstrasse to Thusis, visit the Via Mala, and return to Davos late on the second day. We, however, are satisfied with the drive to Wiesen, and there are others among us who prefer making a mere afternoon trip to the Bärentritt, or perhaps only go to Schmelzboden, a large rambling building, till recently a manufactory of crockery, which stands at the entrance of the Züge, the name being derived from its orignal use as a smelting establishment for the silver ore found in the vicinity. The mines were worked by a merry French company, and the profits vanished in the bubbles of champagne. The smelting house has now been transformed into an inn, under the promising title of Hoffnungsau, and it forms a pleasant stopping place for those who wish to visit the Züge on foot.

Now that we have explored the southern portion of the main valley, we feel curious regarding the lateral ones, and will commence by a peregrination into Monstein. The road leading up to this village branches off from the highway, about half a mile beyond Spinabad on the left bank of the Landwasser. The track is practicable enough for the peasant's rough cart and rougher sledge, and, though a very small outlay would make the visitor feel quite at ease when driving up it on wheels, in its present condition we would advise him to make the hour's ascent through pine woods and flowery fields, either on foot or on horseback. As we rise above the Landwasser basin, we catch sight of the giddy pathway already described as leading "über die Züge," and are reminded

of Schiller's pretty, though somewhat hackneyed, lines,

"Am Abgrund leitet der schwindliche Steg,
Er führt zwischen Leben und Sterben."

"The dizzy path grazes the dread abyss,
On that side lies bright life, dark death on this."

We soon reach the secluded hamlet of Monstein, and feel ourselves at the end of the world. What quiet peaceful lives the good people must pass in this lonely hollow, hidden far away among the hills, toiling cheerfully all the week, worshipping on Sundays in the queer little church, till, after many years have gone by, the end comes gradually, and they are laid to rest in the *Gottesacker*—peaceful God's acre—that surrounds God's house, and completes the village. Beyond the hamlet, which is a closely-packed cluster of some twenty-five to thirty houses, is a brawling torrent, spanned by a little bridge, and those who only wish for a pleasant walk to the Innere Alpen (Inner Alps), that lie beyond it, do well to follow the temptingly good footway winding up the valley. Hard-working pedestrians, however, who long for a whole day's expedition, must, instead of crossing the beck, follow its noisy course up the side ravine, and, passing the Obere Alpen (Upper Alps), climb to the col that separates Monstein from the Ducan-Thal, whence they can reach the village of Sertig-Doerfli, after a walk of four or five hours. The excursion is generally made in the contrary direction, so we will retrace our steps along the highroad to Frauenkirch, where, as has been already mentioned, the good charroad leading into the Sertig-Thal begins. This valley is about six miles long. Your driver will probably be anxious to shorten the distance by stopping at the village and inn of Sertig-Doerfli, but the excursionist will prefer to have himself and his picknicking impedimenta conveyed further on, to the Sertig Wasserfall. Here the grand mountains form a crescent of towering precipices, reminding one not a little of the

Cirque de Gavarnie in the Pyrenees. Here likewise a group of cots provides stabling for your horses, and milk, eggs, or wine for yourself, while the charming velvet sward close to the icy torrent, crossed at this point by a simple bridge, gently invites you to unpack the contents of your provision-baskets. The two hours' drive has whetted the appetite, but, after material wants have been attended to, all will gladly scramble along to the waterfall and see the stream, of which they have just been drinking, hurry in headlong fury over the perpendicular precipice, where even the daring *Arvenbaum* has scarcely found a cleft or crevice, in which to strike its roots and wave its dark green plumes. From the scene of the picnic a rough corkscrew creeps up the mountain to a point above the waterfall, whence those who have gone through the fatigue of half an hour's stiff climbing, will be rewarded by a glance into that scene of indescribable desolation, the stony ravine beneath the frowning Ducan. From this elevated ridge the path dips suddenly, the torrent is passed, on a natural bridge formed by a never-melting avalanche, and then the track winds upwards along the stream's left bank, till a lonely hut is reached, which the shepherd has built to shelter himself from the sudden storms that so often break over this dreary and sterile region. Here the mountains recede on both sides, and form a wide stretch of verdure, where not only sheep and goats, but also cows and horses are brought to graze. The pasturage is, however, a late one, for the animals are rarely driven into the Ducan-Thal before the month of August. This hovel, the only sign of man's presence in the whole weird wilderness, seems but to add to the mysterious solitude of the scene, and the parties of laughing picknickers, who often make its low sloping roof their resting-place, and spread out the contents of their luncheon-baskets on the soft grass that surrounds it, seem strangely incongruous among surroundings where the whistling marmotte, the bounding chamois, the lonely raven, and the stately eagle, find a congenial home. This cot is, however,

the goal of many excursions, for from it an excellent general idea can be formed of the Ducan-Thal.

Guarded on all sides by grim and precipitous mountains, this yet possesses two outlets besides that by which we entered. The open space, already described, is closed at the further end by a conical mound, surmounted by rocks that bear a striking resemblance to a ruined castle. Pedestrians, whether bound for Monstein, or for Filisur, on the Albula Pass, must keep this hillock on their left hand; those, whose excursion is only one of a day, have to climb up the steep ridge to their right, to walk on till greeted by the distant vale of the Landwasser, and then to descend into the Monsteiner Thal; but aspirants for the Ducan Pass must turn to the left, and cross the break in the mountains, so plainly visible from the shepherd's hut, leaving the icy masses of the Ducan glacier and the rugged peaks of the Ducan range, upon their left. From Sertig-Doerfli, through the Stulser Thal to Filisur, is a walk of seven or eight hours. The traveller, to whom the Albula Pass is new, will find it well worth his while to follow the highway cut along the precipices of the Bergüner Stein as far as the village of Bergün, situated at the base of the horned Piz d'Aela. Next day he can return, coming by way of the Val Tuors to the Alpine hamlet of Chiaclavuot, and then over the Sertig Pass to his starting-point at Sertig-Doerfli. Thus the pedestrian will have enjoyed a charming excursion of two days, and have made at the same time the complete circuit of the Ducan.

The upper end of the Sertig valley offers a variety of attractions to those who are light of foot and strong of limb, for, in addition to the Ducan, there is the Kuhalp-Thal closed by a glacier of the same name. The road that leads from Sertig-Doerfli to the cascade is kept to for about a mile, but instead of crossing the rivulet you keep on its right bank and follow it up stream, with a well-marked track to guide you. The Kuhalp-Thal is rich in cols, for besides the Sertig Pass already mentioned, which would bring you to

Bergun, you can go over into the Engadine by the valley of Sulsanna, or if you prefer it, you may enjoy a ramble across the mountains into the neighbouring Dischma. The close of the Sertig Thal also presents a variety of peaks to vanquish. The ascent of the Hoch-Ducan, the highest of a group of three—Hoch-Ducan, Plattenhorn and Mittaghorn—is a piece of severe rock climbing, and requires the services of a good guide. It is well to spend the night at Sertig-Doerfli; and mountaineers will find clean, though rough, accommodation at the village inn, while the food will certainly not be despised by those who know that hunger is the best sauce.

Retracing our footsteps down the vale of the Sertig, we find, about a mile and a half from its mouth on the right bank of the stream, a narrow road just practicable for a *Bergwägli* in summer, and a sledge in winter, that slants gradually backwards and upwards to the hamlet, and baths of Clavadel, perched on the hillside, between the main valley of Davos and the lateral one. Most people will prefer to go there on foot from Platz, especially as the path leads through the meadows. A post at the cemetery marks the point where you have to leave the Frauenkirch road, in order to cross the Landwasser; you then wander along a narrow footway, through the fields to the picturesque plateau of Wilde Boden, where another friendly sign-board guides you up the steep ascent to Clavadel. It is a most pleasant spot in which to wile away a long summer afternoon. The primitive baths—more primitive still than those of Spinabad—and the wooden cabins, with berth-like beds, where a "six-footer" would have to "double-up," cannot fail to amuse the visitor, and reconcile him to the fate of being barked at by the whitish-grey dog, whose woolly back furnishes the thrifty hostess with more than one pair of stockings during the winter.

People, going from Platz into the Sertig-Thal on foot, without facing the dusty highway, follow the Clavadel path as far as the Wilde Boden; but, instead of ascending to the baths, they keep on the road that

skirts the base of the hill, and reach in a few minutes the regular Sertig track.

From this series of wanderings we have now returned to Platz, and will follow the by-way that leads us past the Schweizerhof to the Landwasser, at a point where the village shows itself to the best advantage. The brawling stream, the rough grass and weeds, the tumble-down old forge, the church and houses nicely grouped, and foreshortened, backed by the mountains and the swelling lines of the valley towards Frauenkirch, "compose well." In the immediate foreground are the rank reeds that shelter myriads of frogs, whose hoarse croakings, and sudden splashes are in winter replaced by the sound of smoothly-gliding skates, and the gladsome voices of a merry crowd disporting themselves on the ice-bound meadow.

Just before reaching the rink, a track leads off to the left; it is the "Untere Weg," and by following it you come upon the road, after a pleasant, short ramble through the meadows. Beyond the skating-pond, and on the opposite side of the Landwasser, steep, green banks stretch up the side of Jacobshorn, leading to a gully, and a pretty attempt at a waterfall.

A bridge over the river behind some stables, a little lower than the church, offers the best point to begin a walk of a more ambitious character. A narrow footway winds in and out among the fields, and joins the path leading from the Frauenkirch road to the baths of Clavadel. But if this track be only followed as far as the first white house after crossing the Landwasser, and then deserted for one that turns upwards to the left, the rambler will be rewarded by a steep but shady climb to an *Alm*, which has already excited interest when viewed from below. On the abrupt slopes of Jacobshorn, whose colossal sides shelter Davos to the east, lie, snugly surrounded by fir trees, the dark huts of the Ischa-Alp; the tiny windows seem to wink across to the Schatzalm *châlets*, situated on the opposite (western) slopes of the valley wall. The view from this Alpine pasturage is very charming. The intricate arrangement of the western chain of mountains, pre-

senting, as it does, a perfect complex of gullies and ravines, will be studied with pleasure by the spectator. Immediately beneath lies Davos-Platz, an ugly cluster of houses, like a child's toy-village, which one would fain knock out of the landscape, and the eye unconsciously wanders away from it, and rests with relief on the pleasant green meadows, dotted with brown cottages, that stretch along the river on both sides to the south. Behind the observer, a Steinmännchen seems to beckon him still higher; but distances are very deceptive in this clear, rare atmosphere, and the cairn which represents the *true* summit of Jacobshorn, in contradistinction to the pert green knoll that claims the prerogative from below, is two hours' climb from the Ischa-Alp. And the walk can be extended still further by ascending the Jatzhorn, also crowned by a pile of stones, and enabling you, if you like, to return to Platz by Sertig-Thal and along the Landwasser.

We have again descended to the valley, and, crossing the bridge beyond the rink, we follow another road—a great favourite with visitors to Davos—leading to the "Mattenwald," the forest that clothes the eastern mountains. Pretty little footpaths are cut through the wood. On its outskirts there is no lack of benches; and close by, you find the Waldhaus, where refreshments can be procured. The return-walk may be varied by taking a short cut; there is a convenient bridge over the Landwasser, and you reach the highway on the Doerfli side of Platz. Behind this same Waldhaus are the targets and shooting-huts, where Davos riflemen show their skill. Sunday is the great practising day. The road continues past the butts to the entrance of the Dischma; and here, by turning to his left, the rambler will be brought on to the high road a quarter of a mile short of Doerfli.

We will now proceed to explore the Dischma-Thal, first observing that a pleasant little walk may be made to the group of houses called the Buelen, one of the early settlements of Davos, which lies on a slightly elevated plateau at the base of the hill that bears the

same name. This table-land is on your left as you enter the Dischma; the pathway leading to it begins to ascend near a picturesque saw-mill, on the *right* bank of the stream.

The Dischma-Thal is about nine miles long, and is traversed as far as Dürrenboden—which is situated close to the end of the valley—by a tolerable char-road, somewhat rougher than that of the Sertig. The drive requires three hours, but can be performed not only in the springless *Bergwägli*—mountain cart—but likewise on small *Jagdwagen*—shooting cars, whose axle-trees are made purposely narrow to suit the roads on which they have to run. A good pedestrian will prefer walking to Dürrenboden, his eyes fixed on the striking horizon defined by the dazzling Scaletta glacier and rocky Piz Vadred, and he will not fail to cast a curious glance at the gnarled *Arvenbaum* growing by the Rhyn *châlet*, whose name reminds him that a chronicler of the sixteenth century asserted that the Rhine took its rise in the grassy Dischma-Thal. Considering that the brawling stream falls into the Davoser Landwasser, which pours its contingent of water into the Albula, as the Albula at Thusis into the Rhine, the idea was not so far-fetched after all.

The sketcher will be almost irresistibly tempted to alight and transfer to his canvas the subject that here presents itself. The delicious reds and browns of the wooden huts, contrasted with the cold indigo of the weird *Pinus Cembra*—the last tree in the valley—the tumbling torrent, the rustic bridge, and, towering above all, the glittering ice of the Scaletta, form a scene not readily forgotten. The pedestrian will also perhaps be impelled to explore the opening in the mountains, where the Rhynli-Thal is frowned down upon, by its own Thälihorn. If he keeps to his right, a three hours' walk brings him to the village of Sertig-Doerfli, and, in about the same time, he would, by holding to his left, find himself in the Kuhalp valley.

Dürrenboden (barren land) lies about two hours beyond the Rhyn *châlets*, and is composed of a group of cots, one of which announces itself as a *Wirth-*

schaft, lying among the pasturages of the upper end of the Dischma. The close of this valley, though less romantic than that of the Sertig, is wild and grand. The Scaletta-Gletscher, its most prominent object, used to be easily reached in an hour from Dürrenboden; but, like the bulk of Swiss glaciers, it has receded greatly of late years, and an hour and a half of stiff work over loose *Geröll* would now hardly bring you to its margin. The Schwarzhorn, which rises on the left, looks disappointingly insignificant, and is almost put to shame by the rugged ridge of the Sattelkette (saddle chain), on the opposite side of the valley. The Schwarzhorn, however, despite its humble appearance, requires four to five hours of toil to attain its summit, and is more easily and pleasantly ascended by starting from the top of the Flüela Pass. Piz Vadred is a far more difficult peak to conquer, and its assailants prudently attack it from the rear, by way of the Scaletta col. This Scaletta col itself forms a charming object for those who spend a long summer's day in the Dischma, and implies only a walk of an hour and a half from the little inn; a well-marked track, leads you gradually upwards, with the torrent dashing along on your right, past the bed of a little lake filled up some years ago by an *éboulement*. A ruined "refuge" crowns the top of the pass, and there is something pathetic in its crumbling stones and broken rafters, monuments of man's struggle with the mountains, suggesting, perhaps, to the mind his combat with the ocean, so grandly described in 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer.' To the right of the col, a massive, rocky tower rises from its icy bed, on the Kuhalpgletscher to the left are the wide frozen fields of the Scaletta, in front stands the imposing Piz Kesch, on the far horizon is the snowy chain of the Bernina, while, at your feet, a lonely track winds through a lonely valley. This is the pathway that leads past the "Alp" of Schafboden to the little village of Sulsanna, situated in the dale of the same name, which opens further on into the Engadine. By following the route described, a nine hours' walk

brings the traveller from Davos-Platz to Scanfs, in the middle portion of the valley of the Inn. For long years the pass was the main communication between the two districts. By this way crossed the army of Baldiron, when it fell upon hapless Davos, and over it has been transported many a cask of ruddy Veltlin. The barrels were conveyed, in winter, on little sledges, as traffic was easier when the crevices and interstices of the stony pathway had been filled up by the snow, but dangers enough still threatened the wine caravans, which were often buried beneath avalanches, the corpses of the luckless drivers hidden from sight and care, till spring came and released them from their winding-sheets. The diligence road across the Flüela has quite superseded the mule path of the Scaletta.

If you take your stand at Dürrenboden and face the glacier, you have on your right the opening that leads to the Scaletta col, but the left side of the valley also possesses a pass, with which to stimulate the efforts of the wanderer. A stiff pull of more than an hour takes you to the top of a ridge, whence you drop down into the Grialetsch-Thal, with its little solitary lake. By keeping to the left, a walk of three hours brings you to the Flüela Inn; but if you are bound for Süs in the Lower Engadine, you must steer well to the right and allow a couple of hours more.

Having explored the Dischma, we will return to the chief valley and follow a pleasant footpath that runs from the mouth of the Dischma, along the base of the Bueler Berg to the neighbouring Flüela-Thal. The brawling Flüela-Bach is crossed by a simple bridge, and we find ourselves on the highway that leads "über den Berg"—over the mountains—as the Davoser often designates the post-road to the Engadine. Those who are enemies to "turnpikes," and who have only an afternoon's saunter in view, had better remain on the left bank of the stream, where they will find a shady pine wood with pleasantly placed seats and tables, but the walk that leads through it, is brought to a sudden termination by a protruding buttress of rock. Obstacles, impossible to surmount, may, however,

often be evaded; and to your right, above the banks of the stream, is a sunny meadow, at the upper end of which there begins a narrow track that winds through the forest considerably above the river, and descends to it at a group of cottages in the Flüela-Thal. These cottages can also be reached in another way; for if you proceed up the post road, about a quarter of a mile beyond the opening of the side valley, you will find branching off to your right a cool old bridle-path which unfortunately also comes to a sudden end a good mile below the Alpenrose. The torrent has swept the narrow track away, and people have not thought it worth their while to repair it. But a steep zigzag leads up the green bank and joins the highroad; so you need not after all be baulked in your intention of visiting the Alpenrose Inn, whose pretty title has been derived from the quantities of the flower, clothing the hillsides in its vicinity. The wayside house of entertainment is a comfortable place enough. You are shown into a cheery room wainscoted with the fragrant wood of the *Pinus Cembra*, or in warm weather invited to sit on benches out of doors, placed in the shade of the house, and you can find no better opportunity of tasting the air-dried meat for which the Davos district is famous, since good Frau Meisser is a great adept in its preparation, as her laughing, bouncing daughter will not fail to tell you.

The ascent of the Bischa is best made from the Alpenrose, though the mountain is also accessible from Tschuggen, which lies a little farther on. The climb is a long and tedious one of three to four hours, but the view of the surrounding heights and the peep into the Prättigau form an ample recompense for the fatigue endured. A guide is always taken, but the experienced Alpine man will not find his services *de rigueur*, as the glacier in which after all there are but few *crevasses*, can be shunned without much difficulty. Most tyros in walking will make a point of being driven to the Alpenrose, as a four miles' trudge along a dusty road is far from being a good introduction to an excursion of the sort. A mile and a half beyond our little inn lies

solitary Tschuggen, likewise a house of entertainment, lately rechristened and named the "Alpenglocke"—Alpine Bell. A little chapel that stands near it, and a lonely cross on the windy hill, are the only signs of Roman Catholicism in the whole of staunchly Protestant Davos. Tschuggen situated about halfway between Doerfli and the top of the Flüela Pass seems to be on the frontiers of fertility and desolation. Green pastures creep up to the grim-looking house, and a small, carefully enclosed garden boasts of some vegetables, but beyond the Alpenglocke even the hardy *Pinus Cembra* has a struggle for life, and the grass crops up reluctantly between the stern, grey stones. The horses toil slowly up the many zigzags, to the summit of the highest carriage pass in Switzerland where, notwithstanding, ample accommodation can be found for man and beast. The Inn, or as it is more poetically termed, the Hospice, possesses some half dozen beds, and the dinner which its cuisine turns out is by no means to be despised, while the daily diligence, changing horses here, and the telegraph furnish ample means of communication with the outer world Alpine passes have, taken as a whole, a strong family resemblance. When you know one, you know most. The Flüela is like many of its kindred, and possesses the usual sheet of water, the abruptly rising mountains, and a circumscribed, distant view. The contrasts that its natural features present are, however, worthy of notice. Two giants, a Moor and a pale-face, seem to guard the col on either hand—the white Weisshorn and the dark Schwarzhorn—each with its attendant glacier. There are two lakelets instead of one, and though their birthplaces are separated only by the narrow limits of the post-road, a whole continent divides their ocean graves. The emerald green waters of the Schottensee find their way viâ the Landwasser, Albula, and Rhine, to the sands of Holland, while the dark basin, on the opposite side, after helping to swell the Inn and the Danube, is finally lost in the Black Sea.

The Schwarzhorn, whose grand panoramic view cries second to none in Switzerland, is easily mastered

in three and a half hours from the Hospice, and though as yet new to most tourists, will doubtless become hackneyed enough, when the projected pathway to its top has been completed. At present, the services of a guide are necessary, because the proper track is easily missed. This branches off to the right, about a mile on the Engadine side of the Flüela summit. From the top of the Schwarzhorn, you literally look down upon a sea of mountains, the views into valleys being singularly limited. The Alps of the Tyrol, the Bernina chain, the Bernese Oberland, are all visible; and Mont Blanc, it is said, can be seen also, but probably the eagle eye which can descry him is still to find. If ladies have been of the party, it is likely they will prefer returning to refresh themselves at the Flüela Hospice before they rejoin their carriages, and the excitement of a nice glissade down the snow slopes will soon make them forget their fatigue; but men accustomed to exertion and desirous of lengthening their walk may descend the other side of the Schwarzhorn to Dürrenboden, and return to Platz by way of the Dischma-Thal. People, who do not go in for mountains, will find plenty to do, loitering about the shores of the lakes, or they may wander down Engadinewards till they reach the spot where, for a mile and more, the telegraph wires are passed underground, to secure them from the devastating avalanches. Here a pretty view presents itself, embracing the old castle of Tarasp and a long range of heights, with the Ortler Spitze as its most conspicuous form. The diligence bowls down in an hour and a half to Süs, in the Lower Engadine, though it has taken three hours to crawl up from Platz to the top of the pass, and half that time must be allowed by the party for their drive home, as coachmen ought not to be encouraged to rush at breakneck speed round these sharp and dangerous curves. The western wall of Davos is seen to great advantage as you return to Platz. At the point where we emerge from the Flüela-Thal into the main valley, is a limestone quarry with a limekiln, and close to it begins a footpath that we notice with interest, because

it leads through the forest at the base of the Seehorn, along the eastern side of the Davoser See. There are many benches that tempt the rambler to rest, but whether he takes advantage of them or not, he will probably saunter onwards, picking the scarlet clusters of the *Alpenrose*, which mirror themselves in the still, dark waters of the lake, though we hope he will not see the dragon, said by the legend to emerge every now and then from the rippling waves, as a grim and terrible prophet of war. The pleasant path stops abruptly about five minutes' walk short of the end of the lake; but it is easy to find one's way through the forest, or else scramble down to the cattle-track, that leads along the margin of the water, and thus to reach the flat green meads which encircle the northern portion of the See. A narrow footpath winds through them to the Landquart post-road, that skirts the western shore, and thus you return to Platz having made the complete circuit of the lake. Had you wandered beyond its waters to the point where the highway begins the ascent to Wolfgang, you would have been invited by another footpath to turn sharply to the right, and traversing the pine-forest, to wander up to the Drusatschalp cluster of brown cottages on the grassy ridge forming the watershed between the Landschaft of Davos, and the vale of the Prättigau. The view from this mountain pasturage is singularly beautiful; on the one side lies Davos with its peak-bound horizon, on the other the eye seeks the dim depths of Klosters, and the bare bleak Rhaeticon chain, in whose rocky clefts linger the darkest of dark blue shadows, and whose serrated crest forms the boundary between the Swiss canton of the Grisons, and the Austrian province of the Vorarlberg.

A very charming round can be made by following a tiny track, that leads from this *Alm*, down a green dell, whose prattling brook ends its short career at the north-east corner of the lake, and the pedestrian can thus find his way home by the path along its margin already described. The Drusatch is the best point for ascending the Seehorn. A goat-track brings you in

an hour's time to the high green col that unites the distinguished-looking peak to the Bischa range, and from this depression a stiff pull of twenty minutes lands you on the bald summit, which looks patronisingly down upon the Davoser See. The view, though not grand, is highly picturesque. Lovers of variety can vary their route by descending into the Flüela-Thal, but they must be careful to keep well to their left and strike the post-road not far from the Alpenrose Inn, otherwise they might get into difficulties on the steep loose *Geröll*, if they happened to be timid mountaineers. A guide to the Seehorn is quite an *objet de luxe*. Those who want to reduce fatigue to a minimum can drive along the highway as far as the turn to the Drusatchalp, while others will find the eastern side of the lake, and the ascent to the *Alm* by the grassy dell, pleasanter for walking. By the way, as the Davoser See is a favourite object for a short ramble, it may be well to mention that in going to it from Platz, the dusty post-road may be almost entirely avoided by following the meadow byway, which passes in front of the Hôtel Buol, to the point where it joins the post-road, and then taking the first turn on the right hand. Immediately after crossing the Landwasser, the lover of field-walks will find a narrow track to his left, that brings him afterwards on to the broader way, skirting the base of the Buelersberg. He will cross the Flüela-Bach by the already familiar bridge and find himself at the limestone-bed against whose heat-reflecting walls leans a romantic-looking cluster of cottages, bearing, together with a few others scattered over the meadow, the suggestive name, "In der Stille."

The lovers of lakes—rightly entitled "eyes of the landscape"—will, when they have exhausted the charms of the Davoser See, wander beyond Kulm to the idyllic little Schwarzsee with its black waters, peopled according to the folk-lore by nymphs and enchanted fish. Close to its dark surface is gathered the hamlet of Ober-Laret, with an absurd-looking little church; and he who scorns the lazy zigzags of the post-road, will descend upon Klosters by a foot-track,

passing the shores of the little lake that takes him both more pleasantly and more quickly to his destination. Klosters is a delightful place to spend a long day in, and many will make it longer still by visiting the Silvretta glacier, among the most beautiful, though not one of the largest in Switzerland. A two hours' drive, or a three hours' walk along an excellent road, brings you to the Sardasca-Alp, whence a climb of two hours is required to attain a hut, not far from the ice, erected for the accommodation of mountaineers, by the Swiss Alpine Club. A score of tourists of both sexes have been known to find a night's shelter within the narrow limits of its walls. Those who wish to make a charming and not difficult glacier expedition would do well to cross the Silvretta Pass into the Lower Engadine, and they will find in Jan, the chamois-hunter of Klosters, a good and trustworthy guide. He can be engaged beforehand by letter from Davos. Under his auspices, you reach Guarda in the Engadine from the Alpine Club hut in about six hours—three of which are spent on the glacier—and he will bring you to Lavin if you prefer it, by following a route which leads more to the right. From Guarda or Lavin the tourist can return next day to Davos viâ the Flüela Pass. The rocky needles that tower from the ice of the Silvretta present magnificent views; the Piz Buin in particular deserves to be ascended.

People who do not care for such distant excursions will find the hour's walk through the beech woods from Klosters to the Baths of Serneus very charming; the path lies on the left bank of the stream. Others again, who do not care to descend to Klosters at all, but desire only to have a view of the valley from above may, after leaving the Kulm, follow a track striking the main road and up the mountain to the left before Laret is reached. Ten minutes' walk beyond the Seealp, lying on the hillside, some thousand feet above the Schwarzsee to which it owes its name, there is a salient angle, as it were, on the mountain, from which you can command both sides, and the wide-

spread prospect of the surrounding peaks and domes, with the glimpse far down into the laughing Prättigau, renders this spot one of the most attractive in the neighbourhood. The mountain group on which the Seealp lies—its culminating point, the Casanna-Spitze, and a lower summit named the Gotschna—forms in this direction the boundary between the Landschaft of Davos and the vale of the Landquart; the extended view offered by the top of the Casanna is well worth the expenditure of skill that the latter part of the ascent demands; those, however, who object to so much hard work can stop midway at the huts of the Persennenalp.

The interesting Fundey-Thal, a lateral valley to the Schanfigg can be entered by following the stream Persennenbach, that takes its name from the above-named *Alm*; you cross a portion of the Todte Alp, and, descending into the valley, follow its windings till it debouches at Langwies, whence you make the best of your way home across the Strela Pass. People not inclined for a very long day—the above described excursion on account of the frequent "ups and downs" is certainly fatiguing—will perhaps ascend the forbidding Davoser Schwarzhorn and fancy they are climbing some extinct volcano; the geological formation, interesting even to those utterly ignorant of the science on account of its exceeding strangeness, is perhaps more enticing than the prospect the top affords, for the view is masked in several directions by the more ambitious peaks that stand around. Another pleasant walk offered in this direction is the Stutzalp in the ravine between the Todte Alp and the Casannaberg. It is distant about an hour's ramble from Kulm, and is accessible by a distinct track, that bifurcates from the "turnpike" close to the Inn. One of the two ways by which the Weissfluh may be ascended—the longer, though also the less steep—is by crossing the Stutz- and Todte Alp, and so gaining the mountain's dome-like top, where the grand comprehensive view is only second to that from the Schwarzhorn. The other and more popular way will be given later.

We are now drawing nearer to Platz, and, while following the post-road along the western shores of the lake, we must not neglect a track that strikes up the hill, and, after passing a group of huts encircled by pine trees, leads you round the elongated shoulder of the Doerfli-Berg, to green pastures, stretching up close to the barren wilderness of the Todte Alp. In Doerfli again, is another path not to be overlooked. It is just opposite the Flüela Hôtel, and the herds of goats and cattle ascend and descend it daily, when they browse in summer upon the little Schiahorn. One hour of steady climbing brings you above the forest's frontier, and then by turning to the left, and describing a horizontal line along the face of the mountain, you can, if you please, make a round and drop down through the pine trees, into the small grassy basin so often mentioned above the Schiahorn waterfall. As this charming spot was passed in our first group of walks, it shall be visited likewise in our last rambles, for from it, on a very rural bridge, we cross the Tobel, and following a cork-screw, somewhat faintly marked at the outset, ascend through the forest near the left bank of the gully. In a clearing, where clumps of upright larches, and a carpet of flowers, give a park-like appearance to the scene, stands the idyllic *Aelpli* (little Alp). The rough and not very obvious track bears to the right, and in less than a quarter of an hour the wanderer finds himself on the green sward of a table-land, from which rises the sloping tower of the little Schiahorn. The mountain can be ascended from this side, but head and boots must be alike satisfactory, as the last bit in particular is both giddy and slippery work. People with more idle proclivities will dream away a long afternoon on that delicious plateau, lying in the shade of the twisted *Pinus Mughus* that creeps about the edge of the gorge, and listening to the sound of the torrent rushing far below, while their eyes rest upon the distant landscape. No point so near Davos gives a better bird's eye view of peak, point, lake, and dale. The limited extent, however, of the panorama makes

the pedestrian long to explore farther, and many a time will the *Aelpli* be passed on the numerous excursions to which the most convenient route leads hard by the simple *Alpenhütte*. We will describe these as they come, premising that all lie higher, and to the right of the pretty table-land. The ravine closed, on the one side, by the perpendicular precipices of the greater and lesser Schiahörner, and, on the other, by the points of the three Hörnli (little horns), is well worthy of notice. It forms a *cul-de-sac*, as the upper end is blocked up by the green Haupt, a mountain very easy of ascent, lying immediately behind the Hörnli, and presenting a charming view, somewhat curtailed, indeed, by the Great Schiahorn, but with novel features of its own—in particular an enlivening glimpse into the vale of Arosa, with scattered hamlets and a series of blue-eyed lakes. One feels half tempted to descend the other side of the Haupt, and traverse the bare fields of the Todte Alp, but only a skilled cragsman should venture, as the rocks are far from easy. Many climb the "Grüne Thurm," the first of the three Hörnli, but they make the excursion because of the *Edelweiss*, rather than for the sake of the view. This trio of horns and the Haupt seem to march in Indian file along the stony wilderness, across which you go to the Weissfluh by the nearer way, but it constitutes in itself so weird and strange a picture as to form no disappointing object for a morning's walk. Here the geologist can wield his hammer with satisfactory results, and return day after day satisfied with his spoil; but even the neophyte may read histories in stones on the "Dead Alp," whose bare sides will relate to him legends of ages long past, more wonderful still than the tales of curses and spells by which the superstitious peasant accounts for the naked desert, where his cattle find not a blade of grass, nay, not even a Scotch thistle to browse upon. For the lover of the picturesque, as well as for the geologist, the contrast between the dark crumbling walls of the Black Horn—the culminating point of the "Dead

Alp," surrounded by vast fields of black serpentine—and the white dolomite cupola of the Weissfluh, which rises at its side, without intermediate gradations of colouring or formation, is striking and strange.

The ascent of the Weissfluh, though entirely free from danger, is a fatiguing one, and five hours are required to conquer the summit. The Fundey-Thal can also be reached from this direction by keeping the mountain on your left. Another delightful walk that this same region contains, is to the top of the Doerfli-Berg. The view, though in some quarters limited by more ambitious peaks, is, nevertheless, beautiful, and, the climb being entirely free from dangers of rock or precipice, this excursion is suited even to the most timid ramblers.

And now we have made the complete tour of the valley. We may not, perhaps, have exhausted all its capabilities, but we have endeavoured to point out everything that is most worthy of notice, and we must leave the lovers of Alpine walks the pleasure of discovering for themselves whatever forgetfulness or lack of information may have omitted from the list.

WALKS NOT REQUIRING MORE THAN 1½ HOURS.

	Miles.	Hours.	Minutes.
To the "**Aelpli**" and back		1	15
To the **Basin above the Waterfall** and back			35
To the **Basin** and round by the Strela Hôtel		1	10
Doerfli and back	2		40
To the **Entrance of the Flüela** by the meadows and back by the highway	3	1	
Along the **Frauenkirch** road and back by the meadows on the left bank of the Landwasser	2	1	
To the **Gemsjäger's** and back		1	
To the **Gemsjäger's** and back by the Cemetery		1	15

	Miles.	Hours.	Minutes.
To the ravine on the **Jacobshorn** and back			45
To the **Lake** and back	3	1	
By the **Obere Weg**—Upper Road—to the point where it joins the highway and back through the village	1½		30
By the side road past the Schweizerhof and home by the **Untere Weg**—Under Road	1½		35
To the **Waldhaus** and back across the meadows	2		40
To the **Waldhaus** and back by the old Dischma road	2¼	1	10

WALKS REQUIRING FROM 1¼ TO 3½ HOURS.

Alpenrose and back	8½	3	
Buelen and back		1	30
Clavadel and back	6¼	2	50
Drusatsch-Alp and back	8	3	
Pedara in the **Flüela-Thal** by the bridle track and back	6¼	2	10
Frauenkirch by the high-road and back	6	2	
Glaris and back	10	3	20
Grüne Alp and back		2	
Ischa-Alp and back		2	10
Round the **Lake**	5½	2	
Lochalp by the Gemsjäger's and back by the Lochwiese		3	30
Lochwiese and back		1	30
To the *Wirthschaft* "**Am Sand**" and back by the Wilde Boden	6¼	2	15
To the **Schatzalm** by the "Invalids' Path" and back		2	
To the **Schatzalm** by the old road and back		1	40
To the **Schatzalm** and back by the Lochwiese		2	10

	Miles.	Hours.	Minutes.
To the **Little Schiahorn Plateau** and back		2	
Schwarzsee and back	9	3	15
Spinabad and back	9	3	
Tschuggen and back	11	4	
Strela-Alp and back		1	40
Strela-Alp and back by the Schatzalm		2	10
Wolfgang and back	6	2	10

WALKS REQUIRING 3½ TO 6 HOURS.

By the "**Alps**" to Frauenkirch and back by the high road		5	
Davoser Schwarzhorn and back		5	
Doerfli-Berg and back		4	30
Grüne Thurm and back		4	
The **Haupt** and back		5	30
Jacobshorn and back		5	15
Küpfenfluh going by the Strela Pass and returning by the Lochalp or Lochwiese		5	15
Klosters and back	16	5	15
Monstein and back	15	5	
Persennen-Alp and back		4	
Great Schiahorn and back		5	15
Little Schiahorn and back		4	30
Schmelzboden and back	14	5	
Seealp and back		5	
Seehorn and back		5	
Strela Pass and back		3	40
Stutzalp and back		4	
Todte Alp Plateau and back		3	30
Wannengrat and back		5	15

EXCURSIONS REQUIRING A DAY.

	Miles.
Altein, ascent and descent from Glaris.	
Altein ascended from Glaris and back by Wiesen.	
To the **Bärentritt** and back	16

Miles.

Ascent of the **Bischa** and back.
Casanna-Spitze and back.
Ducan-Thal by Sertig-Doerfli and back by Monstein.
Dürrenboden and back 18
Flüela Pass and back 20½
Fundey Valley and back by the Strela Pass.
Through the **Grialetsch-Thal** by way of the Dischma, and back by the Flüela Pass.
Jatzhorn and back by the Sertig-Thal.
Kuhalp-Thal going by the Sertig, returning by the Dischma.
Ascent of the **Leidbachhorn.**
Through the **Rhynli-Thal** by way of the Dischma, and back by the Sertig.
Ascent of the **Rinnerhorn.**
Sardasca-Alp and back.
Scaletta Pass and back.
Ascent of the **Schwarzhorn** and back.
Baths of Serneus and back 21
To **Sertig Waterfall** and back—explore **Ducan-Thal** 22
Ascent of the **Weissfluh.**
Wiesen and back (on foot) 22
To **Wiesen über die Züge** and back by the high road.

EXCURSIONS REQUIRING TWO DAYS.

Arosa by Strela Pass, returning by Maienfelder Furka.
To **Filisur** by the Ducan Pass and back by the Sertig Pass.
Ascent of the **Hoch-Ducan,** sleeping at Sertig-Doerfli.
Strela Pass to **Coire** and back.
Scaletta Pass to Scanfs in the Engadine, returning by the Sertig Pass
Silvretta Pass into the Engadine, and back by the Flüela.
Via Mala by the Züge and Schyn-Strasse.
Ascent of **Piz Vadred.**

List of Heights in the Davos District.

	English feet.
Alpenrose (Flüela)	6234
Altalp	7022
Alteingrat	7809
Am Rhin (Dischma)	6359
Arosa (Schanfigg)	6208
Bergün (Albula)	4558
Bischa (Flüela)	9788
Bühlen or Bühler (Dischma)	5975
Bühlersberg (Dischma)	8229
Casanna-Spitze	8406
Chur	1920
Clavadel (Sertig)	6333
Davos-Doerfli	5109
Davos-Frauenkirch	5053
Davos-Glaris	4771
Davos-Kulm or Wolfgang	5339
Davos-Platz	5106
Davos-Spinabad	4843
Davoser See	5122
Doerfli-Berg	8321
Drusatsch-Alp	5827
Dürrenboden (Dischma)	6644
Erbalpen	6077 and 6231
Fideris-Bad (Prättigau)	2960
Filisur (Albula)	3475
Flüela-Hospiz	7776
Flüela-Passhöhe	7849
Fundey valley (Schanfigg)	6277
Gefrorenes Horn (Sertig)	9053
Gotschna	6280
Grialetsch-Horn (Flüela)	10,339
Grüne Alp	6133
Grüsch (Prättigau)	2113
Hoch-Ducan (Sertig)	10,083
Hoernli (Flüela)	8036
Hoernli (Sertig)	8157
Innere Alpen (Monstein)	6572
Ischa-Alp	6739
Jacobshorn	8511

	English feet.
Jenatz (Prättigau)	2461
Klosters (Prättigau)	3790
Koerbshorn	8701
Küblis (Prättigau)	2697
Kuhalpthal-Horn (Sertig)	10,126
Kummer-Alp	6572
Kummer-Hubel	8528
Küpfenfluh	8711
Landquart	1707
Langwies (Schanfigg)	4518
Laret	4955
Leidbach-Horn	9555
Lochalp	6507
Mayenfelder Furka	8022
Mittagshorn (Sertig)	8951
Monstein	5329
Neualp	7127
Obere Alpen (Monstein)	6149
Piz Buin (Scaletta)	10,916
Piz d'Aela (Albula)	10,892
Piz Kesch (Sertig)	11,212
Piz Michel (Albula)	10,372
Piz Ozur (Albula)	9217
Piz Vadred (Dischma)	10,611
Plattenhorn	9902
Rinnerhorn	8311
Saas (Prättigau)	3255
Sardasca (Prättigau)	5365
Sattelhorn	8820
Scaletta-Horn	9955
Scaletta Pass	8593
Schafgrind	8600
Schatzalp	6162
Schiahorn	8925
Schiers (Prättigau)	2258
Schiesshorn alias Kummerberg	9145
Schilt (Rhaeticon)	9463
Schmelzboden	4220
Schwarzhorn (Flüela)	10,339
Schwarzhorn (Todte Alp)	8787
Seealp	6024

	English feet.
Seehorn	7353
Sentishorn (Dischma)	9205
Sertig-Doerfli	6103
Sertig Pass	8482
Silvretta-Horn	10,657
„ Eckhorn	10,523
„ Verstankla-Horn	10,834
„ Schwarzhorn	10,657
Silvretta, upper glacier	9929
Staffelalp	6208
Strela-Alp	6234
Strela Pass	7799
Süs (Engadine)	4689
Thälihorn (Sertig)	8826
Thiejerfluh	8951
Tinzenhorn (Albula)	10,276
Tschuggen (Flüela)	6392
Weissfluh	9263
Weisshorn (Flüela)	10,135
Wiesen	4771

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CHAPTER V.

NATURAL RESOURCES.

THE attractions presented by Davos to the votaries of natural science, and even to the lovers of sport, are manifold, and people who have any hobby at all connected with such subjects will be able to ride it here. Botanist, entomologist, geologist, angler, sportsman, and he who goes in for nothing at all, will alike find occupation at Davos. The flora is one of the richest in the whole of Switzerland, having also the advantage of being more accessible than that of most districts, and the enthusiastic botanist may perhaps be pleased to know that he can still make interesting "finds," as the treasures of the valley have not yet been thoroughly examined, and the careful investigator is constantly repaid by bringing home new species in his vasculum. It is to be regretted that the typical tourist does not see Davos at its best, for June and July, when the valley flora is most varied, are not the favourite months for travelling. The phanerogamous plants, in fact, play a much greater *rôle* here, in the general aspect of the country, than in most places, for they give to the grave Alpine landscape the life, colour, and light, which would otherwise be sadly missed. Bald grey summits or snowy domes, mountain sides dark with pine-woods, or riven by impetuous torrents, compose, it is true, a scene of grandeur, but one wanting in the elements of colouring and grace, and this lack is supplied in June and July by the brilliant, sun-given hues of the masses of flowering plants which adorn the meadows and lower reaches of the hills.

The floral year may be said to begin in May, and when the retreating snow receives a gentle farewell

from the spring blossoms that come to life about its margin, soldanellas and gentians, anemones and ranunculuses offer a pleasant surprise after the monotony of winter; they are then to be found abundantly in the meadows and on the nearer slopes, while the bouquet-maker in August has to climb far and high to obtain them. They retreat with the advance of summer, and give way to the more obtrusive, but, unfortunately, also less rare, flowers of the meadows. This marvellous field-flora will be admired rather by the colourist than the botanist, for the varied patchwork of scarlet, pink, white, blue, lilac, and yellow, is produced by a wealth of blossoms which fails to excite the cupidity of Alpine treasure-seekers. Buttercups and bachelor's buttons, cotton-grass, campion, heartsease, polygonum, Jacob's-ladder, and campanulas, feast the eye, but do not enrich the herbarium. These flaunting flowers become, ere July is out, the prey of the scythe of the peasant, who transfers the fragrant mass to the wooden *chalet*, as winter fodder for his cattle. The painter will regret the change, but to the botanist the loss of the prairie-flowers brings no heart-ache; for the most part *his* prey lies in the higher regions; even in Davos, where the flora is richer and easier of access than in the Engadine, a ramble of two or three hours is necessary to cull the real flowers of the mountains.

July and August are the best months for Alpine rarities; in September laggards are still to be obtained, but the glories of the season are over. In October, the autumn gentian—*Gentiana ciliata*—with its delicately fringed petals, grows abundantly all over the nearer heights, while the starry spring gentian—*Gentiana verna*—and the stalkless one—*G. acaulis*—bloom again, though sparingly, in the valley, as likewise the spring anemone, but dwarfed in size.

The only flower that makes a real show in the decline of the year is the autumn crocus—*Colchicum autumnale*—which in its turn disappears also, under the influence of chilly night frosts. The curious stemless thistle—*Carlina acaulis*—studs every bank with its glaring white flower heads, which, imperishable as they

are,—the name Immortelles might properly include them—present a marked contrast to the time of their appearing, and seem to carry with them, when buried beneath the snow, something like the old promise of the rainbow—continuity in association with succession—and permanence amid the phenomena of change.

But though the flowers are over, the fruit has yet to come, and the berries play no unworthy second to the luxuriance that has gone. Many a foreground and middle-distance, whether committed to paper, or only painted in indelible tints upon the memory, owes its rich deep colouring to the fructification of plants, and their fading leaves—plants whose beauty remains, till they are wrapped up in white by the first storm of winter. The berries, in their abundance and brightness of hue, force themselves upon our notice in a manner to which we are not accustomed elsewhere. The hips of the wild roses—*Rosa arvensis*, *R. canina*, and *R. alpina* (the one rose without thorns) are not particularly plentiful, nor do the juniper—*Juniperus viridis*—and *Daphne Mezereum*, obtrude their fruit upon our notice; while the graceful *Streptopus amplexifolius*, found now and then in the lower stretch of the Dischma-Thal, is much too rare to form a feature in the landscape. The black honeysuckle—*Lonicera nigra*—with its poisonous berries, and the familiar barberry—*Berberis vulgaris*—are common enough, but of the larger shrubs, it is the mountain-ash—*Pyrus aucuparia*—and still more, the beautiful mountain elderberry—*Sambucus racemosa*—with its brilliant clusters of scarlet—that gives life to many a desolate hillside and valley in autumn. Among the low-growing plants, which, as it were, carpet the ground with colour, the most conspicuous is *Arctostaphylos alpina* whose leaves dye great tracts of the mountain blood-red as they fade grandly away. Another member of the same genus, found in greatest profusion in the upper portion of the Alberti-Tobel—*A. Uva-ursi*—with poisonous red berries, and glittering little leaves, bears a cheating resemblance to the edible whortle-

berry—*Vaccinium Vitis-Idœa*, so closely allied to the denizen of the morass, familiar to dwellers in the plains, that it may truthfully be termed the mountain cranberry—which also contributes not a little to lighten the gloom of the pine wood. The preserve made from it also, is both wholesome and palatable. The bilberry too—*Vaccinium Myrtillus*—hangs out its purple fruit in great profusion everywhere; it likewise has a double—a congener with which it may readily be confused—but the cowberry—*Vaccinium uliginosum*—far from being a dangerous plant, produces edible berries, larger and sweeter than those of the well-known bilberry. The baneful *Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi* may be distinguished from the wholesome *Vaccinium Vitis-Idœa* by the leaves, which are neither rolled in at the margin, nor punctured underneath, both of these peculiarities marking the other plant. *Vaccinium Myrtillus* (bilberry) differs from *V. uliginosum* (cowberry)—the berries of both being edible—in having the branches angular instead of round and the leaves finely toothed instead of entire.

"Without giving here a complete list of the plants and their habitats, we may mention some of the more attractive flowers and the places where they are found, for the benefit of young botanists, whose studies begin and end with their summer holiday. We will commence with easily accessible points. Confirmed dawdlers, who make flower-picking an excuse for slow saunters, will actually find their laziness encouraged in Davos, and the invalid who generally has to deny himself all the little pleasures granted to his healthy companions, may here enjoy gathering many Alpine favourites without fatigue or even exertion. On the slopes behind the Hôtel Belvedere, in the forest five minutes' walk from its threshold, and in the meadow still quicker of access, which stretches behind the Hôtel Buol along the upper side of the road towards Doerfli, are found many Alpine flowers, of which the following list will give some idea. *Dianthus superbus, D. sylvestris, Polemonium cæruleum, Aster alpinus, Polygonum Bistorta, P. viviparum, Anemone sulfurea, A. vernalis, A. narcissiflora,*

Gentiana acaulis, G. verna, G. bavarica, G. punctata, G. purpurea, G. cruciata, G. germanica, Campanula barbata, C. thyrsoidea, C. Scheuchzeri, Nigritella angustifolia (the celebrated "*Männertreu*"), *Dryas octopetala, Globularia cordifolia, Biscutella lævigata, Silene rupestris, Helianthemum ælandicum, Tofieldia calyculata, Euphrasia minima, Phyteuma orbiculare, Epilobium angustifolium, Saponaria ocymoides, Pyrola uniflora.* Tufts too, of the pretty "*Fleurs des Glaciers*," *Linaria alpina*, as also specimens of the over-rated "*Edelweiss*," *Gnaphalium leontopodium*, with several other plants usually to be met with only higher up on the mountains, may be seen in the neighbourhood of the water-courses—raging in spring, but dry during the summer months—that hurry down with them to lower levels the seeds of a more remote Alpine flora.

The shady eastern side of the lake may boast of its treasures also. The beautiful *Atragene alpina*, which always reminds one of an exotic growth, trails over the rocks here, and creeps up the fir trees, as it does also in the woods of the Klosters Stutz a little further on. *Pyrola secunda, Drosera rotundifolia, Eriophorum alpinum* and *Gentiana nivalis* are met with at different points of the forest or beyond it—where the lake's shore is bare—and *Linnæa borealis*, in several places covers a rock with its dark green leaves and pretty pale blossoms, or straggles through a thicket of heather and bilberry. The beautiful caprifoliaceous plant is, however, to be gathered also nearer Davos-Platz in the "Mattenwald," where may be seen as well, the handsome Gentians, *G. purpurea and G. punctata*, the small *Maianthemum*, and the stately *Mulgedium alpinum*. At the mouth of the Dischma, on the side to your right, *Anemone sulfurea*, in June and early in July, forms a real feature in the landscape, while later on the feathery *Thalictrum aquilegifolium* may also be said to replace it, although with less effect. Many other flowers and a number of shrubs grow in the reaches of the same valley, that lie nearest to Davos. Of the former we may mention *Epilobium Fleischeri, Viola palustris, Gentiana bavarica, Streptopus amplexifolius*;

of the latter *Sambucus racemosa, Berberis vulgaris, Lonicera nigra* and many species of willow.

Some distance up the Flüela-Thal, but on this side of the Alpenrose Inn, are patches of *Senecio cordatus* and *S. abrotanifolius* with many others of the larger representatives of an Alpine flora, while here and there along the roadside the beautiful *Potentilla grandiflora* may be plucked.

The most favoured of the "happy hunting grounds," for the botanist in search of rarities are, strangely enough to those unacquainted with the peculiarities of Alpine plants, the unpromising slopes of the Doerfli-Berg, the stony desert of the Ducan, the *Geröll* at the base of the Schwarzhorn near the shores of the Schottensee, and the sparse turf, strewn with boulders, at the upper end of the Dischma-Thal.

The treasures of the Doerfli-Berg are numerous, and every year sees additions made to their number. *Woodsia ilvensis, Asplenium septentrionale* (in abundance), *Potentilla grandiflora* (plentiful also), *Phyteuma humile, Allium Schœnoprasum, Lilium Martagon, Orchis globosa, Potentilla argentea* are only the beginning of a long list. The Ducan-Thal presents to your notice *Oxytropis campestris, O. lapponica, Phaca australis,* a *Gagea* which curiously enough seems to be *lutea,* and probably also *Campanula cenisia,* though the writer has not been able to corroborate the report of its discovery. These are, however, but a few taken at random from the treasures of this wonderful ravine. The Schwarzhorn, on the other hand, offers the botanist such plants as these: *Sieversia reptans, S. montana, Arabis cœrulea, Artemisia spicata, Androsace helvetica* and the usual glacier Flora. And in Dischma-Thal, *Woodsia ilvensis,* marvellously luxuriant, may be gathered not far from Dürrenboden, while *Cystopteris alpina, Saussurea alpina,* and *Alchemilla pentaphyllea* may again be taken as representatives of a long and interesting catalogue. It may be as well to add that *Potentilla minima* occurs some distance up the Kuhalp-Thal, and that on the Schiahorn *Valeriana supina, Gentiana glacialis* and

Draba Wahlenbergii may be found—after a little search—by any one.

Ferns are well represented in this district. The common ones look less common than usual, because of the great development that they attain, particularly in the dark crevices and shady nooks about the eastern margin of the lake, while the fickle Moonwort—*Botrychium Lunaria*—one of the few annuals among ferns—reaches quite unusual dimensions on the favourable soil of the Wilde Boden, where the sight of thousands of specimens standing up from the short grass will astonish and delight the botanist, who has looked upon the plant as a good "find" in England. Many small and rare ferns are also present; and, if we may judge from their size, it would seem that this region is singularly favourable for their growth.

A list of the *Filices*, so far as they have yet been discovered, is appended to this chapter, but doubtless there is still ample scope for the explorer, who will probably light, before long, upon the very scarce *Asplenium germanicum* that occurs almost always, when it does occur, along with its congener, *A. septentrionale*—here so common—and constitutes already one of the varieties in the near and closely related Engadine.

The taller members of the vegetable kingdom are less well represented in Davos. Few deciduous trees grow here at all; those that do have a hard struggle for life, and rarely approach perfection. Of these, however, the mountain-ash succeeds best, while some sorts of willow flourish tolerably, as likewise the common alder—*Alnus glutinosa*; and the stunted *Alnus viridis* clothes the mountain sides with a thick covering of dark green foliage. On the sheltered, damp banks of the Dischma is a considerable amount of brushwood, among which figure conspicuously the birch and beech, dwarfs prominent among dwarfs. Between Spinabad and Schmelzboden, where the soil is not so dry, and the sun's rays are less scorching, where, too, a somewhat lower altitude may not be without its effect upon the vegetation, the trees above-mentioned grow in greater abundance, and reach a larger size.

The species forming the forests are given in the list below; many of them have noble proportions, but such may be truly considered "secular," for, from the short duration of summer, their growth is necessarily slow.

Larix europæa	Larch.
Abies excelsa	Spruce.
Pinus Cembra	Carinthian pine.
„ *sylvestris*	Scotch fir.
„ *Mughus*	Creeping pine.
„ *uncinata.*	

Pinus Cembra is becoming comparatively rare, but good specimens are still to be seen in the Züge and the lateral valleys; these beautiful trees have, however, been much reduced in number, by reason of the great demand for the timber, eagerly bought by the carpenter when engaged in the work of wainscoting. The short, thick-set, cones grow in clusters near the top of the tree, and the seeds are often eaten under the name of *Zirbel* at dessert. They have a pleasant aromatic flavour, but make one feel akin to a squirrel cracking nuts to get at hard kernels, and so may perhaps help the philosopher to get back even farther than the gorilla in his search for the origin of man. Beyond the altitude at which other pines can live, grows the *Pinus Mughus*, flourishing in a soil where it is difficult to believe that any tree could find sufficient nourishment. It clings to the side of the precipice, and would attain no mean height, were it to grow perpendicularly, but, creeping along the ground, it prefers to form a tangled thicket of underwood. Many of these pines are in the upper portion of the Schiahorn-Tobel, and on the lower reaches of the Todte Alp, opposite Wolfgang Inn.

We feel that we should not be doing our duty to botanical neophytes, fresh from England, did we not endeavour to satisfy their eagerness after *Alpenrose* and *Edelweiss*—two flowers highly valued by strangers—as seems to us very undeservedly. The most accessible point where the first can be gathered is by the eastern side of the Davoser See; the white variety—

well worth looking for—is also said to grow among the pine-woods, but those who fail in finding it can make up for the fruitless quest by applying to the good-natured daughter of mine host at the "Alpenrose," who, however, while happy to present them with the curious pale sprigs of rhododendron, will be chary of showing the spot at which the treasure lies hidden —somewhere—we say only somewhere—between the Alpenrose and Tschuggen.

Edelweiss may be plucked on the lower slopes of the Schiahorn, to the right of the Strela Pass, likewise among the rocks of the lesser Schiahorn, when ascended from the *Aelpli* on the Grüne Thurm, in the gorge of the Züge, and on the heights that form the western boundary of the Ducan. The finest specimens are to be got in the last mentioned habitat, but the places where they grow are hard to reach. The extraordinary rage for *Alpenrose* and *Edelweiss* is one that cannot easily be accounted for. Flowers, like other things, are generally prized according to their rarity, but in this case caprice has fixed upon two of the very commonest Alpine phanerogams, which cannot even lay any claim to startling altitudes as their proper home. Both flourish at 4000 ft. above sea-level, and the Rhododendron does not seem to be very exacting in the way of soil or situation, while the one peculiarity of Edelweiss is that it grows only upon limestone.

There are three species of the *rose des Alpes*, two of them very common indeed; the third (which is rare) forms a hybrid between the others. *Rhododendron ferrugineum* is found everywhere, except on limestone; it has leaves without cilia, the underside of which is rust colour. *Rhododendron hirsutum* has pink blossoms and ciliated leaves green underneath; it only grows on limestone. *Rhododendron intermedium* has not yet been found in the Davos district, and we are not quite certain that it has been seen anywhere; still specimens from the Engadine seem to represent something that is neither the one nor the other of the forms familiar to us, and we have little doubt that energetic botanists will discover the

variety in some neglected gully before many years have passed. Even the legend of *Edelweiss* is in all probability a plagiarism. The romantic story in which it plays a part has undoubtedly an influence upon well-read young ladies, who, when they gaze upon the soft, white bracts, think of the sad strange history. The borrowed plumes of the Swiss plant belong properly to the Carinthian *Alpenreute*, one of the rarest flowers in that marvellous flora, growing only on the brink of the precipice far up among the dolomites, the prize of the good head, firm step, and strong heart, which the Carinthian maiden demands of the swain who would woo and win her. It is not a little curious to think that the baseless reputation of the plant will end by giving it real and well-deserved celebrity, for the promiscuous manner in which it is plucked—flowers, leaves, stem, root, and everything carried away together—will by and by convert the Alpine everlasting into one of the rarest flowers of the mountains. Already handsome specimens are very difficult either to find or to buy; and we fear the precaution of a fine of five francs for every tell-tale root, adopted in some parts of Switzerland, will prove a conspicuous failure. For ourselves we shall not be sorry when there is one more flower worth looking for.

Another plant already named seems to deserve mention here. The *Nigritella angustifolia*—in German *Nigritell*—the Swiss *Männertreu*—man's constancy—is said by the mountaineer, with justifiable pride, to be found nowhere beyond the Alps. Its unpretentious brown petals seem to suggest something genuine, and the lady botanist may forgive the uncomplimentary idea implied by exclusive reference to one sex, as she thinks of past experience, or of the shadowy future. In the valley of Davos it is a common flower, and as you gather it on meadow, glade, or barren hillside, and enjoy its delicious fragrance, you may perhaps not inappropriately be reminded of the old familiar lines,

> "Only the ashes of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

The fauna of the valley is much less interesting, because less varied, than the flora. As regards the quadrupeds, species are few and rarely rich in individuals. Wolves have quite disappeared; the heads fixed on the Rathhaus are all that remains of them. Bears are seen now and then, when they wander over from the wild gorge that opens behind Zernetz in the Middle Engadine, to commit depredations on the flocks pasturing in the solitary wildernesses of Sertig and Dischma.

Also once or twice every winter they steal across the barrier between the Engadine and Davos, but their presence creates such consternation that they are very seldom shot. Practically the tourist or visitor has as poor a chance of seeing a bear as of meeting with a wolf.

Foxes are common enough, although one of the chief articles in the creed of every sportsman is to destroy them, a faith terribly antagonistic to English notions, but still far from indefensible, as these four-footed poachers make away with a vast quantity of game. They are found everywhere—though seldom seen unless looked for—in the Davos valley— in the side valleys—on the top of the Flüela Pass; no district seems too bare for them—no difficulty in procuring food insurmountable. During the winter, they often come in search of prey very near Davos-Platz—and a favourite amusement of healthy patients consists in waiting for them as they pass to their feeding-grounds, the energetic invalid comfortably ensconced in a warm cow-house with a loaded fowling-piece—the animal fortunately being sharp enough to know that a noise in such a place does not forebode danger, since a cow is also a living creature. There are many funny stories of these midnight watchings.

The fox lives of course to a great extent on vermin, but he also robs the nests and eats the young of ptarmigan, and there seems to be no doubt that when hard up he devours the ants' eggs which in summer are abundant everywhere. Whether he partially follows the example of the marmotte, and goes to sleep at

intervals during the winter, is a point which, in the interests of science, we would rather leave unsettled. The mammal that you see most commonly at Davos is the squirrel—a variety of our species *Sciurus vulgaris*, —but still with peculiarities of his own. Sometimes he is quite black, sometimes brown with a black tail, we have never seen him brown entirely—and his merry chatter as he sits on a dark pine tree is not a little pleasant to the solitary pedestrian.

Weasels and ermines (*Mustela vulgaris* and *M. erminea*) are also sufficiently plentiful to be an annoyance to the native sportsman, who probably, like game-preservers in England, has a very exaggerated notion of the mischief that can be done by these small carnivora—especially when one considers the vastness of the district and the comparative paucity of the game. The common mole (*Talpa europæa*) is likewise found in the pasturages, but it does not seem to accomplish much harm, or to excite much apprehension.

There is, however, a rodent, greatly more abundant than any of the animals already mentioned, and greatly more disliked by the peasant-proprietors of the meadows, viz., the short-tailed field-mouse, which does no small damage to the pastures in summer, by eating the roots of the grass, and obtrudes itself, when winter comes on, as an unwelcome visitor into the farmhouse, or else devotes his attention, with hardly less impropriety, to the barn. These little pests are constantly to be seen, scuttling about among the herbage, and we have known cats, with well-developed hunting proclivities, bring home a dozen of them in a day. Perhaps we may add that the cat itself—known not to thrive well at very high altitudes—seems to get on admirably at a height of five thousand feet above the sea—and to develop tastes, unknown to it at lower levels; for the animal here enjoys nothing better than to go on a grasshopper chase, seizing and disposing of its prey after a most apt and artistic fashion.

The mountain hare (*Lepus variabilis*) occurs all over the district, chiefly however in the woods. Very common it is not, and you seldom have the pleasure

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of seeing it run away from you on your walks, but still it is generally distributed. And the ordinary hare of the plains (*Lepus timidus*), although far from plentiful, is found in the neighbourhood of Wolfgang, which—as the highest point of the valley—may claim to constitute the transition to regions other than Alpine, and can, therefore, assert a right to the first indications of a lower fauna, as it could in old times, from the visitation of wolves, make pretension to the presence of a higher.

The two mammals, however, that chiefly excite the attention and curiosity of the Swiss tourist, are the marmotte (*Arctomys marmotta*) and the chamois (*Antilope rupicapra*). Both are inhabitants of high Alpine regions, and he who, coming home, can relate that he has seen the one or heard the other, shews that he has climbed to some height and to some purpose. The chamois inhabit chiefly the mountain ranges of the Flüela-Thal, and the shrill whistle of the marmotte is most frequently heard at the end of the Dischma, on the Schwarzhorn, and the Weissfluh or, less distant still, by the rocky plains of the Todte Alp. But, in winter, while the marmottes are taking a long nap in their snug holes, the herds of chamois venture nearer the valley than is their wont, and are often to be distinguished with a good glass on the sides of the Schiahorn, or, standing out against the sky, hard by the summit of the Seehorn. One enterprising patient ascended the last mentioned mountain in mid-winter, and planted a banner on the top, as a proof of his prowess, thereby exciting the indignation of other less energetic visitors, for the red flag frightened the timid chamois, and deprived the observers of a pleasant, lazy recreation.

And now to pass from mammalia to Aves: the comparative scarcity of the feathered tribe, and the lack of singing birds strike the English stranger painfully. The forests seem dull, a sense of solitude pervades them, to which we are unaccustomed, and this feeling is not diminished by the wild weird cries of birds of prey describing circles in the air far above one's head,

nor by the discordant notes of carrion crow and magpie, as they keep guard on some hay-châlet or hop along the ground. Eagles are still to be found in the district, they even visit the valley during hard winters in search of food. Sparrow-hawks (*Falco palumbarius*) are frequent, and the Corvus tribe is represented by the common crow (*Corvus corona*), with the solitary raven (*Corvus corax*), both of which are natives of the country.

As additional species of Raptores, we may mention the common buzzard (*Buteo vulgaris*), often to be seen soaring high above the pine-woods in summer, the vulture (*Gypœtus barbatus*), the wood-owl (*Strix bubo*), and the lesser horned owl (*Strix otus*). No doubt, more birds of this class will be identified in time; but the study is an exceedingly difficult one, when distance and rough ground are both taken into account.

The Corvidæ have got another and a very interesting representative in the chough — red-legged crow — found on the south-west coast of Scotland, and called in German *Alpendohle*—Alpine jackdaw—which lives for most of the year in inaccessible corners of the mountain-clefts, buttresses, and precipices, but descends in spring with the avalanches to the level of the valleys, in order to pick up whatever grubs and insects the snow-masses may have brought down with them in turf or fir-roots. One often sees whole flocks of them engaged in this way, but only during the one season of the year; at any other time you must climb high and far in order to catch a glimpse of those red-legged Alpine denizens.

The universal magpie—particularly common at Davos, although also an object of the sportsman's determined hostility—may be heard constantly in summer, chattering away, as though its energy had come by transmigration from some gossiping Davos invalid. In winter, too, you see the black and white horror everywhere, and close to you, for he is cunning enough to take up his quarters in the neighbourhood of the hotels, where now and then he can hope for some stray bit of nourishment from the kitchen, or out of the

dog's dish, and may perhaps, also, after the clandestine fashion familiar to him, secure some good pickings for himself from other quarters. He is often to be descried with a group of his friends on the top of a hay *châlet*, and invariably looks as if he had devised some scheme of which he was very proud, although he either could not or would not communicate it.

The crow is a very much shyer bird. You see him in summer only at a distance; even on the mountains he does not let you come near. Neither can winter induce him to approach the haunts of man. Your best view of his sombre presence is when he sweeps solemnly across the frozen fields, his deep-blue shadow creeping like an ominous spectre over the white, dazzling surface.

There are very great hindrances in the way of identifying the small birds at Davos, since a Federal law forbids them to be shot, and it is almost impossible, even for scientific purposes, to obtain the requisite permission. Undoubtedly many species have still to be incorporated in the list, but the presence of a considerable number has already been determined.

In winter no small birds are seen. What becomes of them is perhaps an enigma. Do they migrate, or hybernate? We, ourselves, are inclined to adopt the second alternative. On a bright mild day—one winter—not long ago—we happened to see two or three dozen yellow-hammers sitting outside a hay *chalet*—not far from Doerfli. For months, no birds of the sort had been observed in the district; and we could not help believing—as we believe still—that the flock had passed the cold season among the fodder, and only been aroused, perhaps, by a prematurely warm day to the claims and pleasures of outdoor life. The yellow-hammer (*Emberiza citrinella*) is, in summer, the most common bird at Davos; its hoarse chirp and short monotonous song may be heard everywhere in the valley. The swallow and martin (*Hirundo rustica* and *H. urbica*) may also be seen sailing with still wings through the quiet air, while such ordinary acquaintances as the chaffinch

(*Fringilla cœlebs*) and the sparrow (*Pyrgita domestica*) are not absent, although met with in no great force. The red-start (*Phœnicura Rutacilla*), black-start (*Phœnicura Tithys*), stonechat (*Saxicola rubicola*), and whinchat (*Saxicola Rubetra*), far from common in England, abound about Davos-Platz, and the wheatear (*Saxicola Œnanthes*), with two species of *Motacilla*, has also been seen in the vicinity. In the woods, you may find, if you are lucky, the great woodpecker (*Picus Martus*), often heard, as well as the nuthatch (*Nucifraga caryocatactes*). And in the forests of the mountains—or in the brush-wood that lies above, and defines the forest—you may flush a capercailzie, a hazelhen, a blackcock, or a ptarmigan, with all which, under the portentous titles of *Tetrao urogallus*, *bonasia*, *tetrix*, and *lagopus* (common fortunately to every language), we shall hope presently to make a nearer acquaintance, when we come to speak of the game of the district.

As far as we know, the only remaining birds to be enumerated, and they belong to very different families indeed, are the wild mountain duck (*Anas marita*), the creeper (*Certhia familiaris*), and the ring-ousel (*Turdus torquatus*). The last-named species is interesting, because rare in England—found only, as in Forfarshire, on remote tracts of moorlands. Here it is seldom seen in summer; now and then you may catch a glimpse of it, far up in one of the side valleys, or on such a height as Jacobshorn; but when the snow begins to melt in spring, a dozen or more can be watched any day, quite near the village, as they search for grubs on the moist slopes, or by the mountain rills, that have just begun to flow after the long winter stagnation.

If certain mysterious tom-tits still hide themselves under the shadow of the fir-trees, it is absolutely impossible, under existing circumstances, to discover either their name or nature.

The class of reptiles is, we are glad to say, very feebly represented; indeed, we know only one form belonging to it, as an inhabitant of the Landschaft. The Black Salamander—*Salamandra atra*—looking like a

piece of galvanised coal, may be seen, now and then—though rarely—in the neighbourhood of Klosters. This is the creature familiar to Alpine tourists, and often appears in great numbers, hundreds being passed in a few hours, and supposed, like its relation the lizard, to be a valuable living barometer. The race, then, of "creeping things" is here, fortunately, as poor in species as possible, none of its more obnoxious members putting in any appearance at all. The only Amphibian that occurs, and it is met with in great numbers, both in marshes by the river and on the hillsides, is the common frog (*Rana temporaria*).

One would not expect to find a long catalogue of fish, as the census of the population of two little lakes and a rapid mountain-stream. In fact, the list is very scanty. The common trout (*Salmo fario*) is, of course, the most prolific member of the group; it lives both in the tarns and in the river. But the great lake-trout (*Salmo ferox*) has also been caught in the Davoser See, though only at rare intervals, and, doubtless, specimens of the big-headed, spotted monster still swim about the dark depths of the lake. Another edible fish—*Lota vulgaris*—the French *lotte*, in English eel-pout, has been got out of the Landwasser and Schwarzsee. It was formerly much more frequently captured than at present. The repulsive-looking miller's thumb (*Cottus gobio*) lurks under stones by the shore of the Davoser See, and the minnow (*Phoxinus varius*) may be seen, when the day is bright, in shoals, at shallow corners, as also in quiet spots, left here and there under the shelter of bank, or by the side of eddy, in the rushing, impetuous Landwasser.

The insect life of the valley has as yet been very imperfectly studied; indeed the only Order up to this time examined with any minuteness is that of the Lepidoptera, here rich in striking species. One comes accidentally upon small and brilliant Coleoptera—a green *Cryptocephalus* being conspicuous on the grassy slopes—but we do not imagine that any long list of captures would be required to chronicle the spoils of

the beetle-hunter, although interesting, and perhaps new, forms would probably be included among its items. Trichoptera, too, for which Switzerland is famous—the Order is now being worked up by a distinguished English entomologist—would, no doubt, be found illustrated by fresh species, in the neighbourhood of the lakes, Landwasser, and side-streams. No one can dispute the presence of saltatorial Orthoptera, as the air, in summer, is alive all day long with the grating chorus of at least two sorts of grasshoppers, and every now and then, on a stroll through the meadows, red and green shapes, almost like butterflies, will catch the eye as they flutter for some distance above the grass, each colour marking yet another species in an Order conspicuous for large individuals.

Still, diurnal Lepidoptera, which have been studied, as we have already said, with more care than any of the allied groups, probably offer, also, the richest field for investigation. Everyone is struck by the great number of species and of specimens to be seen all over the valley, in the bright summer sunshine. Among the most favourable spots for the collector may be mentioned the meadows behind the Hôtel Buol, the opening of the Sertig-Thal (before the hay is cut), the bare slopes that rise above the Schatzalm, and the woodland path from Laret to Klosters. Several butterflies, *e.g.*, various sorts of Fritillary, have a limited range, even in the limited district, and you must go to some particular mountain or Alpine pasturage if you would secure them. The magnificent Delius occurs almost everywhere, at a certain elevation above the valley; the Camberwell Beauty, so rare in England, may be met with along the stream near Frauenkirch, and in the Sertig-Thal, while *Sesia bombyliformis* (a hawk-moth that flies by day) swarms on the Wilde Boden, but does not travel far beyond the boundary of the short, parched, and barren grass.

Great moths have been seen in the evening on the outskirts of the forest, chiefly on the east side of the valley, but we have never heard of their being caught and identified; it is, however, not improbable that

large Sphyngidæ may be found about the pine-woods; and, indeed, the whole tribes of crepuscular and nocturnal Lepidoptera present a new and fresh region for the explorer, where, at a height of more than five-thousand feet above the sea, he might hope for success in his researches.

At the end of the chapter is given a list of butterflies that have already been caught in the district. It does not pretend to be exhaustive of the work done by at most two or three collectors, and naturally still less so of the resources of the place; but perhaps the entomologist will have to go far and climb high, gathering no insignificant stock of health and pleasure, before he finds every name in the catalogue worthily represented by illustrative examples in his well-filled boxes.

The geology of Davos is remarkable. We will endeavour, beginning at the southern end of the valley, to give our readers as exact an idea as possible of the general formation of the eastern and western walls as far as Klosters, and then we will make similar excursions up the side valleys in order, taking the Flüela Thal first.

The ravine of the Züge, forming the southern boundary of the *Landschaft*, is entirely composed of verrucano, which extends northwards on both sides of the depression almost to Frauenkirch. Here a thin band of Casanna slate is cut through, after which are traversed thicker layers of mica slate and gneiss, the former stretching in an unbroken mass on the eastern side up to Davos Platz, while the western is formed of Casanna slate, and a thin band of verrucano, that runs down into the valley at the village. The opening of the Dischma-Thal, on both sides, is composed of hornblende slate, the western reaches of the hill between Platz and Doerfli consisting of dolomite, which we meet with again opposite, about a mile from Doerfli, on the Flüela road, a lime-kiln being the very evident indication of its presence.

Following the valley further, we pass another thin band of verrucano to the west between Doerfli and

the lake, and then, after wending our way between gneiss on the right and hornblende slate with mica slate on the left, we find ourselves, when near Wolfgang, in the middle of a great stretch of serpentine, broken only here and there by bands of dolomite. This formation reaches from Wolfgang halfway to Klosters, where the mass of Grisons slate begins, that extends on both sides of the Prättigau down to the valley of the Rhine.

Behind Wolfgang rise the Casanna-Spitze and the Gotschna with a very complicated structure. They consist of dolomite, gneiss, serpentine, gypsum, granite, Casanna slate, and limestone. The trias formation here, as elsewhere in the Grisons, contains various ores; ores of copper, copper pyrites, iron pyrites, and another ore of iron are found at the base of the Casanna, and very pure specimens of argentiferous galena in the *débris*, covering the north side of the Gotschna. Certain it is that, very long ago, mines were worked on the Casanna, for, at the base of the limestone-wall the openings of shafts are still distinctly to be traced in considerable numbers. Nobody, however, now knows what was excavated there; and it might be worth while to examine with more care the old pits, though the riches spoken of in the folk lore is hardly to be hoped for. These legends tell of gold-mines fabulously productive, worked by Venetians centuries ago.

Separated from this range by a ravine is the great mass presented by the Todte Alp, which does not bear its weird name meaninglessly, for so terrible a desert is seldom to be seen as that, presented by the vast bed of serpentine, on which scarcely a plant grows. The Dead Alp is an inclined plateau, of wide dimensions, covered with serpentine *Geröll*—loose, hard angular stones—and enclosed by high walls of the same formation. It resembles a field of lava, here black, there red, with great pieces of rock strewn over its surface. Water is not wanting, but it cannot render the desert fruitful; only where it springs out of the ground is the sterility broken by a few cerastiums and saxifrages. The cause of barrenness is that serpentine

does not disintegrate into earth, but falls into shingle and sharply-angled stones, unless the *débris* of other rocks, such as slate, &c., forms a matrix for the fragments. The culminating mass of ruin and desolation is reached in the Davoser Schwarzhorn, the highest point of this wild and dismal region; while suddenly, in strange contrast to the black pyramid, rises dazzling white like a glacier, the dolomite cupola of the Weissfluh. Without interruption, the dolomite meets the serpentine, which partly covers the limestone strata, surrounding them in some cases so closely that the two seem to have been baked together. You find, besides, imbedded in the serpentine, asbestos, tremolite, and mica.

In front of the Weissfluh stand the Schiahörner, likewise composed of dolomite. The bold rocky walls, the much-cut points and *arêtes*, with the white stony slopes at the foot of the peaks, cause this formation to be readily recognised, even from a distance, and the observer will therefore easily discern that the row of heights stretching from the Schiahörner, along the western side of the valley, continue this formation southwards. The Kummerberg, however, consists of verrucano with masses of porphyry bursting through it; but on the way down to Arosa we pass over the dolomite again, interrupted only by two thin bands of gneiss.

We will now try to give some slight idea of the geological formation of the side valleys. Going up the Flüela-Thal we find ourselves in a gorge of gneiss, broken here and there on our left by broad bands of hornblende slate, one of which a little beyond Tschuggen stretches right across it. From this point to the summit we traverse gneiss alone, while the Schwarzhorn, that towers up on the right-hand, is composed of hornblende slate and mica slate, the former predominating. The strata dip southwards, and on the top crystals are to be found. The Weisshorn is gneiss, the Bischa of the same formation as the Schwarzhorn.

The geological structure of the Dischma is exactly

like that of the Flüela, Piz Vadred being entirely composed of hornblende slate; and the same rocks in the same relative positions are also found in the Sertig-Thal, as far at least as Sertig-Doerfli. At the opening of the lateral into the main valley the stranger's eye cannot fail to be caught by the sight of an enormous accumulation of *débris* probably due to glacier action. The Sertig waterfall is likewise of great interest, because it gives an admirable section of the trias. If you then ascend to the right, and enter the often mentioned Ducan ravine, you pass at first over thin bands of Casanna slate and striated slate; afterwards comes a thicker layer of Virglaria limestone with a patch of mountain limestone, and then we lose ourselves in the great wild desert of dolomite which has been worn into the broken ragged peaks that make the gorge so strangely grand. Oddly enough at the entrance of the Ducan-Thal, the height immediately on your right, called by the natives the Hörnli, has its summit composed of gypsum. The fourth and last side valley—that of Monstein—consists entirely of Casanna slate. If you cross from it into the Ducan-Thal, you pass successively over gneiss, Casanna slate, verrucano, and dolomite.

And now, having discussed, after a fashion, the scientific resources of the valley, it may, perhaps, not be amiss for us to append a short account of the sport that may be enjoyed, with the required conditions, by natives on the one hand, and strangers on the other. The proverbial desire of the Englishman to kill something, renders information of the sort essential in an English guide-book. Shooting and fishing are the two heads under which the subject falls, from the point of view presented by an Alpine retreat like Davos, and we shall do our best to put our countrymen in the way of profiting, as far as possible, by the advantages, in these respects of a residence here.

As regards shooting, it is impossible for the stranger who meditates only a short stay, to benefit by the many varieties of game found in the district. The list is tolerably long, including chamois, marmottes,

blackgame, ptarmigan, hazelhens, capercailzie, and mountain hares—the common hare has also a right to appear in it—but the regulations are so prohibitory that the casual visitor is practically debarred from doing more than reading them, and can only feel irritation from the completeness of the catalogue. A visit of three months is necessary before a petition can be presented for certain privileges conferred upon the *settler*, and if its prayer be granted, as is almost universally the case, the right of shooting can be obtained by payment of a moderate sum. The certificates are divided into two classes, viz., "auf Hochwild," for high game, *i.e.*, all animals that belong to the mountains, and "auf die niedere Jagd," which contains the game of the plains alone. With hardly an exception beyond a few waterfowl included in the second, it is only the first division that can interest the Davos visitor, and there is, unfortunately, no doubt that, even as regards the category in question, his prospects are limited, inasmuch as no stranger, however regularly domiciled, can legally shoot a chamois within the boundaries of the Grisons. The wild deer of the Graubünden mountains is devoted to slaughter by a marksman of his own country, and there could be scarcely a less pleasant position for an alien than to be found impiously tampering with an animal of which the life and death are alike sacred to the canton. Whether there may possibly be some means of joining in the chase, through the amiability of privileged Swiss citizens, or the cunning of foreign sportsmen, cannot, of course, be discussed in such a book as this, which has for its object to deal only with facts. A domiciled foreigner pays 40 francs a year for the right to pursue the superior prey, 20 francs for the inferior privilege of shooting the lower game, or 50 francs for the two licences together. The native can make a much better bargain, as the figures in his case are 8, 6, and 12 francs respectively; but people accustomed to the terms of the Inland Revenue will not grudge the larger sums. The authorities in Graubünden, representing, of course, very directly the inhabitants,

have always shown themselves averse to provide for the amusement of those that were not Swiss burghers, or to vouchsafe them privileges, except on troublesome terms, thus contrasting unfavourably, and to their own loss, with many other cantons of Switzerland; but the passionate sportsman, whom inclination or circumstances induce to spend more than a quarter of a year at Davos, will endure the annoyance of a probationary period quietly, comforting himself with the prospect of well-directed shots, and triumphant results, when he stalks the wild animals of the mountains.

The inn on the top of the Flüela Pass, is the place where sportsmen "most do congregate," especially in the one month, September, during which it is allowed to shoot chamois on the Grisons. The horned deer of the Alps are more abundant on the Flüela range than anywhere else in the neighbourhood of Davos, and the hospice is a very good point from which to make excursions in search of them. They have often been secured on the other side of the Schottensee, a few hundred yards from the primitive *auberge*, by hunters, who, concealed among the coarse *Geröll* of the slope, had the advantage of firing upon them from above. But there are many points where these interesting quadrupeds may be seen, usually at a high level, yet not always, for it is no very rare occurrence to find a solitary animal in the dark recesses of a pine-forest, and we ourselves had once the somewhat extraordinary experience of watching one for some time, at the nearer end of the Züge gorge, where, we daresay, no member of the fraternity was ever observed before or since.

We remember saying, to an eager Davos sportsman, that the danger of shooting without a licence, over the wild tracts of mountain and glacier, must be small, especially as one policeman was the only representative of the law's terrors that Platz and Klosters had to show together. He explained, however, in a way which at once startled and convinced us, that the formidable people were the certificated Swiss burghers themselves, who, cowering under many an inaccessible

crag, or hidden in the clefts of many an Alpine wilderness, would carefully note, and inexorably inform against, the unauthorized intruder into their hunting-grounds.

There is no doubt that the inhabitants of this canton are both great lovers of the chase and very tenacious of their rights. An experience of our own will illustrate this by the striking contrast that it presents. We once spent a night in a somewhat out of the way part of Switzerland, where an admirable hôtel was kept by a German landlord. It was in the month of May that we happened to light upon the solitary inn, and the host, who was an enthusiastic sportsman, entertained us with a glowing account of the resources of the neighbourhood as regarded game. He talked of going out any day and bagging a chamois, an idea which, to our old-fashioned prejudices, seemed almost sacrilegious, in the middle of a close time we imagined to be so strictly guarded. We asked in amazement, "But where are the police?" and received the astounding answer, "*I* am the police force!" We are afraid that nobody in Davos is in a position to make such an assertion.

Marmottes are shot in considerable numbers every year, but the danger to which they are exposed finds a very definite termination in the beginning of winter, when they lay themselves to sleep in their holes, the coating of fat with which their skin is lined supplying the necessary nourishment during the period of their enforced repose. You find them almost everywhere on the mountains, and, if you take an Alpine walk in autumn, you constantly stumble on persons in search of them. Even if you do not actually descry the hunter, you discover every now and then the trace of his presence in a tiny bit of wall, with a loophole, behind which he had hidden himself within easy range of well-known burrows. The object of his solicitude, about the size of an ordinary dog, say a Scotch terrier, but with shorter legs and a much flatter head, is generally shot with ball, when seen sitting near the mouth of its hole, as it is more difficult to kill than

a rabbit, and exhibits still more capacity for making good a retreat under the earth.

There are a great number of marmottes in the vicinity of the Hospice on the Flüela, and it is no uncommon occurrence to shoot them from the windows of the Hôtel. But eager novices ought to be careful of their reputation there, for the domestic cat out for a morning's promenade was once triumphantly bagged by an enthusiastic young sportsman, who had mistaken poor Puss for something wilder and more valuable. The flesh of the Alpine rodent is very nourishing, although somewhat unpalatable, and its fat is a household remedy largely used by the peasantry, for reducing swellings and enlargements of the muscles, in which cases it seems to be a specific.

In September, even among the most remote recesses of the mountains, you are not safe from disturbance, by the unexpected crack of a rifle, and, as the grey garb of the native makes it difficult to distinguish him in the fissure, or on the stones, where he is waiting for his prey, disagreeable surprises are often experienced by timid explorers, who, imagining that they have the Alpine solitude all to themselves, are abruptly aroused to a consciousness of their mistake, by the discharge of a gun in unpleasantly close proximity. One nervous lady of our acquaintance, who was enjoying a quiet ramble on the wide and secluded serpentine fields of the "Dead Alp," found it necessary to elevate her sunshade, though the day was dark, lest the eager sportsman, whose rifle had betrayed his whereabouts, should mistake her for a chamois or a marmotte, the determination of the species being unimportant.

Capercailzies are chiefly met with in the pine-woods near the Alpenrose Inn, much frequented by chasseurs for the enjoyment of an easy and remunerative kind of sport. The birds are by no means rare, and on autumn mornings many a shot may be heard from the little hostelry, followed at no great interval by the return of the hunters with their booty.

Hazelhens are found here and there throughout the forests, but never in great numbers. They usually fly

in little flocks, and are not very easy to get at; but their flesh is considered a great dainty, these small members of the group having a high reputation among game-birds.

Ptarmigan are also widely distributed, though nowhere very abundant, high up among the mountain-peaks. You very seldom come upon them unless you set out expressly for the purpose. We have seen them on the top of Pischa, and near the summit of the Strela Pass, and we know that they have often been shot on the slopes of the Weissfluh. Perhaps they are most numerous in the neighbourhood of Flüela-Kulm, where several are often obtained at the expenditure of a single charge by the cautious, prudent, and patient sportsman. It is very strange that Swiss marksmen, admirably skilled in the use of the gun, should usually shoot hares with ball, and yet cower for hours behind a rock with a covey of ptarmigan in front of them, till three or four birds come close enough together to allow of a highly successful application of small shot, as they sit quietly upon the ground.

Black game occur in greater numbers, and furnish better sport than any of their congeners. On Doerfli-Berg thirty have fallen in a couple of days to two guns; and the Schanfigg-Thal, as well as the upper margin of the forest between Sertig and Monstein, are among their favourite haunts.

The mountain hare is also a much-coveted prize. It is usually found in the woods, and a hard day's work is essential to the ambitious hunter. If you bring three specimens home you may congratulate yourself on your luck; one solitary example is the usual reward of the chase. A dog is said to be necessary for the satisfactory pursuit of this species of Lepus, as the animal, whether fired at or not, if closely followed, comes back within half an hour to its old lair, and the long-suffering sportsman will so have another chance, and probably a better one, of a successful shot. In the neighbourhood of Wolfgang, however, it is possible that an ordinary hare of the plains may be started, and then your terrier disap-

pears perhaps for the day, as the larger species, unless wounded, manifests no inclination to a speedy return towards the scene of danger.

Pointers and setters do not exist in Davos, and the aborigines have a great prejudice against taking such dogs as they have with them to the mountains when in search of winged game. But there can be no doubt, when one considers the great stretch of ground, and the quantity of heather, brushwood, &c., that an Englishman, with the aid of a couple of the highly-trained canine associates which are inseparable from his sporting experiences, would astonish both the birds and the natives in a very brief period indeed.

The canton, in the interests either of the shooting, or of the flocks, pays a fixed amount per head for every injurious beast and bird that is destroyed. The tariff is not uninteresting; but we fear that the most skilful shot would hardly make his fortune by devoting himself to the pursuit of the creatures enumerated in it. The general principle is evidently that the sums paid should be in proportion to the rarity of the animals, the bear, wolf, and lynx—the last two long extinct—being each marked with the munificent amount of 100 francs, although the otter, a very uncommon apparition, is, with strange inconsistency, valued only at the insignificant figure of 10 francs. The other names in the catalogue—possible prizes—are as follows: Vulture, 15 francs; eagle, 10 francs; great owl, 10 francs; kestrel or sparrowhawk, 3 francs; magpie, 50 cents.

Before closing this chapter, a word or two about the fishing to be had at Davos may not be out of place, especially since this amusement is more accessible, as also more generally appreciated, than the sister sport. The two lakes and the river are all full of trout, and they are allowed to be taken during almost the whole year, *i.e.* from January 1st to September 30th, inclusive. This is absolutely true of the Davoser See and Schwarzsee, which, however, are of course frozen during the first four months of the period above mentioned, and only give a glimpse of water when a moun-

tain rill prevents the ice from forming, as, for instance, where a little brook runs into the former near its southern end. The Landwasser is, however, closed during the season when the grass is growing, and only after the hay has been cut may the angler wander along its banks. The date fixed for its reopening is the 18th of August, and it is already forbidden ground when the first visitors reach Davos in June. Of course, during the summer, when the lakes are open, it is expected that no one will trample carelessly over the meadows; but at the north end of the Davoser See there is ample scope, along a bare shore, for good amusement for several hours, if the fish happen to be taking. A stranger can obtain permission from the Landammann by paying a tax of 5 francs; but the right to catch trout from the side is alone included in the certificate. There is, however, usually no objection raised to the employment of a boat—the property in the fishing seems to be owned in a somewhat complicated fashion—and no trouble is likely to be incurred unless the sportsman, with a vanity akin to imprudence, displays a great take in his basket, and excites the jealousy of the burghers.

Of course the common trout is practically the only proper prey for the angler, and it abounds in the Davoser See, a fact of which any one may convince himself who sees, as one often does, the fish rising over the whole surface of the lake. The sport is, as always in such circumstances, capricious, but three dozen trout have been caught in an evening; and generally an afternoon's work will be repaid with from six to twelve captures, the average size being over half a pound.

The natives fish with what may aptly be called a cable tied to the end of a small tree, a reel being as unknown as decent gut, in these primitive regions; and since the water is so clear that very little can be caught with a net, even in the dark, by the Doerfli fishermen, it is no wonder that the rod is plied to good purpose only when a violent wind is blowing. With small flies and very fine gut you will catch fish in per-

fectly still water. The gut need not be coarser, but the flies must be larger, in order to raise them in a ripple. The best bait is a small grasshopper—used on bright days—at the end of the thinnest line possible; while, in dark weather, a minnow—not difficult to obtain—will here, as in Scotch lochs, prove no unattractive lure.

We have never cast a line on the Schwarzsee, but have frequently met men coming home from it with well-filled boxes—the creel has not yet penetrated to Davos. The little tarn is full of fish, but they are not always on the feed; still, a whole day spent by it, or, still better, in it—with care, of course, in the former case, during summer, to avoid the unmown meadows—would almost certainly meet with its reward, at all events to the skilled angler.

The trout in the Landwasser are almost all of good size and very strong. We once had to walk for ten minutes down the middle of the stream with a pounder, the rapidity of the current and the steepness of the banks rendering an earlier result unattainable. It is quite possible to have sport in winter—I have known of a fly being carried away by a big trout on New Year's Day—but the chief date in the fishing calendar is the 18th of August, when, from dawn of day, the river-side swarms with sportsmen—natives and strangers—all intent on profiting by the resources of the stream, or making an exhibition of their proficiency. For a week or so lots of trout may be caught—the peasants often having to bend their backs beneath a burden of 15 lbs., or more—but very speedily afterwards the experienced cunning of the fish reduces the probability to the miserable tale of a dozen or less than a dozen, and even to procure these a good many hours must be spent, and a considerable distance traversed.

The great difficulty, however, is not the hooking, but the landing. If your tackle is strong enough to lift the trout on to the bank, it is not likely that you will get many bites; if your gossamer-line is invisible in the water, the presumption is that it will break when the critical moment comes. It is possible that, with

good trolling apparatus, some enormous examples of *Salmo ferox* might be taken from a boat on the Davos Lake—and, as they are hardly ever caught by the anglers of the place, the capture would not probably excite any formidable envy. We only once made the experiment, and with no result whatever; but large fish are proverbially wayward, and it is impossible to judge by one solitary trial.

The fishing in the Davos district is fair—much better than in the Engadine—but the trout are provokingly uncertain in their habits; there is about them nothing of the unsophisticated hunger, so satisfactory to the young, half practised fisherman, that one would expect to meet with in the waters of high Alpine regions; indeed the only influence of the situation upon them seems to have been exerted by the air, that has given them a preternatural strength, not always desirable to the sportsman. Still good anglers have usually been content with half a day spent here by lake or stream, and we have no doubt that the more the valley is visited, the more will its resources in this respect also be appreciated.

RANUNCULACEÆ.

Atragene alpina.
Thalictrum minus.
„ aquilegifolium.
Anemone narcissiflora.
„ sulfurea.
„ alpina.
„ vernalis.
Ranunculus glacialis.
„ alpestris.
„ Thora.
„ pyrenæus.
„ aconitifolius.
„ arvensis.
„ montanus.
„ acris.
„ repens.
Caltha palustris.
Trollius europæus.
Helleborus viridis.
Aquilegia vulgaris.
Aconitum Napellus.
„ Lycoctonum.
Actæa spicata.

BERBERIDACEÆ.

Berberis vulgaris.

CRUCIFERÆ.

Turritis glabra.
Arabis alpina.
„ hirsuta.
„ cærulea.

Cardamine alpina.
„ resedifolia.
„ pratensis.
„ hirsuta.
Draba aizoides.
„ Wahlenbergii.
Erophila verna.
Thlaspi arvense.
Biscutella lævigata.
Hutchinsia brevicaulis.
„ alpina.
Capsella Bursa-Pastoris.

CISTACEÆ.

Helianthemum vulgare.
„ œlandicum.

VIOLACEÆ.

Viola palustris.
„ biflora.
„ canina.
„ calcarata.
„ tricolor.
„ lutea.

DROSERACEÆ.

Drosera rotundifolia.
Parnassia palustris.

POLYGALACEÆ.

Polygala Chamæbuxus.
„ vulgaris.

SILENEÆ.

Gypsophila repens.
Dianthus superbus.
„ deltoides.
Dianthus sylvestris.
Saponaria ocymoides.
Silene rupestris.
„ acaulis.
„ nutans.
Melandrium diurnum.
Lychnis Flos-cuculi.

ALSINEÆ.

Alsine Cherleri.
„ verna.
Mœhringia muscosa.
Arenaria biflora..
Stellaria nemorum.
„ media.
„ uliginosa.
Cerastium glomeratum.
„ vulgatum.
„ latifolium.
„ arvense.
„ alpinum.

LINACEÆ.

Linum catharticum.

MALVACEÆ.

Malva neglecta.

HYPERICACEÆ.

Hypericum perforatum.
„ quadrangulum.
„ pulchrum.
„ montanum.
„ hirsutum.

ACERINACEÆ.

Acer Pseudoplatanus.

GERANIACEÆ.

Geranium Robertianum.
„ sylvaticum.
„ columbinum.
„ dissectum.
„ molle.
„ pyrenaicum.

OXALIDACEÆ.

Oxalis Acetosella.

PAPILIONACEÆ.

Anthyllis Vulneraria.
Medicago lupulina.
Trifolium arvense.
„ medium.
„ pratense.
„ alpinum.
„ badium.
Lotus corniculatus.
Phaca australis.
Oxytropis campestris.
„ lapponica.
Hippocrepis comosa.
Hedysarum obscurum.
Onobrychis viciæfolia.

ROSACEÆ.

Spiræa Aruncus.
„ Ulmaria.
Dryas octopetala.
Geum urbanum.
„ rivale.
Sieversia reptans.
„ montana.
Fragaria vesca.
Comarum palustre.
Potentilla rupestris.
Potentilla Fragariastrum.
„ anserina.
„ reptans.
„ Tormentilla.
„ argentea.
„ grandiflora.
„ minima.
Sibbaldia procumbens.
Rosa alpina.
„ arvensis.
„ canina.

SANGUISORBEÆ.

Alchemilla vulgaris.
„ fissa.
„ alpina.
„ pentaphylla.
Sanguisorba officinalis.

POMACEÆ.

Sorbus Aucuparia.

ONAGRACEÆ.

Epilobium spicatum.
„ Fleischeri.
„ parviflorum.
„ montanum.

CALLITRICHINEÆ.

Callitriche verna.

TAMARISCACEÆ.

Myricaria germanica.

CRASSULACEÆ.

Sedum maximum.
„ annuum.

Sedum album.
„ acre.
Sempervivum tectorum.
„ arachnoideum.
„ Funkii; almost certainly determined, from a rock on west side of lake, rich in Sempervivums.
Saxifraga Aizoon.
„ oppositifolia.
„ stellaris.
„ aizoides.
„ aspera.
„ bryoides.
„ stenopetala.
„ exarata.
„ planifolia.
„ Seguieri.
„ rotundifolia.
Chrysosplenium alternifolium.
„ oppositifolium.

UMBELLIFERÆ.

Meum athamanticum.
Gaya simplex.
Peucedanum Ostruthium.
Laserpitium latifolium.

CAPRIFOLIACEÆ.

Sambucus racemosa.
Lonicera alpigena.
„ nigra.
Linnæa borealis.

STELLATÆ.

Galium cruciatum.
Galium verum.
„ sylvestre.

VALERIANACEÆ.

Valeriana dioica.
„ tripteris.
„ supina.

DIPSACACEÆ.

Succisa pratensis.
Scabiosa Columbaria.

COMPOSITÆ.

Adenostyles albifrons.
Tussilago Farfara.
Aster alpinus.
Bellidiastrum Michelii.
Bellis perennis.
Erigeron canadensis.
„ uniflorus.
„ Villarsii.
„ alpinus.
Buphthalmum salicifolium.
Gnaphalium supinum.
„ sylvaticum.
Leontopodium alpinum.
Artemisia spicata.
Achillea macrophylla.
„ nana.
„ moschata.
„ atrata.
„ Millefolium.
Leucanthemum vulgare.
Aronicum Clusii.
„ glaciale.
Senecio abrotanifolius.
„ carniolicus.
„ nebrodensis.
„ cordatus.

Cirsium lanceolatum.
„ heterophyllum.
„ acaule.
Carlina acaulis.
Centaurea nervosa.
„ scabiosa.
„ montana.
Also a magnificent species —probably splendens—but not identified with certainty.
Leontodon hispidus.
Tragopogon orientalis.
Taraxacum officinale.
Prenanthes purpurea.
Mulgedium alpinum.
Crepis aurea.
Hieracium Pilosella.
„ alpinum.
„ glaucum.
„ villosum.
„ murorum.
And a host of intermediate forms.

Campanulaceæ.

Phyteuma Scheuchzeri.
„ pauciflorum.
„ orbiculare.
„ hemisphæricum.
„ humile.
„ betonicifolium.
„ Halleri.
Campanula barbata.
„ pusilla.
„ rotundifolia.
„ Scheuchzeri.
„ cenisia.
„ thyrsoidea.

Vacciniaceæ.

Vaccinium Vitis-Idæa.
„ Myrtillus.
„ uliginosum.
Oxycoccos palustris.

Ericaceæ.

Arctostaphylos alpina.
„ Uva-ursi.
Calluna vulgaris.
Erica carnea.
Rhododendron hirsutum.
„ ferrugineum.

Pyrolaceæ.

Pyrola uniflora.
„ secunda.
„ rotundifolia.
„ media.
„ minor.

Gentianaceæ.

Gentiana lutea.
„ purpurea.
„ punctata.
„ tenella.
„ germanica.
„ ciliata.
„ cruciata.
„ acaulis.
„ asclepiadea.
„ bavarica.
„ verna.
„ brachyphylla.
„ nivalis.

Convolvulaceæ.

Convolvulus arvensis.

ASPERIFOLIACEÆ.

Cerinthe alpina.
Myosotis palustris.
„ alpestris.
„ intermedia.
Eritrichium nanum.

SCROPHULARIACEÆ.

Verbascum Thapsus.
„ Lychnitis.
Digitalis ambigua.
„ lutea.
Linaria alpina.
Veronica Beccabunga.
„ aphylla.
„ Chamædrys.
„ officinalis.
„ urticifolia.
„ bellidioides.
„ alpina.
„ saxatilis.
Melampyrum pratense.
„ sylvaticum.
Pedicularis verticillata.
„ incarnata.
„ rostrata.
„ recutita.
„ palustris.
„ tuberosa.
Bartsia alpina.
Euphrasia officinalis.
„ minima.

LABIATÆ.

Salvia pratensis.
Thymus Serpyllum.
Calamintha Clinopodium.
Nepeta Cataria.
Glechoma hederacea.
Ajuga pyramidalis.
„ reptans.
Teucrium Scorodonia.
„ Chamædrys.

LENTIBULARIACEÆ.

Pinguicula alpina.
„ vulgaris.

PRIMULACEÆ.

Androsace helvetica.
„ Chamæjasme.
Primula farinosa.
„ longiflora.
„ auricula.
„ villosa.
„ œnensis.
„ integrifolia.
Soldanella alpina.
„ pusilla.

GLOBULARIACEÆ.

Globularia cordifolia.
„ nudicaulis.

POLYGONACEÆ.

Rumex scutatus.
„ Acetosella.
„ Acetosa.
Oxyria digynus.
Polygonum aviculare.
„ Bistorta.
„ viviparum.

THYMELACEÆ.

Daphne Mezereum.
„ striata.

SANTALACEÆ.

Thesium alpinum.

CUPULIFERÆ.

Fagus sylvatica.

BETULACEÆ.

Betula verrucosa.
Alnus viridis.
„ glutinosa

SALICACEÆ.

Salix reticulata.
„ herbacea.
„ glauca.
„ Lapponum.
„ pentandra.
And many intermediate forms.

ORCHIDACEÆ.

Orchis ustulata.
„ globosa.
„ coriophora.
„ maculata.
„ incarnata.
„ militaris.
Gymnadenia conopsea.
„ odoratissima.
Nigritella angustifolia.
Listera ovata.
„ cordata.
Cypripedium calceolus.

IRIDACEÆ.

Crocus vernus.

AMARYLLIDACEÆ.

Narcissus poeticus.

ASPARAGACEÆ.

Streptopus amplexifolius.
Paris quadrifolia.
Polygonatum verticillatum.
„ multiflorum.

LILIACEÆ.

Lilium Martagon.
Lloydia serotina.
Gagea lutea.
Allium schœnoprasum.
„ strictum.
„ Victorialis.

COLCHICACEÆ.

Colchicum autumnale.
Veratrum album.
Tofieldia calyculata.

JUNCACEÆ.

Juncus effusus.
„ glaucus.
„ arcticus.
„ Jacquini.
„ castaneus.
„ flavescens.
„ angustifolia.

CYPERACEÆ.

Eriophorum alpinum.
„ vaginatum.
„ Scheuchzeri.
„ angustifolium.

Eriophorum latifolium.
Carex atrata.
„ cæspitosa.
„ dioica.
„ flava.
„ fulva—and most of the common ones—together with others which have not yet been determined with certainty.

GRAMINEÆ.*

Phleum alpinum.
Sesleria cærulea.
Poa alpina.

CONIFERÆ.

Juniperus communis.
The Pines of which a list has already been given, p. 97.

SELAGINELLACEÆ.

Selaginella spinulosa.

LYCOPODIACEÆ.

Lycopodium Selago.
„ annotinum.
„ clavatum.

FERNS.

Polypodium vulgare	Common Polypody	Everywhere.
„ alpestre	Mountain „	Dischma-Thal.
„ Phegopteris	Beech Fern	Wood by lake, &c.
„ Dryopteris	Oak „	
Allosorus crispus	Parsley Fern	Doerfli-Berg and above the Alpenrose.
Polystichum Lonchitis	Holly Fern	Widely distributed; Doerfli-Berg; wood by lake; above Alpenrose.
„ aculeatum	Prickly Ferns	Above Schatz-Alm.
„ angulare		Not very common.
Lastrea montana	Scented Fern	Generally distributed.
„ Filix-mas	Male Fern	Everywhere.
„ spinulosa	Shield Ferns	Wood by lake.
„ dilatata		
„ Filix-femina	Female Fern	Wood by lake.
Asplenium Adiantum nigrum	Black-stalked Spleenwort	Occasional.

* The grasses can only be studied before the meadows are mown, and are, therefore, often missed. It is intended, next year, to publish a complete list of them, together with Cyperaceæ.

Asplenium Trichomanes	False Maidenhair	On the eastern shore of the lake.
„ viride	Green Spleenwort	On the eastern shore of the lake.
„ Ruta-muraria	Wall Spleenwort	Very large ; by road near Schwarzsee.
„ septentrionale	Stag-horn Spleenwort	Rocks on western side of lake and Doerfli-Berg, abundant and luxuriant.
Blechnum boreale	Hard Fern	Common.
Cystopteris fragilis	Common Bladder-fern	Common.
„ alpina	Alpine Bladder-fern	Boulders at upper end of Dischma-Thal.
„ montana	Mountain Bladder-fern	Wood near lake; Sertig waterfall.
Woodsia ilvensis		Doerfli-Berg; Schwarzhorn ; end of Dischma-Thal, very luxuriant.
	Moonwort	Wilde Boden, near Sertig-Thal, very fine.

Butterflies.

Papilio Machaon.
„ Podalirius.
Parnassius Apollo.
„ var. Délius.
Aparia Cratægi.
Pieris Rapæ.
„ Napi.
„ „ (dark variety).
Anthocaris Cardamine.
Colias Palæno.
„ Phicomene.
„ Hyale.
„ Edusa.
Melitæa Artemis.
„ Cynthia.
„ Athalia.
Argynnis Adippe.
Argynnis Aglaia.
„ *Lathoma*.
„ Paphia.
„ Dia.
„ Euphrosyne.
„ Selene.
Vanessa Urticæ.
„ Io.
„ Antiopa.
„ Atalanta.
„ Cardui.
Erebia Ligra.
„ Blandina.
„ Epiphron.
„ Tyndarus.
Lasiomata Megær
Hipparchia Semel

Hipparchia Janira.
„ Tithonus.
Cænonympha Davies.
Thecla Rubi.
„ W. Album.
Chrysophanus Phleas.
„ Hippothae.
„ Virgaureæ.
Polyommatus Arion.
„ Alsus.
„ Argus.
„ Alexis.
Polyommatus Adonis.
„ Corydon
„ Agestis.
„ Orbitulus.
„ Pheretes.
Hesperia Malvæ.
„ Tages.
„ Paniscus.
„ Linea.
„ Comma.
„ Sylvanus.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PAST OF THE VALLEY.

As a minute local history would be uninteresting to the traveller, who yet wishes to know something of the land where he is sojourning, we intend giving only the outlines of the story of the valley, avoiding wearisome details, that the antiquarian, or archæologist can hunt out for himself, from other sources. In sketching the chronicle of Davos, we cannot avoid touching upon that of Rhaetia—for Davos formed a portion of the larger country—but we shall confine ourselves as much as possible to the events in which our valley played a direct part.

The story of the Rhaetian land is not one generally read, even by averagely well-educated people, yet references to it meet them frequently in their historical studies of other countries, and these would doubtless excite surprise at the important place taken on the world's stage by a rugged, mountainous, and thinly populated district, were they not to bear in mind that Buenden did not owe celebrity to any intrinsic merit of its own, but to the number and practicability of its passes, which facilitated communication among the great nations of Europe.

Rhaetia was in fact the broad highway, that united Germany with Italy, Austria with Spain and France; and its passes are the key-note to its history. From the time of the Etruscan occupation, down to the era of the great French Revolution, we may safely say that its tangled and intricate story revolved about these outlets, and that jealousy regarding the freedom of passage across its mountains, was the cause of the important influence it exerted upon kingdoms and empires.

The whole Alpine chain presents no other portion with so many available passes, in such close proximity to each other. The Splügen, San Bernardino, Septimer, Lukmanier, Moloja, and Bernina, with several minor ones, form a list which may well account for the importance of Rhaetia, both in times of peace and war.

Through the gloom of ages, the light falls fitfully and with uncertain gleams upon the early history of Buenden. The first trustworthy notices that reach us—though even their truth is impugned by great authorities—state that, in the sixth century before Christ, the Etruscans were beaten by the Celtic Gauls, that a portion of them, unwilling to bend beneath the yoke of the barbarian, fled to the Alps, and that their leader Rhætus gave his name to the wild hill country, where they sought an asylum. Who the primæval inhabitants were, that the fugitives found in their new home, it is difficult to determine. Perhaps on the northern slopes of the Alps, with which alone we have to do, they were of Celtic origin. The two races particularly mentioned are the Taurini and Taurisci. Probably the Etruscans found only a thin and scattered population, inhabiting the richest and most fruitful valleys. It seems too that the wanderers met with no opposition from the Aborigines, and that a gradual but complete amalgamation of the two peoples took place.

As time passed on, the refugees, whose ancestors had been accustomed to the enervating influences of Italy, developed into a bold and hardy race of mountaineers, who even dared to undertake plundering excursions into the home of their forefathers.

These transgressions, combined with the predatory attacks made upon the travellers who crossed and recrossed the passes, gave a good excuse to Rome for taking possession of a land, where the command of openings and exits was of primary importance to her, as connecting the two divisions of her vast Empire, on the two sides of the Alps. The final conflict which made of Rhaetia an imperial province was waged 15 B.C.

Simultaneous attacks were made from the north and

south by the step-sons of Augustus—Drusus, and Tiberius. The former commanded the army which advanced from the south. Whether he passed across the Rhaeticon chain with his legions, or only held its passes as a precautionary measure, it is at least interesting to note, that one of the points bears the name of Drusana, and that a col in its vicinity is called the Drusus-Thor—gateway of Drusus—whence a lateral valley leads into the Prättigau. Where the junction of the two armies took place does not seem certain, nor can the scene of the last decisive battle with Rhaetia be satisfactorily determined; certain it is, however, that the victory was complete, and that the sun which had risen to a people, who had asserted their independence for well-nigh a thousand years, set upon the broken and decimated ranks of Roman subjects. The newly-acquired territory was attached to the Empire under the appellation of the Province of Rhaetia. We will pass over the period that follows, during which the Alpine acquisitions developed and flourished under the sceptre of Rome, to mention the introduction of Christianity accomplished in 179 through the influence of Luzius, son of a King in Britain, who wandered from Germany on his sacred mission, across the low mountain neck opposite Ragatz, named after him St. Luziensteig. He lived as a hermit near Coire, where the chapel of St. Luzius has been dedicated to his memory.

Returning to the secular history of Rhaetia, we may remark shortly, that this important country, sharing the fate of Italy, in 439 A.C. fell under the sway of Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, and passed into the hands of Theodobert, King of the Austrasian Franks, 536 A.C.

Charlemagne, in the year 800, presented the province to the Count of Istria, but 829 saw it again united to Allemannia by Louis the Good, and given to his son Carl. Ten years later, it came under the sovereignty of the Emperor Lothair, and in 843, at the division of Verdun, went along with Germany to Louis the German.

We will not stop to describe in detail the troublous times that followed, with invasions of Hungarians and Saracens, but will rather turn to the period when, under the Swabian Emperors, some measure of peace was vouchsafed the land.

A characteristic peculiarity of the era of the Hohenstaufen was presented by the German colonies that settled among the Rhaetian Alps, to which almost without exception we may refer the large Teutonic element found to-day in the Grisons. It was no chance that caused these immigrants to plant their chief stations at the foot of the passes, but rather the strategetical and political wisdom of the German Emperors, who wished the mountain highways to be guarded by their own brave and faithful subjects.

In order to induce men to leave the fruitful lowlands and settle in the bleak regions of the Alps, freedom was offered them—the prize dearest to the heart of the Serf. An exception to the general statement of a Teutonic colonisation under the Hohenstaufen dynasty, is furnished by the so-called Walsers or Wallisers, whose name and origin are an historical puzzle. Germans they were, and free they were, for they are constantly termed "freie Walser," and they founded many of the new colonies of Rhaetia. According to some they came from the valley at the source of the Hinter-Rhein; some again believe them to have been the inhabitants of the Rhone valley, which truly enough bears to this day in Wallis—the German version of the Canton du Valais—the interesting appellation of the enigmatical race. There are those who assert that the word is derived from *wale*, whence sprang *Welsch*—Welschland is familiar to all lovers of German literature as the Teutonic name of Italy—while there are others who discover in it only *Val*, the general expression for a home among the mountains.

Be all this as it may, the Walsers have a double interest for us, since history and romance agree, that the free men of Wallis were the German colonists of Davos.

According to the popular legend, the Landschaft was first discovered by some of the followers of the bold Baron Donat von Vaz, as they were hunting in the thick forests of Alveneu (Alba nova). Following the course of a wild mountain torrent that led them into an unexplored wilderness of precipices and avalanches —known to us as the gorge of the Züge—they pushed boldly forward, and penetrated into a fair mountain valley with rich pasturages, dark pine forests, clear purling streams, and a lake swarming with fish. Joyfully they hurried back to their master, with the tidings of their discovery, explaining to him, in the Romansch dialect familiar to them, that their new found prize lay "davos,"—behind—and thus originated the name, which the valley has borne up to this day.

To turn again from romance to history, we here find that the two rival sisters are less completely at variance than usual.

The mighty Seigneurs of Vaz, who first make their appearance in an important document, bearing the date 1160, were in possession of a very large portion of the Grisons—not, however, all held on the tenure of an allodial estate—but in part as fiefs granted chiefly by the Bishops of Coire.

The cradle of the powerful race was on the sunny slope of a hill, in the neighbourhood of Lenz, and, near the present village of Obervaz, were to be seen in remote antiquity, three castles belonging to the family—Nivailg, not far from the present farm of the same name, Castion, hard by the mill, between the hamlets of Obervaz and Alvaschein; and thirdly, the original keep of the family, close to the former place, at a spot still bearing the title of Donal—Donat. Not a vestige of the once mighty castle now remains, for, at the beginning of this century, the ruined foundations were carted away—as the crumbling walls prevented the peasant's spade from upturning, the rich soil which their presence cumbered.

The Vaz not only showed themselves brave and ambitious, but they seem also to have been talented and wise. Politically, far-seeing and astute, and follow-

ng, as vassals, the example set by their masters, the Hohenstaufen, they increased their territory and influence, by the colonisation of divers neglected, outlying mountain districts and valleys. One of these was the Landschaft of Davos, to which Walter IV. (not Donat von Vaz as the legend tells) sent a detachment of Wallisers, about the middle of the thirteenth century—1233 is fixed by many as the date—with a grant at the same time of numerous privileges, in order to induce them to settle in so wild and remote a country. The Landschaft was to be possessed by the inhabitants as a fief in perpetuity, and in case of the rents not being forthcoming, the land did *not* revert to the superior, who had to content himself with an appeal to the Ammann. This Ammann, or Landammann—chief magistrate—the people chose for themselves; he had full civil jurisdiction, and was also judge in all criminal matters, with the exception of theft and murder. The feudal lord likewise promised to recognise all the laws and statutes that his vassals might make for themselves.

In return for these favourable conditions the subjects had to pay their superior an annual tribute of 473 cheeses, 168 yards of cloth, and 56 lambs; and—what seems to have been the condition laid most stress upon—they were also bound to serve him in time of war, though only on this side of the Alps, in which case he had moreover to pay and maintain them. The keystone of the policy of Walter von Vaz seems to have been the necessity he felt, for securing to himself a population of trusty and attached German followers, perhaps in order to counter-balance a less friendly native element.

The privileges were evidently confined to the new settlers, and not extended to the Romansch population, which, there can be little doubt, already occupied, though probably in limited numbers, the now recolonised Landschaft. Thus Dryasdust, with grim satisfaction, clips and curtails the pretty legend, retaining only an angular skeleton.

The first batch of settlers appears to have been

composed of twelve families, eight of them from the peasantry, and four noble. The latter built for themselves stone houses, while the former were content with tenements of wood. According to an ancient private document, the first twelve settlements were as follows: Pravigan at Platz, a farm at Doerfli, Büelen at the entrance of the Dischma-Thal, the Meierhof, on the west side of the lake, the Schatzberg and Siebelmatte, near Frauenkirch, Pedara, in the Flüela valley a mile short of the Alpenrose, "*In der Grune*," at the present chamois-hunter's, with Clavadel, Glaris, Spina, and Monstein. The four noble colonists were in all probability the Guler, Belis, Schuoler, and Arduser. Later on came two others—the Buols, who immigrated from Bohemia, and the Sprechers of Bernegg, in the Prättigau. Almost all of them were destined to play important parts in the history of the valley. The Belis made their influence most immediately felt, for one member of the family (Wilhelm Be'i) was the first Landammann of Davos; his dwelling stood near the spot where the Maison Donier on the Upper Road may now be seen. Under the favourable conditions granted to them, the inhabitants of the Landschaft throve and prospered, and the population even overstepped the boundaries set by nature, colonizing Wiesen and Jenisberg (the pretty village opposite, planted like a jewel upon the hillside), in the Belfort district, while they likewise crossed the Strela Pass and founded Langwies, the capital of the Schanfigg. Here the scattered *Höfe*—yeoman holdings—point to its Teutonic origin, as well as the privileges enjoyed by it in common with the two Belfort settlements; and the German language found in the midst of a Romansch-speaking population is conclusive proof of a colonisation from Davos.

In the war for the imperial crown, early in the fourteenth century, after the death of the Emperor Henry, the sympathies of Donat von Vaz, the then feudal Lord of Davos, were on the side of Louis of Bavaria, while the Bishop of Coire, Rudolf, Count of Montfort-Feldkirch, belonged to the Popish or

Austrian party. Both sides collected numerous forces. The Bishop concentrated his army at Scanfs, in the Engadine, where he entrenched himself strongly. Baron Donat first encamped at Davos, then, leaving the care of the Landschaft in the hands of Lucas Guler, he marched with his troops down the Landwasser towards the Albula Pass. The enemy now left their impregnable position at Scanfs, and crossed the Scaletta Pass with the intention of devastating Davos, but they were met in the Dischma, where they had not room for deploying their vastly superior numbers to advantage, by a little band of Davoser, led by Lucas Guler. A friendly mist concealed Guler's slender resources from his antagonist, thus enabling him to secure a brilliant and decisive victory. The scene of the conflict still bears the name of the Kriegmatte—battle-mead—and, long afterwards, armour and implements of war of all kinds were found in the peaceful Alpine pasturage. This first advantage was followed by conspicuous reverses of the same foe in the direction of the Albula-Thal. The important village of Bergün, belonging to the bishop, was burnt to the ground; and his possessions, far and wide, were ravaged by fire and sword. After the warlike Ulrich von Lenzberg mounted the episcopal throne of Coire in 1331, war would undoubtedly have again broken out between the two rivals, had not the mighty lord of Vaz been called away by death two years later. His enmity to the church was carried so far that even on his death-bed he refused to receive her consolations, declaring that, "Confession without contrition of heart is a vain deceit." Relentless and consistent he died, the last and greatest of his race; a ruler, whose unshrinking valour, rough chivalry, and rude sense of right and wrong, shewn by his protection of the weak against the mighty, render him the prototype of the best nobles of his age. He left no male issue, and was buried, according to the custom of the time, in such cases—*in full armour*—at Churwalden. His two daughters—Ursula, married to Count Rudolf of Werdenberg, and Kunigunde, the wife of Count Frederick of Tog-

genburg—succeeded to their father's vast possessions. To Kunigunde fell Davos, the Prättigau, Maienfeld, and other feudal fiefs.

In 1412, we find the Davoser, under their new liege lords, along with the Prättigauer and Maienfelder, besieging the town of Coire, the help of their chief having been requested by the Baron of Räzuns, in his quarrel with Bishop Hartmann. A general war would have ensued had not the Federal State of Glaris acted as pacificator, and the siege of the town been raised.

More than a century had passed away since the death of Donat von Vaz, the most powerful Rhaetian lord of his time, when, in 1436, Count Frederick of Toggenburg, likewise the greatest Seigneur of *his* time, also quitted the scene of his schemes and restlessness. He too died without male issue, but he left to his consort, Elizabeth von Matsch, the whole of his feudal possessions, of which Davos formed a part, as well as the fiefs he held. The will was, of course, disputed, and, foreseeing endless troubles, the Bünden subjects of the deceased Count met together, a fortnight after his death, and entered into a confederation, whose chief object was, that in all possible changes of feudal chiefs, in the individual jurisdictions and communes, they should always keep together as a compact whole, and maintain the integrity of their alliance. Other articles provided for mutual help, for the renewal of the agreement every twelve years, and for the holding of annual parliaments at Davos. This combination of districts received the appropriate title of *Zehngerichten-Bund*—Union of Ten—because it was composed of ten different jurisdictions. Davos was the chief one, and then followed in order of precedence—Klosters, Castels, and Schiers, in the Prättigau; Belfort, beyond the Züge; Churwalden, on the way to Coire; St. Peter, and Langwies, both in the Schanfigg-Thal; and, lastly, Malans and Maienfeld, in the valley of the Rhine. The four first, each sent two, the last six, each one representative, to the Congress. In the same proportions the burdens and privileges were distributed among the jurisdictions. The anticipated quarrels did not fail to arise, but, in

1437, Countess Elizabeth retired from the conflict, and resigned to her husband's heirs all the rights with which Count Frederick had endowed her. In this way the six so-called Inner-jurisdictions of Davos, Belfort, Klosters, Curwalden, St. Peters, and Langwies became the appanage of Kunigunde and Catarina, the wives of Count William of Montfort-Tettnang and Count John of Sax-Monsax respectively. Very soon after the sisters had taken joint possession, Catarina handed over all her rights to her brother-in-law, Count William of Montfort-Tettnang. The feudal chief caused those who had now become his subjects to do homage to him, and, in order to secure a firm footing in the newly acquired territory, even gave them additional advantages. Davos received a confirmation of its confederate relations, also a guarantee that it was not to be required to serve, in time of war, beyond the frontier of the eight jurisdictions—viz., Davos, Klosters, Castels, Schiers, Belfort, Churwalden, St. Peter, Langwies, and should be free from every form of taxation in all the ten.

And furthermore, in case of demands made by the feudal chief, decisions might only be given at Davos by a court of free men, while as regards demands against the superior, the cause might be decided also in any one of the other nine jurisdictions.

As years rolled on, the connection which now existed among the ten unions was extended to the whole Rhaetian territory, but it did not possess the same strictness as afterwards, and 1471 is the year generally assigned as the date of the alliance, of the three great confederations into which Rhaetia was then divided. Vazerol, in the district of Belfort was the meeting-place of the contracting parties. No written deed of agreement has, however, yet been discovered, despite all the researches made, and it seems on the whole probable that none ever existed, but that the alliance was certified by giving word and hand, a means of ratification more binding in those simple, honourable days than are the complicated documents and official seals of modern times. Certain it is, however, that even

before the solemn conference at Vazerol, the three Rhaetian bodies had frequently acted together as a united and consolidated whole. Federal assemblies from this time took place regularly once a year at Vazerol, a place conveniently situated for the purpose, that still exists (as a village in the close vicinity of Tiefenkasten), looking probably much the same now as then. The territory of the jurisdiction of ten has already been mentioned; that of the Gotteshaus, one of the other two divisions, embraced the whole Engadine, the Münsterthal, the Bregell valley, Bergün, Obervaz, Tiefenkasten, &c., while the Obere Bund, as it was termed on account of its geographical position, contained among others the districts of Ilanz, Flims, Schams, Thusis, Dissentis, Misox, and the designation may be said to be still extant, for a portion of the confederation is now known as the Oberland of the Grisons.

The Union of the Sacred House was often familiarly termed the Black Alliance, on account of the dark robes of the priesthood (this Union was closely connected with the Bishopric of Coire) which formed a striking contrast to the jerkins of the peasantry whose attire is said by some to have given its name to the Graue—Grey Alliance—as the Obere Bund was frequently termed. Others again assert that, as the upper confederation emanated more from the nobles than from the people, its true derivation was from *Graf*—Count—anciently spelt *Graw*—meaning *grau*, grey,—for, before the rank became hereditary, these Grauen were elected as rulers of the fiefs, on account of their superior wisdom, intimately connected, of course with grey hair and advanced years. In any case, grey was the original meaning of the second appellation enjoyed by the Bund, which eventually had the honour of giving its title to the Federal Canton of Graubünden.

Somewhat prior to the important meeting at Vazerol, a conference of a different character had taken place at Süs, in the Engadine, to bring about a final adjustment of an hereditary quarrel that had existed for generations between Davos and distant

Bormio. This strange duel of old standing was caused, it would seem, by the death of a man of Bormio, who had fallen by the hand of a Davoser. At the peace of Süs both parties agreed to give up the frequent raids in which they had hitherto indulged. Johannes and his son Anton von Tscharner, scions of a very old and noble Rhaetian family, were among the plenipotentiaries sent by the Landschaft to represent them. Their name appears in the Latin document as *Xamre*.

In 1471, a change in the suzerain Lord, destined later to become of great importance not only to Davos but to the whole of Rhaetia, took place through the purchase made by the Austrian Archduke Sigismund of the eight jurisdictions of Davos, Klosters, Castels, Schiers, Belfort, Churwalden, St. Peter, and Langwies, which he acquired from the houses of Montfort, Sax, and Matsch. True, the new superior sold the right in his acquisitions to Gandenz von Matsch at once, but he reserved the power to repurchase, of which he took advantage six years later, viz., in 1477. Thus the house of Austria became the feudal seigneurs of Davos, and obtained a firm footing in Rhaetia.

Scarcely had Rhaetia become a closely united body by the Union of the three Confederations at Vazerol, than during the short space of a quarter of a century three different wars ensued. These were the Hennenkrieg, a conflict in the Veltlin, and the Swabian campaign.

The scene of the first, which has little interest for us, was the Lower Engadine and the contiguous portion of Tyrol.

To understand the second struggle, we must remember that from time immemorial Buenden had longed to assert its claims over the Veltlin and the adjacent territory, and the traditionary desire was strengthened by the consciousness that it had a right to do so, in consequence of having received these lands as a gift from Mastino Visconti, son of the deposed Barnabas, Grand Duke of Milan, who fled to Rhaetia, where he found a hospitable refuge with Bishop Hartmann II.

Out of gratitude, he presented the church at Coire with the share of the Dukedom of Milan that belonged to him as his patrimony. This consisted of the territories of Chiavenna and Bormio with the whole Veltlin, and the gift was not only confirmed by later rulers of Milan, but also by the Emperor Maximilian I. in a document dated October 16, 1516.

The campaign, now entered into, was so far successful, that at its close in 1487 Rhaetia retained possession of the vale of Poschiavo.

Hardly was this conflict over when the much more formidable Schwabenkrieg broke out. The greater part of Buenden sided with the Federal states against Austria, but the Zehngerichte, on account of the feudal relations of eight of the Alliances to the Empire, at first maintained their neutrality, only agreeing to receive a garrison from the other two Bunds. On the 16th February, 1499, however, a detachment of troops sent by the Upper and Sacred Alliances marched to Davos, and induced its inhabitants to exchange the Imperial banner which they had received from Feldkirch for the flag of the three confederations; and on the following day the allies prevailed upon them to swear that for the future they would hold by the Confederation exclusively.

On this occasion too, the Castle of Castels, in the Prättigau, the seat of the Austrian bailiffs, who acted for the suzerain in the eight jurisdictions, fell into the hands of the Bündner.

In the same year we find Rhaetia concentrating vast masses of troops in Davos, thus threatening the Austrian district of the Walgau, and this movement induced the Emperor Maximilian to cross the Arlberg to the Rhine, leaving the Tyrol to defend itself—the very result which the strategy in the Landschaft had had in view. A large body of troops from the Federal Cantons now arrived in Davos, with the intention of crossing the Flüela into the Engadine, but hearing that the Emperor had retreated, they gladly availed themselves of the excuse, and, much to the discontent of the Bündner, marched straight home again.

At length, in September 1499, peace was signed, and on the 22nd of the month the eight jurisdictions did homage to their Austrian superior, who, however, acknowledged their relations to the other two Rhaetian Alliances. Thus ended the Swabian War.

Peace was not, however, of very long duration, for the confusion that followed the French defeat at Pavia, seemed to the warlike, aggressive mountaineers of Bünden, a fitting opportunity for making good their rights in the fat lands of the south, which they had coveted so long. They therefore marched down into the country to assert their traditionary claim, one of the three columns into which they divided their forces, being led by Conrad Beli, of Davos.

They met with but little resistance, for, thoroughly disgusted with the French occupation, the inhabitants looked upon them as deliverers, and agreed unanimously to do homage to Rhaetia.

From this time until 1797, with an interval of nineteen years after the massacre of the Protestants, the Veltlin and surrounding territories remained subject to Buenden.

Rhaetia now proceeded to the government of her long-wished for, and at length acquired provinces. A *Landeshauptmann*—governor—was appointed, who had supreme authority over the whole valley of the Veltlin, with the exception of Bormio. This dignitary, as well as several other officials of importance, resided at Sondrio, the capital of the valley of the Adda, subdivided into four districts—Tirano, Teglio, Morbegno, and Trahona—each of them being ruled over by a Podestà, who was also provided with a sub-governor, or substitute. The privileges that Bormio had long enjoyed were wisely left untouched. It had a Podestà of its own, and was ruled independently of the Veltlin.

The valley of Bregell possessed a Podestà at Plurs, and a Commissarius at Chiavenna. This last-named functionary ranked second only to the governor of the Veltlin. It will readily be understood, what a promising field for the acquisition of wealth, power, and

distinction, the sons of the influential families of Rhaetia found in the newly annexed provinces, nor were the young men of the principal Davos stock slow to embrace the new careers opened up to them.

Turning from the political to the religious life of Buenden we find ourselves now at the era of the Reformation, for the New Year's sermon preached in Zürich by Zwingli, on January 1, 1519, may be compared in its effect, as regards Switzerland, to the posting up of the ninety-five Theses at Wittenberg by Luther, which ushered in the great religious movement in Germany.

The pastors, Johann Dorfmann, generally known as Johann Comander, Johann Blasius, Phillip Gallicus, with other eminent men, were chiefly instrumental in propagating the new opinions throughout Rhaetia. Perhaps the religious ferment into which the country was thrown, may have made far-seeing politicians wish to place its interests upon a firm basis; at any rate we find, in 1524, that a renewal of the Bundes-Brief deed of agreement took place at Ilanz, and this time with all the paraphernalia of official documents and seals. It was also decided that the conferences should be removed from Vazerol, and take place annually, at the capitals of the three unions, Coire, Ilanz, and Davos, alternately. The president of the Bund that contained the seat of the congress was, of course, for that year at the head of the government of the land. The Alliance of the Sacred House sent twenty-four, the Grey Confederation twenty-eight, and the Zehngerichte fifteen deputies to the general Parliament. As Ilanz had been the scene of the registration, so to say, of the temporal welfare of Rhaetia, so two years later it witnessed also the reconstitution of the province's spiritual life In June, 1526, after a controversy of seven months, the publication of the famous Ilanz Articles took place, which not only ensured protection to the Protestants, but actually somewhat infringed upon the prerogatives of the Church of Rome.

Thus, seven short years after the beginning of the

Reformation, the Protestant faith may be said to have been firmly established in Bünden.

In the meantime, however, while attending to their spiritual liberties, the Bündner had not been allowed to enjoy undisturbed their newly acquired temporal possessions. In 1525, and again in 1531, Rhaetia had to undertake two campaigns for the defence of her cherished provinces. They are respectively termed the first and second Müss War, because J. J. Medicis, Governor of Müss, was on both occasions the immediate cause of the attempts to wrench the rich prize from its new masters. In the second campaign the Buendner were assisted by the Swiss Federalists, and the troops of the Zehngerichte had as their leader Johann Guler of Davos. At both times the enemy was vanquished, and a firm grasp retained of the goodly possessions beyond the Alps. At the storming of Morbegno, in the second Müss campaign, Paul Buol of Davos, among the most famous Bündner of his time, was severely wounded.

It may be worth mentioning that about this period one of the newly-converted protestant preachers—Johann Schmidt—better known as Fabritius—married a wife and afterwards settled as pastor in Davos. Quickly, however, as the reformed opinions had taken root in the suzerain country, such was not the case in her vassal lands; for, owing to the overweening influence of Boromeo, that puissant enemy of Protestantism, the Reformation made but little progress in her southern dominions, where the wily Cardinal did not fail to keep up a constant agitation among the Roman Catholics against their brethren of the new faith. One of the proofs of this feeling was, that a college for the education of the youth of Bünden about to enter on an official career in the southern provinces, who had hitherto, in order to acquire a due knowledge of Italian, been obliged to frequent the distant universities of Padua or Bologna, after having been erected at Sondrio in accordance with a decree passed at Davos, had to be given up, or, rather, united to that of St. Nicholas, at Coire, in 1585, two years after

its foundation. Indeed, it may be said with truth that, for the last two-thirds of the sixteenth century, tranquillity was driven away from Rhaetia, chiefly by the enmity existing between the churches, and the constant but vain attempts made by the Bishopric of Coire to regain the influence it had lost irretrievably on this side of the Alps. Another discordant element that now enters into the history of the country is represented by two great factions that divided the land, viz., the Spanish-Austrian and the French. The first mentioned, consisting of two nations, whose interests had become identical through Charles V., considered the free use of the Rhaetian passes indispensable to their prosperity, as a means of intercommunication, while France was unwilling to see such a card in the hands of her hereditary enemy. A so-called Venetian party may be looked upon as a mere subdivision of the French one. The existence of these two hostile political forces and their alternate supremacy were causes of all the external wars and internal disturbances that harassed Bünden throughout the seventeenth century. Her politicians and statesmen, instead of adopting an independent and patriotic course, too frequently consulted in the first place their own individual interests, thinking of the rich gifts and comfortable pensions they would receive from the state to which they gave their favour. Thus Rhaetia, like an uncertain coquette, promised her hand one day to the King of France and another to the Emperor of Austria, eventually drawing down upon herself well-merited misfortunes, and experiencing a bitter season of repentance.

Had the helm of state been guided by unselfish, resolute men, they would have recognised the wisdom of making—by means of judicious concessions—friendly allies of near and dangerous neighbours, with whom they were far too weak to cope; they would have cast in their lot on the side of Spain and Austria instead of seeking alliances in the distant states of France and Venice, and currying favour by the gift of the freedom of their passes—in the very way that would most irre-

vocably exasperate other and more redoubtable nations. This foolish policy of his native land was fully recognised and regretted by Johann Guler, knight of Weineck—one of the most distinguished of the many men of mark that grew up in former days within the narrow precincts of this valley—whose influence was felt on the world's history far beyond the obscure place of his birth. Born in Davos in 1562, the third in an hereditary succession of four colonels, he was not only famous in the profession of arms, for his talents as a diplomatist and author were, perhaps, still more conspicuous. His chief work was his Rhaetia.

Educated at Coire, Zurich, and Geneva, his great parts allowed him to master many branches of learning, at a very early age, and we find him, when about twenty, beginning his career as Public Notary in his native valley. At twenty-four he was named governor of the Veltlin, and there was scarcely a delicate or difficult mission, where Rhaetia's interests had to be represented, in which he did not take a part, his handsome person, eloquence, and elegant manners, particularly qualifying him for such tasks. Another famous diplomatist—a contemporary of, though considerably younger than, the Knight of Weineck—was a cadet of the influential house of Sprecher, his father Florian being the sixth son of Andreas von Sprecher, *Podestà* —governor—of Morbegno; he was created chevalier by Henry III., King of France and Poland, on the occasion of his first embassy to the French court in 1582. This monarch likewise completed the armorial bearings of the family, which consist of arrows crossed, the barbs pointing upwards, above the shield a helmet, the open visor decorated with a crown, from which a bear's paw peers out. Florian von Sprecher married Dorothea Buesch of Davos; the surname is still represented in the Landschaft. Their son Fortunat—born in the valley, January, 1585—took his degree as Doctor of Laws at Orleans, and was appointed, when only twenty-seven, to the important position of general—*Proveditor*—in the Veltlin. But distinguished though he became as a diplomatist, what has chiefly caused

him to be remembered in modern times, is his merit as an author. Like Guler and the other great scholars of the Landschaft, he wrote in Latin with an ease and elegance which excite astonishment in these degenerate days. His two chief works, though afterwards translated into German, were both written in the classical tongue. The one bears the title "*Pallas rhaetica armata et togata*"—familiarly known as the "Chronicles of Rhaetia,"—the other is the "*Historia motuum et bellorum postremis hisce annis in Rhatia excitatorum et gestorum.*" Fortunat was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth de Sebregonzio from the Veltlin, his second—who survived him for many years—a de Planta of the Engadine. He died at Coire in 1647.

Another Davos author of about the same period, whose pen was also devoted to chronicling the history of his land, as exhibited especially in the lives of its leading men, was Johannes Arduser. His father, architect of the Rathhaus, and finally Landammann of Davos, died in 1580, leaving behind him a family of twenty-three children! Johannes appears to have dedicated himself to the brush as well as to the pen, and his son—likewise christened Johannes—exhibited talents in many respects resembling those of his sire. His favourite studies were geometry and mathematics, and, his tastes being carefully developed, he became a military engineer of note. Besides several geometrical works, he published a book upon fortification, and a most careful topographical map of Rhaetia's well-loved southern provinces. The crest of this ancient family is a badger rampant. Great as are the changes wrought by time in the position of the inhabitants, it is strange how slight have been the alterations that centuries have made in the outward aspect of the valley, to those at least who knew it before the present mushroom growth of houses. If we transport ourselves back for a period of three hundred years, we find then, as now, a carpet of green meadows, cheerfully dotted by numerous human dwellings, cow-houses and barns, the pasturages creeping up the hill-

sides wherever the ground repays the peasant's toil. There, too, were the four lateral valleys, probably more densely populated than now, and even in those remote times the taste as regards scenery seems to have been the same, as the Sertig-Thal with its semi-circle of rocks, was acknowledged to be the most beautiful and picturesque. The very modes of ingress and egress which the Landschaft offered were as we find them, only ruder and more rugged. A rough road led down the Stutz to Klosters; bridle-paths conducted the wayfarer over the Flüela and Scaletta to the Engadine, and a much-used track crossed the Strela Pass, uniting the privileged Landschaft with its offspring, in the vale of the Schanfigg, while a mule-path wound through the Züge, over dizzy wooden bridges, half suspended in the air, the route rendered doubly dangerous by the frequent fall of avalanches and by landslips. Yet this passage must have been much frequented, for there was great intercommunication between the Teutonic colonies of Davos, and her offshoots in Belfort. From this district one of the most ancient families of Rhaetia took its title. Its nobility issues dimly from the uncertain twilight of an old history; but there is no question that the Belis emigrated from the half-shadowy Wallis to the Landschaft of Davos, that their connection with the valley, whose name they bore, was of an early date, and that they held it, as a trustworthy old chronicler declares, on the tenure of a fief from the lords of Vaz. This race, as already observed, gave the first Landammann to Davos —Wilhelm am Hof—William of the Farm—as he was called in those simple old days, when names descriptive of some personal idiosyncrasy, or of a calling, were more in vogue than formal surnames. Early in the fifteenth century, one of his descendants, Klein-Marti —Little Martin—for long Landammann, was murdered in the Tiefe Tobel, a deep ravine of the Schanfigg-Thal. His son, Ulrich Beli, chevalier of Belfort, was likewise chief magistrate of the Landschaft, and the first of several members of the family who acted as *Vogt*—governor—of Belfort for the suzerain. His

wife was Elizabeth of Castellmur. In 1499 the family keep was destroyed in the Suabian war. This ancient house was esteemed far and wide for uprightness and talent, and the influence that gathered round it was substantially felt, beyond the narrow limits of Davos and Belfort, throughout the whole Rhaetian land. Its members gave many a governor to Maienfeld, Castels, the Veltlin, &c., were sent on many a mission of importance to courts of princes and emperors, and served with distinction under many a foreign flag. The arms —two wolf-traps in a shield, and another above the open and coroneted helmet—have never been changed or modified, from their primitive simplicity, though used by so many branches of the once widely distributed family. These armorial bearings, bringing with them suggestions of far away barbarous times, when man was in conflict with the wild animals that disputed with him the possession of the land, will be familiar to all antiquarians who have pursued their hobby in Buenden, for they are to be seen painted on panes of ancient glass, carved on pieces of venerable furniture, and roughly hewn on the outer walls of weather-beaten, grey old buildings.

Returning to the Landschaft of Davos and passing the churches of St. Nicholas at Glaris, and our Dear Lady at Frauenkirch, we find in the main valley, just at the opening of the Sertig, the seat of the Buols, another of the early, noble colonists of the district. In whatever light it might appear to our modern eyes, their dwelling was then looked upon as one of vast dimensions and great splendour. It was inhabited during the close of the fifteenth and more than the first half of the sixteenth century by Paul Buol, surnamed *der Luchs*—the Lynx—and the territory round about was familiarly known as *Paulsboden*—Paul's land. He was the great grandson of Ulrich von Buol, lance-bearer to the Emperor, who served under Albrecht I. at the battle of Speyer, and emigrated in company with other nobles, from Bohemia to Rhaetia. He settled in Davos in 1298, where he was the first colonist of the name. His descendant Paul

was one of the most remarkable men of his day; his sense and wisdom gained him universal respect, and his skill as a diplomatist was borne witness to, by his nomination as ambassador to the Court of France. He lived to a green old age and must have retained his strength and faculties to the last, for we find him at the age of eighty-six re-elected to the position of Landammann, an office that he had already frequently held. Born in 1478, he lived to see a posterity of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, exceeding three hundred in number. He died in 1567. Of his twenty-three children, nine sons survived him to perpetuate the family name and influence; they were alike famed for their great physical development, handsome person, talents, and energy. One of his daughters was the mother of the celebrated Johann Guler. Johann Anton, born in 1600, the great-grandson of Paul Buol's eldest son Hans, by his spouse Euphrosina von Beli-Belfort, received as a recognition of his services to his country, for himself and descendants, the title of Strassberg, from the Rhaetian Confederation. He died in 1663, leaving in his son Paul, one every way fitted to succeed him. Paul filled the most honourable positions that his land could bestow—was Bundeslandammann, governor of the Veltlin, and Ambassador to the Court of Charles II. of Spain, as well as to that of the Austrian Emperor Leopold. The latter raised him to the rank of Baron, under the titles of Riet and Strassberg—the first-named property having come to him by right of his wife Narzissa von Planta. His son Johann Anton, a field officer in the Austrian service, was murdered in Vienna in 1717; his widow was Emilia von Schauenstein, sister of Francis Thomas, Count and General of Schauenstein and Ehrenfels. Their descendants carried on the united names and titles of Counts of Buol-Schauenstein, Rietberg, Strassberg, and Ehrenfels, familiar to us in the history of modern times. Other ennobled families likewise exist, which trace back their descent to the grand old patriarch Paul the Lynx. The original crest of the family was a

maiden with a rose—or a lily, as the Davos branch of the family declares—either combination being alike beautiful, and revealing a strange idea, for so rough and barbarous an age.

Continuing our course up the valley, we come to Platz, its capital, and join in the admiration felt by the old Davoser for the lofty twirled spire of the church of St. John the Baptist, completed in 1572, under the auspices of Jacob Hug, at that time Landammann of Davos. The new Rathhaus, too, had just taken the place of the old one, which, built of wood, was along with the parsonage burnt to the ground some years before. The more modern edifice formed the pride of Bünden, and when it came to the turn of the General Parliament of the land to sit at Davos, the inhabitants of the Landschaft exhibited with delight their grand new Council Chamber to the representatives of great Princes and powerful States, who then assembled in the remote valley. Then, as now, the Rathhaus was let to a responsible person, who used a portion of it as a hostelry, and had charge of all the valuables in its treasury.

In front of the town-hall, on the open market-place, executions were performed, and there, likewise, the criminal trials were held under the presidency of the Austrian Bailiff of Castels, who in accordance with a recognised proviso had always to be a native of Rhaetia. He had the prerogative of choosing out of any of the ten jurisdictions ten jurymen and one criminal judge, and to him likewise belonged the right of commuting capital sentences.

The fishing in the two lakes—Davoser See and Schwarzsee—the property of the feudal chief, was given by the Archduke as a perquisite to the governor at Castels. The right which the suzerain sometimes claimed over the game seems to have been illegal; it evidently was the property of the Landschaft, and the Reviers ranked among the best in Bünden. The cattle, too, were renowned for their excellence, owing to the wonderful richness of the pasturages. Milk, butter, and cheese of prime quality formed the dairy

products of the land. Corn was imported in great quantities, the Lower Engadine and the Vinstgau being the chief granaries drawn upon; while the Davoser had the pleasure of quaffing generous wine from their own rich southern fiefs.

We now wander from Platz to Doerfli, for—centuries ago—the familiar cognomens were already in use, and preferred for the sake of brevity. We here find the original family-dwellings of the Sprechers and Gulers, where they had had their habitations for centuries. It must be remembered, however, that as the great Davos races flourished and increased, though many of their members took service in distant lands under the flags of Austria, Spain, France, or Holland—according to the political bias of the houses to which they belonged—and acquired titles, honours, and riches from the royal masters whom they served gallantly and well, still, a large number remained at home, and sought in Rhaetia itself a field for their capacity and daring, while emigrants also not unfrequently returned, to settle in their native valley; and thus we see in Davos not one dwelling but many, formerly attached to different branches or householders of the leading and influential families, which take so striking a place in the story of their district. The scions of these races, and indeed the male population in general, seem to have been valorous, warlike, physically well-developed, and handsome in features; to the women, however, an old chronicler pays the doubtful compliment of remarking that they would perhaps be as good-looking as their sex generally is, if they took the trouble of adorning themselves to more advantage! Probably then, as now, the air which the Engadine annalist Campell—the father of Rhaetian history, as he is called—lauds on account of its wonderful purity and salubrity, had a better effect in encouraging muscular strength than in fostering the tenderer graces. It would almost appear as though the climate had been more rigorous than it is now, for calamities then took place in the valley, happily unknown in our days. At midnight, on January 16, 1602, after a snowfall of

three weeks' duration, two tremendous avalanches fell, the one in the Dischma-Thal, the other at Frauenkirch. In the former, nine persons, in the latter, four, lost their lives. At Frauenkirch, one young girl of fourteen was saved after having lain beneath the snow-masses from the Saturday night till the following Tuesday. A few years later, on March 3, 1609, another terrible disaster took place, for a prodigious avalanche descended on the church of St. Theodor, at Doerfli, and buried twenty-six persons beneath its overwhelming weight. Only one of the number was rescued, and his span of life was nearly completed after all; he was seventy-five years of age, and one of the well-known Gulers. Nearer our own time, however, in 1817, enormous snow-masses swept down from the mountains above Frauenkirch, and spent their force upon the avalanche-breaker built against the church of "Our Dear Lady," where a red line has been drawn to shew that the snow-torrent had reached the gable of the quaint, little building. But notwithstanding these catastrophes, the people seem to have lived in tranquillity and plenty, the possibility of danger and devastation only giving more prudence, strength, and daring to the sturdy mountaineers.

In 1603, despite the forebodings of many patriotic and far-seeing statesmen, an alliance with Venice was signed for a period of ten years, and Guler went as one of the ambassadors from the jurisdiction of ten, with much pomp and a numerous retinue, to the capital of the Italian republic. Rhaetia was too poor a country to withstand the fascination of Venetian ducats, and the rich State was willing to be generous for the sake of a compact, one of the clauses in which, secured to her the use of the invaluable passes that were to be closed to the enemies of either of the contracting parties. The storm raised by an arrangement peculiarly distasteful to Spain and Austria, which for years had sued in vain for the favour now conferred upon a rival, was not long in bursting out. The first sign of restlessness was the erection by the Duke of Fuentes, Governor of Milan, of a strong castle called by his name, which, placed at the mouth

of the Adda, effectually interrupted the communication of Bünden with the Veltlin. This fact, together with its unhealthy situation, caused the fort to be aptly called "The Bündner's yoke—the Spaniard's grave." A deputation was immediately sent to Milan by the enraged Rhaetier, and we find among its members, several noble Davos names, George Beli of Belfort, Johann Guler of Weineck, and one of the von Tscharner, a family already mentioned in connection with the history of the Landschaft. Nothing was definitely arranged, but the Federalists were consulted, and in 1604, another embassy was despatched, in which we again discover the three above-named envoys, with the addition of one of the well-known Buols. The negotiations, by reason of French intrigue, were not brought to a happy issue, and the Castle of Fuentes was accordingly strengthened in the following year.

In 1607 matters assumed a still more warlike aspect, for, the Count of Fuentes threatening an attack upon the Veltlin, the Knight of Weineck at the head of a body of men received orders to reinforce its garrison. In the meanwhile the excitement and irritation between the Spanish-Austrian and Venetian factions in the heart of the land, grew and strengthened. The discontent of a certain portion of the population, at the treaty with Venice, was fanned by George Beli of Belfort, Imperial Councillor and governor of Castels in the Prättigau, one of the principal leaders on the opposite side, and his conduct so exasperated the anti-Austrian inhabitants of the valley that they seized and imprisoned him. The Spanish faction had, however, instituted a court for criminal affairs, and, in consequence, the partisans of Venice, among whom was Colonel Guler, fled the country. Why Beli was not released by his friends can only be explained by their feigned wish to appear impartial; his influence was still paramount with them, and doubtless the sentence of death pronounced against Johann Guler was due to the instigation of the Vogt of Castels. Beli's imprisonment was of the lightest possible description, and facilities for escape were evidently afforded him. That he did

not avail himself of them, must be ascribed to the blind faith he felt in the superior strength of his party. This overweening confidence, was destined to prove his ruin; for troops of the Venetian faction now arriving proceeded to take possession of the town of Coire, one of the first uses they made of their power being to put George Beli to the torture, and, in consequence of the confessions he then made of bribery and treasonable practices, he was publicly executed at Coire.

The Federals at this crisis of affairs, where both sides had thrown reason and patriotism to the winds, in order to indulge private pique and party spirit, intervened with exhortations to a moderate course, and requested the formation of an impartial court of enquiry in some place less likely to awaken the passions of the rival factions. Davos was selected, but the troops of the Spanish partisans mustering 1400 strong, marched to the Landschaft, and demanded the execution of the sentence that had been passed at Coire against Colonel Guler. The court, however, was not to be intimidated, and maintained so determined an attitude, that their enemies despairing of success considered it better to withdraw. Left to themselves, the Conference decided that the treaty of Venice must be considered binding and was to be upheld.

Another tribunal for criminal enquiry was now called together at Ilanz, where those appeared, who, having been condemned at Coire, were watching with anxiety, on neutral federal ground at Ragatz, to see the turn that affairs would take. The sentence against Guler—the accused in whom we are chiefly interested —was commuted into a fine.

As the time for the expiry of the treaty with Venice drew near, foreign emissaries became more and more active in their attempts to gain adherents for the special objects they had in view, and France with her deep, two-sided policy was particularly busy, for she could brook no rivals in Rhaetia, and was consequently jealous of the influence acquired by Venice. With the view of checkmating the Venetian partisans, Gueffier, the French Ambassador, managed, that a

meeting of the Zehngerichte should take place in Davos, to agitate against a renewal of the treaty. The Queen of the Adriatic was not behindhand in seeing to her interests, and she found in the reformed clergy, whose religious fervour by no means interfered with their political zeal, fitting and energetic allies. Among them George Jenatsch, destined to take so prominent a part in the annals of his country, deserves especial mention. Born at Samaden in the Engadine, he studied theology, entered the Church in 1617, and became pastor at Davos, which conferred on him its freedom; there also, in the person of Anna von Buol, he married into one of the most influential families. In the criminal court of enquiry now formed at Thusis, we find him along with eight of his brethren, particularly energetic in their action against the Spanish faction. Two of these Protestant members, Johann von Porta and Conrad von Buol, were from Davos. In the midst of the numerous charges and condemnations, one act of political wisdom was performed by the Strafgericht of Thusis, in the embassy of Guler to France. His eloquence and talents produced a deep effect upon the King, who presented him with valuable presents as proofs of his personal regard. Before his departure Colonel Guler had had the sagacity to provide himself with credentials from all the three confederations, in order that he might not appear as the representative of a circumscribed party.

At the close of 1518, the court at Thusis was abolished, and the country, breathing afresh, seemed as though delivered from some dreadful nightmare. But peace was yet far from the land. The Spanish faction now began to concentrate its strength, and assembled considerable forces at Coire, while its enemies, following the example, gathered men together about Zigers and Trimmis. Both Davos and the Prättigau were represented among the latter, for their sympathies were strongly anti-Spanish.

Despite the protestations of the Zehngerichte, who declared that it was their turn to have the Strafgericht in their capital—less perhaps out of a regard for

fairness than from anxiety to hold it in their own Venice-loving part of the country—a new court of enquiry was formed at Coire, which proceeded to reverse the judgments of the one at Thusis. As the Engadiner demurred to its decisions, the adherents of Spain despatched troops to coerce them into acquiescence, but these retreated in discomfiture on learning that the armed force of the valley had marched to Davos, and that the two bands, swarming down the Prättigau together, were forcing the heads of the Spanish faction to fly for safety to the neutral territory of Ragatz.

The Venetian party, being now in the ascendency, ordered Gueffier, the French ambassador, to leave the land, and conveyed the injunction to him by the hands of a person of low degree. He never forgot the disgrace, and revenged himself on Buenden by being one of the chief instigators of the Veltlin massacre, wherof more anon.

The forces of the adherents of Venice, principally composed of troops from the ten jurisdictions and the Engadine, assembled at Zigers, near Coire, and demanded that an impartial Strafgericht should be organised at Davos, with a view to comparing the records of the courts at Thusis and the episcopal capital. A slight encounter took place at the seat of the Bishopric, in which we learn that a Davoser lost two teeth! the town was seized upon, by the troops from Zigers, and the banished Protestant clergy reappeared, among others fiery young George Jenatsch, who did all he could to excite the populace against the allies of Spain. On the 30th of October, 1619, the troops left the chief town of the alliance of the Sacred House, and proceeded to the formation of the projected Strafgericht at Davos. Here men's chafed spirits and stormy passions gradually calmed, more moderate and sagacious views prevailing; but still the foresight was not very great after all, for, despite repeated warnings of conspiracies and fermentations, founded and fostered by the Spanish-Austrian faction in the Veltlin, the members of the court refused to listen to

the advice of their President, Johann Guler, and sent no forces to garrison their valuable southern fiefs. The Davos Strafgericht broke up after a sitting of eight months, and very shortly the terrible disaster burst upon the land. The Protestant massacre in the Veltlin—a second Bartholomew—chiefly instigated by the Spaniards and the French ambassador Gueffier, began on Sunday, the 19th of July, 1620, and lasted a fortnight. Of the six hundred victims who were murdered, including many old men, women and even children, not one would buy his life at the expense of his faith. Fortunat von Sprecher, the well-known author, then occupying the responsible position of Commissarius at Chiavenna, was the first to send news of the slaughter and accompanying insurrection in the Veltlin to Bünden. To defend the valley of Bregell and the important town of Chiavenna, a detachment of troops was at once dispatched under the command of Johann Sprecher of Bernegg, the governor's brother. More forces followed, the commander-in-chief of the whole army being the Knight of Weineck, while Luzius Beli of Davos was also one of the leaders. The attempt to revenge the atrocious massacre, and to quell the rising of the Veltliner, totally failed, partly on account of the numerous Spanish sympathies in the ranks of the Buendner, and partly by reason of the terrible want of discipline in the army.

With the loss of the vale of the Adda came also that of the Münster-Thal, which was occupied by Austrian troops without any previous declaration of war. The Rhaetian garrisons at Poschiavo and Brusio were surprised, and the bridge near the Lake of Le Prese was taken. It had been defended by a company of Davosers. The resistance offered was slight.

In August, 1620, just after the return of the disheartened Bündner from their unlucky campaign in the Veltlin, the Federal states of Bern and Zürich determined to unite with Rhaetia in seeking to take vengeance on those who had perpetrated the slaughter of the Protestants, and likewise to bring the recreant

province under the dominion of its feudal superior. The troops from Zürich marched by way of Davos to the Engadine, followed by the Bünden forces, of which Guler was again commander-in-chief; while the subdivision from Castels and Schiers was headed by one of the Sprechers of Bernegg and by Florian Buol. The united hosts bore down upon Bormio, but found strong earthworks in the Val Pedemos, where a sanguinary engagement ensued, and finally terminated in the position being forced by the Bündner; Captain Florian von Sprecher—the brother of the famous historian—was the first who stood upon the conquered ramparts. Bormio fell into the hands of the allies, and, leaving a garrison there, the victorious army marched down the Adda-Thal to Tirano, which was garrisoned by Veltliner and Spaniards. The town had almost given way, when some strategical errors, and the confusion caused by the temporary absence of the Rhaetian commander-in-chief, together with the disastrous want of ammunition, and a sad lack of discipline, caused a sudden change in the position, of which the defenders were not slow to take advantage, and the allied forces, thoroughly disheartened and demoralised, made the best of their way back to Bormio, whence Colonel Guler hurried off emissaries to Venice, craving immediate reinforcements and supplies. As these did not arrive, the campaign was given up, the troops returning home and being disbanded. One gallant officer the Davosers left behind on the fatal field of Tirano, for Captain Florian Sprecher, conspicuous by his gleaming armour and white, nodding plume, fell like a hero, while vainly endeavouring to rally his wavering troops.

In the course of the following winter the Spanish faction regained its ascendency in Bünden, and in consequence thereof, several of the leaders of the opposite party entered into a league named by them the "Gutherzige"—good-hearted—the seat of which was at Grüsch in the Lower-Prättigau. In the month of February, 1621, news reached the members of this coalition that Pompejus von Planta, one of the most

determined adherents of the Austrian-Spanish interest, intended either to imprison them or put them to death and would at the same time set fire to their stronghold at Grüsch. George Jenatsch who, along with another pastor, the often mentioned Blasius Alexander and Johann Peter Guler, was a leading member of this league, determined to take the initiative, and, accompanied by nine friends, only second in grim determination and fiery energy to himself—all ten mounted on good steeds—rode the long night through from Grüsch to von Planta's castle at Rietberg, which the stern band reached at six o'clock in the morning. A groom, who was watering his lord's charger, showed them the way to von Planta's bedchamber. The door was fastened, but they broke it open with an axe, and, despite his desperate attempts at resistance, von Planta was murdered without mercy. The alarum bells were all rung, but the dauntless accomplices galloped back to Grüsch, where they arrived in safety. It was about this period that George Jenatsch, whose daring valour and terrible unscrupulousness, when any aim he had in view was at stake, fitted him far more for the profession of war than for a messenger of peace, laid aside the cassock to don a suit of armour, and plunged headlong into the conflicts and struggles that had discovered a field in Rhaetia.

In the May, following the above described bloody deed, we find that the three confederations sent envoys to Innsbruck to negociate with the Archduke Leopold for the restitution of the Münster-Thal. The representative for the alliance of ten was Fortunat Sprecher von Bernegg, but notwithstanding the persuasive eloquence and diplomatic talents for which he was famous, he accomplished absolutely nothing, and the deputation was dismissed with ominous, threatening words. It was plain that Austria meditated an attack upon Bünden, yet, in spite of the peril that awaited his country from the assault of so formidable a foe, hot-headed, impetuous Johann Peter Guler, familiarly termed "young Guler," in contradistinction to his

father, the Knight of Weineck, was able, on account of his position as head of the Zehngerichte, to persuade the Congress of Coire to enter upon a third campaign against their lost fiefs, and to levy an army of twelve thousand men for the purpose. This decision was all the more reckless, as the Spaniards had now had time to strengthen their fortresses and to garrison them satisfactorily at all weak strategetical points.' Meanwhile, another conference with Austria was arranged, which took place at Imst in the Tyrol, Fortunat von Sprecher being again appointed one of the plenipotentiaries. The Imperial power formulated eleven points of complaint against the Zehngerichte. In the first place, eight of the ten jurisdictions were liege vassals of the empire, and they had acted on many occasions inconsistently with such a position, particularly in the case of the execution of George Beli the governor of Castels. And it was to be remembered that although the Austrian archdukes had granted the eight jurisdictions permission to ally themselves with the other two Rhaetian confederations, this concession by no means implied any diminution of the feudal rights of the archducal house. The emissaries of the Zehngerichte proved incontrovertibly in reply, by means of clearly worded documents, that Austria could only claim the rights possessed over them by their first feudal chiefs, the barons of Vaz, and that these were of so slight a description that their old superiors had contented themselves with the titles of protectors or governors. These rights alone, without any increase, had been inherited by all the other feudal lords—counts of Toggenburg, Werdenberg, Montfort, and Matsch. On such terms and on no others had the Archduke Sigismund purchased the superiority in 1477 from Count Gaudenz of Matsch, and the compact on both sides had been closely observed, up to the accession of Archduke Leopold. As regarded the governor of Castels, the representatives of the eight jurisdictions could only reply, that he would in nowise have been interfered with, had he not overstepped the limits of his authority.

The above is a mere outline of the positions assumed by the contending parties, and so long as no news reached Imst of the intended attack by Bünden upon the Veltlin, it seemed as though the negotiations would take a favourable turn, but they ended abruptly on the reception of the unwelcome information. The ambassadors had to return home. Austria and Spain began to prepare for a campaign against Rhaetia.

Notwithstanding the clouds fast gathering upon the horizon, the blind Bündner would not listen to any suggestions of prudence, but continued to prepare for a third invasion of the Veltlin. Laggards were menaced and driven forward inexorably by George Jenatsch, and the forces had this time as their commander, not the sagacious Knight of Weineck, but his impetuous son. The army hastily levied, badly armed, and insufficiently provided in all respects, marched upon Bormio, which they found strongly fortified, and, after vain attempts and considerable losses, the ill-starred invasion had to be abandoned, and the troops led home by way of the Engadine.

The threatened Austrian attack was now delivered in good earnest. Duke Leopold began to concentrate his forces, and a raid was made over the Schalpiner Joch upon Klosters, where men, women, and children were relentlessly put to the sword. Messengers craving help spurred in hot haste to Davos and the lower Prättigau, and the Austrians finding themselves opposed both in front and rear—the stalwart mountaineers rushing furiously down the steep Klosters Stütz, and the Prättigauer swarming up the valley—were glad to beat a hurried retreat. Much of the booty they had gathered was wrested from them by the exertions of some gallant Davosers—three Sprechers, George Jenatsch, and Meinrad Buol: both men and horses were literally bathed in blood during the savage struggle. The Austrian plan of forming a coalition with the troops in the Engadine was thus entirely frustrated, but it is inexplicable that the Rhaetian army, after its return from the unlucky expedition to the Veltlin, should have been disbanded,

instead of remaining under arms to meet the enemy, who, led by General Baldiron, now poured into the almost undefended valley. After the victory at Klosters over the Imperial leader Brion, Davos sent a detachment of men to the Lower Engadine, but being unsupported, they found themselves too weak to stand against the overwhelming numbers of the Imperialists, who completely conquered the territory.

The Spaniards, meanwhile, had invaded the southern possessions of Rhaetia and, thus attacked from both quarters, the unlucky country had no chance. The two confederations—the Grey and Sacred House—signed a treaty with the Spanish Leader, the Duke of Feria, and the Zehngerichte were obliged to follow their example. Davos seeing jurisdiction after jurisdiction yielding and suing for peace, sent Andreas Sprecher von Bernegg to Zernetz, to ascertain in an indirect manner what terms the Landschaft might expect from Austria. The ambassador was given to understand that the religious and political liberties of the Davoser would not be interfered with, and shortly afterwards, on November 11, 1621, the Austrians poured into the valley. They did not, however, perpetrate any widespread ravages, or even commit depredations on the inhabitants generally, but confined themselves to punishing the partisans of Venice. In particular, the houses of Fortunat von Sprecher and the elder Johann Guler were plundered, and, to avenge themselves for the defeat at Klosters, the Austrians compelled the Davoser to do homage *kneeling*. The oaths, however, were not taken by the staunch Protestants, until Andreas von Sprecher had received the assurance of General Baldiron, that their creed was a matter of perfect indifference to him; yet, after all these promises, many of the reformed pastors and other friends of peace thought it wise to seek safety in flight. Among the refugees was George Jenatsch, with Johann, and Johann Peter Guler, both sons of the venerated Knight of Weineck. Events proved their sagacity, for, despite the pledge he had given, the Austrian commander forbade the exercise of the Protestant faith in the

territory of the eight jurisdictions, and the emissaries despatched with remonstrances to Innsbruck were dismissed without obtaining any satisfaction. Johann von Sprecher was thrown into prison, merely because he had demanded humane treatment for Cresta, the spokesman of the Prättigauer, who claimed liberty of conscience, and engaged in return to be obedient and loyal subjects of Austria. Such impolitic and tyrannical treatment on the part of their feudal superior aroused all the furious dormant passions of the stubborn mountaineers, and in 1622 a general rising took place throughout the vale of the Landquart. Forty Davoser joined in the insurrection, though greatly against the advice of their leaders. The castle of Castels, the seat of the Austrian bailiff, was obliged to surrender, and this advantage, along with several others, gave encouragement to the allies. The refugees hastened to return, among them, the brothers Guler; and the military engineer, Arduser, from Davos, though professionally engaged by the town of Zürich, found time to devote himself to the good of his country, and threw up fortifications in the Rhine valley and at St. Luzeinsteig. The Davoser could also no longer be withheld from joining their brethren and sharing the lot of the insurgents in the Prättigau, under the command of "Colonel Hans," as Johann Peter Guler was often familiarly termed. He led a charge against the Imperialists at the village of Fläsch, to which they had set fire, and with his usual daring impetuosity, mounted upon a powerful charger, literally rode down many of the enemy. Baldiron, having been beaten in many directions, at length demanded an armistice, and the Buendner proceeded to hold a conference for deliberation as to the course they should adopt. They despatched a document to the Archduke representing that the whole insurrection in the Prättigau was caused by the tyranny of the Austrian general and his soldiery. The answer was not propitious, for Leopold declared that he would find means of reducing his rebellious subjects to submission, and, in consequence of this threatening reply, cooler advice was rejected, and, the

counsel of the fiery young leaders being taken, it was resolved not to act only on the defensive, but also to make an inroad upon Archducal territory. The troops were concentrated in the Prättigau, and one division, in which the Davoser were enrolled, led by Florian Sprecher and Paul and Florian Buol, marched across the Flüela to Süs. At first the campaign was successful enough, and we find the Davoser, in the middle of July, disbanded and sent home, while von Salis, the commander-in-chief of the Bündner, encamped at Sius. Soon, however, matters assumed a different aspect. The Rhaetian forces were far too weak to operate with any prospect of ultimate success against the Imperialists, and, after partial victories, a spirit of complete demoralisation crept into the army—composed as it was of heterogeneous materials—desertions became more and more frequent, and the leader was unable to rally his forces at Süs, as he had earnestly hoped to do. Nothing remained for him but to cross the Flüela Pass, with the few remaining troops he could muster, to Davos, where he arrived on Friday, the 2nd of September, 1622, and took up his quarters at Platz. In vain he had tried to prevail upon a portion of his soldiery to remain behind and guard the top of the col, so there was nothing for it but to wait till he could get together some Davoser, who, on account of their scattered dwellings, required several hours to muster; but, when the little band had gathered, he sent it to hold the important pass across which the Austrians were expected to appear. These, however, marching up the Engadine instead, had turned into the vale of Sulsanna towards the Scaletta. News of this unexpected movement was brought by two lads, who came over the Flüela. In consequence of the intelligence, von Salis despatched a portion of his disintegrated army, with some Davos volunteers, into the Dischma-Thal, where they took up a position about halfway to the head of the valley, at Kindschis-Haus. The spot to this day still bears the name, and the family yet flourishes in the Landschaft. Their leader, Jac. Valer, likewise a familiar name, arranged his little party in a favourable

manner, near a protecting thicket. A messenger arrived with tidings that the enemy, advancing through the vale of Sulsanna, was rapidly nearing the Scaletta Pass, in consequence of which, on the Saturday evening, the detachment encamped at Dürrenboden, barely two hundred strong, received orders to march against them, and, if possible, prevent their further progress. The night was very dark, so, as they proceeded up the rugged mountain path, they bore in their hands torches of pinewood, which lit up the way with a red, flickering gleam. Unfortunately it was too late; the Imperialists had already crossed the summit, and, coming upon them unawares, on the Dischma side of the col, routed them completely. The Austrian general had intended to encamp at Dürrenboden, but after a careful reconnaisance in the morning light, facilitated by the traitor, Martin Camenisch, an Austrian adherent settled at Davos, he convinced himself of the slender resources opposed to him, and proceeded on his way down the Dischma. In the grey of the September dawn, the Davos pastor, Conrad von Buol, and Johann von Sprecher, had meanwhile, with a few followers, placed themselves on the heights of the Scheuern for the purpose of impeding the progress of the Imperialists by hurling great blocks of rock down the hillside. At Kindschis house the Austrians again met with gallant but fruitless attempts at resistance, for these guerilla-like struggles could have no appreciable effect in staying the advance of the enemy. Should the troops be driven from the Dischma, von Salis had commanded that a stand was to be made at Wolfgang, but they were too disorganised to obey his orders, and many took to flight across the Strela Pass, finding a refuge in the Schanfigg, while others hurried down the steep Klosters-Stütz.

The commander-in-chief recognised the impossibility of doing aught more for the protection of Davos, and so, on that sad Sunday, the hapless valley was abandoned to its fate. Partly on account of the necessity of pursuing the enemy, partly because of feudal relations to the empire, the Landschaft was not entirely ravaged.

Seventy buildings were, however, burnt to the ground, among them the dwellings of the influential anti-Spanish families, such as the Sprechers, Gulers, and Buols, where much rich booty was found—whence much carried off—by the victors. All the houses in the Dischma-Thal were reduced to ashes, the churches of St. John and St. Theodor severely damaged by the flames, the archives both of the confederation and Landschaft pillaged, and most of the manuscripts and documents scattered, while several highly prized banners were wantonly torn into shreds. Above twenty defenceless persons, too weak for flight, were ruthlessly massacred, among them three women, the rest, old men of more than seventy years. The Austrians had scarcely entered the Prättigau, in pursuit of the enemy, when men from Bormio—mindful perhaps of their ancient grudge against Davos, crossed the Scaletta with a train of baggage-horses, which they led home laden with plunder. A second foray, however, was less successful, for the marauders were beaten back by some Davoser, who had again rallied round hearths but recently deserted.

The Bündner, followed by the Austrians into the Prättigau, determined to risk an engagement near Mezzaselva, and Colonel Johann Peter Guler arrived with reinforcements from Maienfeld, in time to take part in the battle. George Jenatsch, too, was at the head of a troop. The many deeds of valour performed by the Rhaetians did not, however, make up for certain strategetical blunders; they were utterly defeated, and had to retire, leaving the Prättigau at the mercy of the enemy, who devastated it with fire and sword.

In September, 1622, the peace of Lindau was signed, and there were present on the occasion representatives, not only of Bünden, but likewise of the Federal states. The latter finding themselves powerless to succeed in securing favourable terms for the eight Gerichte, reluctantly withdrew, leaving to their friends the poor consolation that the future might make things brighter. Austria at once dissolved the union between the eight districts, and each of the other two

great confederations, and declared the alliance of eight to be in the position of ordinary imperial subjects. The poor Davos refugees had to purchase from their conquerors, at a heavy price, permission to return to their mountain valley, and as they were wandering homeward in small straggling bands, with the few cattle that remained to them, these were still more reduced in numbers by the depredations of the greedy soldiery. The army having done its worst was now recalled from Rhaetia, with the exception of the strong garrisons left to intimidate the population.

On the 2nd of May, 1623, Davos did homage to its feudal superior, receiving at the same time the promise that its faith should be respected; hostages were also taken to ensure its obedience as a submissive vassal state. Thus, at the close of this ill-starred war, we find the eight jurisdictions prostrate beneath the heel of the conqueror, their patriot leaders in exile, and their younger sons eagerly accepting foreign service that they might escape from the degraded experience of feeling themselves slaves at home.

Love of his native valley, however, or some less noble passion, became so strong in the heart of the elder Guler, that, proceeding to Innsbruck, he there did homage to the Archduke, and, when he returned to Davos, in 1624, he was reinstated in all his forfeited possessions. He was, however, the only man of note that Austria, despite all the favours she offered, was able to win over to her side the others all turned their eyes wistfully towards France, and the chance of reconciliation became still less hopeful when the empire began to infringe upon their religious liberties.

In the beginning of 1624 the French ambassador held consultations with George Jenatsch, who had taken refuge in Zürich, and, in the close of the same year, France sent an army into Rhaetia by way of Wallenstadt and Sargans. Many of the influential exiles, such as George Jenatsch and Johann Peter Guler, returned to their native land, protected by the foreign troops, both of those named having been

entrusted with commands. J. P. Guler was appointed to hold the Klus—the formidable gateway of the Prättigau—which, with its dark and terrible aspect,—so well known to the traveller from Landquart—must even in those days have been looked upon as very nearly impregnable. The joy of the people when they saw themselves freed from the oppressor's yoke knew no bounds. In a meadow near Grüsch, the whole population of Davos and the Prättigau assembled to celebrate their freedom, and the restitution of the eight districts to their position as the third confederation of Bünden. Those of the Austrian-Spanish faction, who had not early taken refuge in flight, fared badly. In particular, Martin Camenisch—already mentioned—an Austrian tool, who had married and settled at Davos, met with terrible vengeance, for, when on the point of joining his patrons, he was struck to death by Jöri Jost, a stalwart blacksmith, who felled him with a red-hot iron. The name of the avenger is still represented in the valley.

The Federal oaths were again taken by the three confederations, and then a numerous army composed of French, Rhaetian, and Federal troops, under the commander-in-chief François Hannibal d'Estrées, Marquis de Cœuvres, started by way of the Engadine to wrench the Veltlin from the grasp of Austria and Spain. The allies met with but little resistance, and the French took possession of the valleys of the Adda and of Bregell, but, despite the remonstrances of the elder Guler, and other influential Bündner, their longed-for fiefs were not restored to the citizens of the Confederation.

In 1627 the troops of France quitted the lands they had conquered, but it was only to make room for the still less welcome forces of the Pope. Fortunat von Sprecher, who up to this period had remained at Chiavenna as its governor, quitted his post in high dudgeon. Others of the great soldiers and statesmen of Bünden waited at home, chafing restlessly till they should see what aspect affairs would take, while they cursed, roundly and loudly, the false, double

policy of France. Chief, perhaps, among these indignant patriots, was Captain George Jenatsch, at the time in Coire; and, just in the crisis so bitterly disappointing to him as a Bündner (for whatever his faults may have been, none can deny his love for his country), there occurred one of the many tragical events of his chequered history. A child had been ridden over and much injured in the streets of Coire by Captain Ziggen—an officer in the Bünden army—and a dispute arose shortly afterwards in an inn, where they happened to be together, between a Colonel Ruinelli and Captain Jenatsch, the latter defending the conduct of the town, which demanded an indemnity from the inflictor of the injury, while Ruinelli behaved like a hired bully, as though anxious to force a quarrel upon the other. Words became high, and Ruinelli at length challenged his adversary, who, however, kept command over his temper and refused to fight one superior to him in military rank, alleging, too, that the dispute was more suited for decision in the law courts than by the sword. Ruinelli was not to be pacified, but desired his companion to leave the hostelry and follow him into the street. At the Untere Thor—under-gateway—still existing, Ruinelli drew his sword and began the attack, thus compelling Jenatsch to defend himself, but after a few passes the aggressor fell before his adversary's terrible weapon, and was borne from the ground to breathe his last in a house near the scene of the encounter. Jenatsch rode over to Grüsch, the same evening, and confided to his friends there, the regret he felt at a quarrel, ending so fatally, which he had done all in his power to avoid. This duel and the murder of Pompejus von Planta may be placed in strong contrast to each other; they serve as good indexes to the character of this great man, whose ruling passions were, indeed, glowing patriotism and boundless ambition, to gratify either of which his sword would leap from its scabbard in a moment, but, unscrupulous and relentless as he was when he had a great object in view, he was still no hot-headed bully, or reckless searcher after quarrels.

After the duel, he returned to his wife and family at Davos, where the survivors of the dead man demanded a trial, but despite their vehement accusations, Jenatsch was able to show that the mortal combat had been forced upon him; and in consequence, he was only sentenced to a fine, and ordered to avoid all intercourse with the kinsmen of Ruinelli for the space of a year. The conduct of some members of the deceased's family is an apt illustration of the rough and lawless state of the period.

Jenatsch, in the course of the summer, after the above events, went to Fideris in the Prättigau, for the pupose of taking the baths there, and he was lounging one morning, only half attired, in the lower part of the house in which he lived, when the sister of the man he had killed, with her husband—both from Thusis—and a hired assassin, bearing a loaded musket, burst in suddenly through the doorway. The woman, taking the lead, advanced into the room upon Jenatsch, passionately exclaiming, "Art thou the murderer of my brother?" and drawing a dagger from under her apron, tried to stab him. Bounding backward, he escaped with a light wound, and darted towards the staircase. Here he was met by the paid bravo, who raised his weapon, took aim, and pulled the trigger, but in his hurry he had forgotten to cock the piece, and his intended victim, unhurt, dashed up the steps, gained his chamber door, burst it open, seized a musket that was lying ready loaded, turned round to the adversary, who had followed him, exclaimed, "You missed me, but I shall not miss you"—and fired. At once saddling his horse, George Jenatsch started at full speed for Davos.

Even after many years had passed, the gloomy memories of these two terrible encounters—the murder of Planta, and the duel with Ruinelli—still darkened, as with prophetic shadow, his wild and busy life; from these two deeds of blood sprang the Nemesis which cut off in his prime the deliverer of Bünden. Turning from one illustrious Rhaetian to another, we find, in the same year of 1627, that the Knight of

Weineck, and other ambassadors were despatched to Paris, to negotiate the restitution of the subject lands, but the war with England, just then breaking out, seems to have engrossed the monarch's attention to the neglect of the affairs of Rhaetia: and we see the Buendner looking in disappointment from France to Austria, for in 1628, emissaries were sent to Innsbruck, Andreas Sprecher of Bernegg being one of the number. The negotiations were not wholly without result, for Austria confirmed the re-entrance of the eight jurisdictions into the Rhaetian confederation, though on the other hand, she refused to grant the free exercise of their religion to her subjects in Buenden. Despite these attempts at reconciliation, in the following year, 1629, we find Austria invading Rhaetia for the third time, crossing St. Luzeinsteig, and garrisoning all the forts, without having given any previous notice of her warlike intentions. Her arms were not, however, directed against the republic; but, war having been declared between the empire and the kingdom of France, it was most important for the former to make good her hold of the passes. At the peace of Chierasco, the Imperialists retired, and now Rhaetia turned to France, claiming her assistance to regain the much regretted southern fiefs. Duke Henri de Rohan was appointed Commander-in-chief of the united French and Bünden army, and George Jenatsch—who had now attained the rank of colonel—was at the head of the alliance of ten. He was ennobled in 1634, by Philip of Spain, with the declaration that the title was to be hereditary. In the same year, the house he had been building at Davos, was completed. He and the other influential men of Rhaetia had leisure now to attend to business, and carry out plans of private life, while they fretted and fumed at the delay which vexed and hindered their public career, for the hopes excited by France, of an expedition against the Veltlin, proved but a ruse to let her get a firm footing in Rhaetia, and secure for herself the possession of the roads she coveted so much. At length, in March, 1635, a definite com-

mand from Paris enjoined the forces to march against the southern districts.

Three new Bünden regiments were levied and paid by France, Jenatsch and Guler being appointed to command two of them; the former received orders to march with his forces upon Bormio. The campaign was a most successful one, for the battle of Morbegno, a decisive victory, ended the war, and placed the fiefs of Buenden in the hands of the French. Rhaetia demanded their restitution from the Duke of Rohan, but, as an intimation came from Paris, that no Protestants would be permitted to reside in the land, save for two months in the year, and that the governors and officials were all to be Roman Catholics, the conditions were rejected with scorn and rage. Rohan requested delay, that he might have time to make representations to the French government, and a conference at Chiavenna resulted in the drawing up of the Articles of Chiavenna—which, however, left the religious question unchanged. In all the complicated negotiations and subtle diplomacy that followed the long period of open warfare, it was George Jenatsch who pulled the strings for Rhaetia, and showed himself as capable in the council-chamber as he was valiant on the battle-field. He recognised the fact that, only by pitting the two rivals against each other, would he be able to succeed in his darling plan of rescuing the southern provinces from the grasp of France—the false ally—and of turning, by a well-timed union, Spain—the dangerous enemy—into a friendly neighbour. To do this, there was required a diplomatic skill sufficient to outwit the most finished scholars in the art, of two Courts, alike famous for their crooked policy, which, in Richelieu, had reached the acme of perfection; but the results proved that Jenatsch had not overrated his strength, and though we can only give the merest outlines of the transactions, these will be enough to furnish an idea of his mode of operation.

As a Protestant, he was placed at such a disadvantage with respect to the plans he had in view, that, in 1635, he gave another proof of his daring resolution, in

subordinating any means to an important end, by becoming a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. That this change of faith was purely a matter of policy is proved by the fact that his boys were brought up in the doctrines of the Reformation. The step, it is true, lost him for ever the support of the Protestant clergy, but, on the other hand, it gained him great facilities for coping with clerical France and fanatic Spain; and, if he forfeited the aid of the Protestant party, he succeeded in securing the favour of the Bünden officers and soldiery by his unflinching demand from France of the large arrears due to the army. In spite of all De Rohan's exertions, the French Government sent a sum of money calculated rather to exasperate than to soothe irritated minds, which Jenatsch took care to excite still more; and on October 1, 1636, the officers at Silvaplana resolved to resign their positions. The Duc de Rohan, ill from worry and anxiety, had himself carried to Coire upon a litter, and there Jenatsch forced him, much against his will, to exhibit the new offers made by France, that were found to differ but little from the hated Chiavenna Convention. A General Parliament having been convoked at Ilanz, George Jenatsch and Meinrad Buol were despatched to Innsbruck, ostensibly to treat of unimportant matters, but with private instructions to consult the Imperial and Spanish ministers regarding the steps to be taken for freeing the Veltlin from the occupation of the French. De Rohan did not fail in apprising his royal master of these Austrian-Spanish negotiations, and impressing upon him the necessity of conciliating the Rhaetian chiefs, by paying to the troops the immense sum due to them.

No answer was vouchsafed to him, and at the beginning of the year the leading men of Bünden —Jenatsch of course at their head—met together at Coire, and entered into a solemn league to rid their country of the hated ally. In the following March they, in concert with the Council, ordered the people to place themselves under arms, and to seize upon the fortifications of the Rhine. Rumours reached the

Duke of this intention, and he rode out from Coire to see to the safety of the fortresses; but, coming upon the Rhaetian troops in considerable strength, he decided to return and enclose himself within the walls of the town, supported by soldiery from Zürich. The heads of the Federal and Rhaetian contingents met together, and took mutual oaths that neither would engage in any hostilities against the other. The soldiers of Bünden proceeded to occupy St. Luzeinsteig, and soon after the Rhine strongholds capitulated. The popular French commander found, however, in the Prättigau, many willing to take arms against their brethren, out of personal regard for himself; but De Rohan nobly refused to be the cause of civil war in Rhaetia, and seeing that nothing was any longer to be hoped for, he sent orders to the commander of his French troops in the southern Provinces, to evacuate them all. To see that the articles of the arrangement with Rhaetia were carried out, the Duke remained in Coire. At the last moment liberal offers came from France, but the all-important condition of the free exercise of the Protestant faith was still ungranted. The French authorities who had come to convey these terms of agreement, proposed to De Rohan that they should make themselves masters of the town of Coire by a *coup de main*, and then put to death the leaders of the patriotic movement in Rhaetia, first of all, and especially, George Jenatsch. The noble De Rohan, however, insisted on keeping his pledged word, and the French troops consequently evacuated both Bünden and her fiefs. The negotiations with Spain that now followed, took some time for definite settlement; indeed, we may with truth say that the greater part of 1637 and of the two succeeding years was devoted to the dragging labours of diplomacy. In May, 1637, Jenatsch was in Milan, but, notwithstanding all his talent in carrying on negotiations, he found that the religious question was not one easily got over; and as time went on even *he* lost patience, till at last he publicly declared that if Spain did not soon sign a suitable convention, the same hand that had

driven out the French, would bring them back again. A document exists which shows that he had actually begun to contemplate an arrangement with France. The distinguished politician, who was now universally acknowledged to be the first power in Rhaetia, accepted the post of governor of Chiavenna, whither he went with his regiment in May, 1637. He here made his authority felt in the most autocratic style, and the blackest sin of his whole eventful, wild, violent career, stains this, the last period of his life. His overbearing disposition could not brook the faintest semblance of a rival's presence, and it caused him to commit a dastardly deed, from motives of personal spite and revenge—causes strangely at variance, one would have thought with the grand, simple outlines of a character whose very faults were on a great scale. The victim of this crime—J. P. Stampa—had praised the discipline of the troops of another Rhaetian commander, as superior to that of Jenatsch's regiment. This insult, as he considered it, so sank into his heart, that he brooded over a plan of revenge. To carry it out, he invited Stampa to drink a glass of wine with him in a tavern, and while they were enjoying convivial fellowship together, he had him murdered by a band of hired assassins. This deed, in conjunction with his general haughty demeanour, and above all, his change of faith—so excited the popular feeling against him, that, in the winter of 1638–9, when his family was residing at Coire, he found it necessary to provide for their safety by garrisoning the town with troops devoted to his person and interests. He himself arrived in the place to join his wife and children on January 3. The day was wild and stormy, and a whirlwind, bursting out of the vale of the Plessur, carried off the wooden steeple of the church of St. Luzius and damaged other public edifices. The war of the elements was not without effect upon Jenatsch, and strange forebodings filled his heart. The mind of the strong man was warped and plagued by superstitious fears,—far away reminiscences of the German astrologer, who had foretold to him a death

by violence. To shake off the unwonted melancholy that possessed him, we find him three weeks later in a gay and careless company, celebrating to the strains of merry music, the jocund Carnival time. With him were three other Rhaetian commanders—Colonels J. P. von Guler, von Travers, and von Tscharner. The last was called away by his servants about six o'clock. At ten a party of some twenty masqueraders come from Haldenstein, a village between Landquart and Coire, whose inhabitants, in consequence of his having forcibly quartered his men upon them, bore Jenatsch a grudge, entered the town and directed their steps to the inn where Jenatsch and his friends were still enjoying themselves. The first who crossed the threshold of the chamber where the revellers sat, was Rudolf von Planta, Seneschal of Tarasp, son of the man whom Jenatsch had murdered years before. He was closely followed by Captain Conradin von Beli, and in the group behind there were also Captain Carl von Salis, with two of his nephews, and Julius Otto, Baron of Ehrenfels and Haldenstein, whom Jenatsch had likewise privately offended. The foremost figure, completely shrouded and masked, saluted Jenatsch, who, probably suspecting a lady under the disguise, bowing low, gallantly offered his hand for a dance. It was seized, not by the gentle pressure of a woman's fingers, but in the vice-like grasp of a man, while, at the same moment, Jenatsch received from George Thüringen —a villager of Haldenstein—a pistol-shot in the cheek, and Bartholome Birtsch, a native of the same place, falling on him from behind, with the blunt side of an axe struck him to the ground. The other Haldensteiner repeated the blows, and the governor of Tarasp, son of the murdered von Planta, helped to despatch their common enemy with a heavy hammer. Then, seizing as trophies of the deed, the warrior's hat with waving blue plumes, and the hilted sword, which had given the death-thrust to Ruinelli, the assassins, after putting out the lights in order to further their escape, precipitately fled. Resistance, however, they need not have feared, for two of Jenatsch's

servants, who were present, had crept, coward-like, into a corner of the chamber, and his boon companions did not raise a finger or mutter a word in his defence. The corpse of the hero lay a full half-hour weltering in its blood, then the authorities having hastily summoned a meeting, had it carried away, after securing the papers Jenatsch had about his person. The town remained quiet. The bishop was apprised the same night of the event, but knowing the invincibility of the warrior, he refused to believe the news, and laughingly responded that "Jenatsch would not die so easily."

Several writers affirm that the daughter, as well as the son, of the murdered Pompejus von Planta, was present among the sinister masqueraders. She had for years been thirsting for revenge, and was known to have treasured up in the castle of Ortenstein the axe beneath which her father fell; and now perhaps she gave herself the grim satisfaction of seeing its blows end the life of his assassin. Barely was the deed accomplished when remorse made her its prey, and to ease her troubled soul she presented, "for all eternity," a yearly rental of three hundred florins for the support of the church, and the relief of the poor, in the village of Tummils.

Though the immediate performers in the tragedy were persons who had private motives of hatred to George Jenatsch, in particular the blood-avengers of Planta and Ruinelli, there is no doubt that the real promoters of the deed were the governments of France, Austria, and Spain, which, deadly rivals on most points, were at unison in their mingled fear and hatred of the redoubtable Rhaetian, who proved himself more than able to thwart their most cherished schemes. The testimony of Salis Marchlins, then serving under the French flag in Paris, is conclusive respecting the foreknowledge of the intended crime. On the evening of the day *before* the murder took place, the monarch addressed his officer:—

"What news?"

"None, Sire."

"Jenatsch is dead."

Thus passed away George Jenatsch—just two years after the death of Johann Guler, another great Rhaetian patriot. His many-sided character would have fitted him to play a chief part on the grandest of the world's stages; and he is little known, only because, though a great actor, the scene of his exploits was the minor theatre of the Bündner Land. His ashes lie in the cathedral at Coire, where he was interred with much pomp and circumstance,

> "The knight's bones are dust
> And his good sword rust,
> His soul is with the Saints, I trust."

Jenatsch died, having well-nigh accomplished the task of freeing his native land from a false friend, and making of his hereditary enemy a firm ally, but other hands put the finishing touches to the great work which he had planned.

Storms from without were now quelled, but though peace at length smiled on the torn, divided land, the unruly passions and superfluous energy, that had been called into life by the many years of warfare, were not likely to calm down quietly into a state of gentleness and rest. In the Landschaft of Davos, the superior talents, courage, and accomplishments of the families of Guler, Sprecher, and Buol had caused them to accumulate such influence and affluence, that they had latterly divided among them, most of the positions of consideration and authority which the alliance of ten had to bestow. The mutual envy and jealousy of these haughty houses with regard to rights that had come to be looked upon as well-nigh hereditary, unhappily caused the loss to their native land, of the very privileges on which these ancient lines set so conspicuous a value. The dignities of Landammann of Davos, and Governor of the Veltlin were now objects of ambition to Colonel Johann Peter Guler, who, aided by his brothers Andreas and Johann, succeeded in persuading the Davoser to promise him the reversion of these two important and lucrative posts. He had, however, a formidable rival in Meinrad Buol, chief

magistrate of the Landschaft for thirteen consecutive years, who succeeded in retaining his position and frustrating the hopes of Guler. The latter left Davos with threats, yet none could believe that his selfish thirst for power would prove so violent as to induce him to take active steps inimical to the welfare of his native valley. A description of all the complicated machinery, all the petty intrigues, that he set in motion, would neither interest nor edify; suffice it to say that he succeeded in firing the passions of the nine inferior jurisdictions against their superior, and that a General Congress was called at Grüsch in the Prättigau, with the view, as was announced, of rectifying the many abuses which, with the lapse of time, had crept into the constitution of the Zehngerichten-Bund. The nine jurisdictions proceeded to cite Davos before their court, and requested her to prove her rights of superiority over them. She replied that a meeting of the Zehngerichte could only take place in the Landschaft, and declared her intention to seek for justice by appealing to the two other confederations—which the general convention authorised her to do. The nine jurisdictions proceeded to an independent election of a Landammann, and chose Duric Enderlin, a craven-hearted coward, who, as Colonel J. P. Guler's lieutenant, had received castigation from him without seeking to retaliate, and was looked upon with contempt in consequence. He had since become the *âme damnée* of Guler. The nine alliances begged of the Parliament at Coire that they would recognise Enderlin as their head, instead of Meinrad Buol, and demanded from Davos the delivery of the official seal of the confederation. Davos remonstrated, and so neither of the rivals was accepted, as the question was delayed until matters should be settled. Negotiations were entered into at Coire, and Davos summoned the nine jurisdictions to appear before the forum of the two great alliances. Another tribunal was constituted at Ilanz, but at last affairs assumed such a threatening aspect that the intervention of Zürich, Bern, and Glarus was requested, and both parties then promised to abide by

the decision of the Recorder of Zurich, J. H. Waser, who chose four attorneys as members of a Court of Arbitration, two from the territory of the disputants, and two from the other confederations. It seems extraordinary that Davos should have accepted Waser as umpire, since his leaning in favour of the nine jurisdictions seems even at the time to have been notorious. On the 21st of January, 1644, the judgment was pronounced at the town hall of Coire, by which Davos lost almost all the privileges she had enjoyed since the beginning of the alliance of the Zehngerichten-Bund. There is mournful dignity about the manner in which the representatives of the Landschaft received the decision. "We commit everything to the mercy, love, and patience of God Almighty," were their words of genuine resignation, and when Waser was trying to arrange amicable relations between J. P. Guler and his native land, there was the same strain of lofty sadness in the reply, "Forgiveness is Christlike;" he might even live in Davos, where he would receive the same treatment as other burghers. It may well be conceived, however, that shame, if not remorse, prevented Guler from taking advantage of the permission accorded to him with such proud acquiescence; nor could his position in the other confederations, even in the nine alliances, be called an enviable one, for he was regarded with contempt and aversion by all honourable and upright men. His tragical end was brought about by the same restless ambition that had proved so fatal to the interests of his country. In the year 1656, having collected a band of about fifty followers, he attacked the bishop's palace in Coire. The party succeeded in gaining possession of the gateway, but could not close the door behind them on account of masses of ice that prevented it from shutting, and consequently the burghers had time to assemble in force. They exhorted him to desist from his project, but Colonel Guler haughtily replied, that he alone was master, and ordered his followers to fire. A shot fell, and the infuriated populace, then rushing upon the little company of besiegers, seized and killed Guler,

with one of his companions, several others being wounded in the fray.

From the period when she was so unjustly deprived of her privileges, Davos may be said, so far as the outer world was concerned, to have ceased to exist, and, from being a focus of action and energy, to have sunk into the position for which she seemed created by nature—that of a quiet pastoral valley, with no power or influence in the great world beyond. It is, however, no small satisfaction, leaving the internal troubles and broils that wrought such a change in her condition, to note the acquirement of the perfect freedom sighed after in vain for centuries by her nine envious sisters and herself.

The end for which so much blood had been uselessly shed, the cause so many heroes had struggled in vain to win, were finally reached and gained in the most matter-of-fact and commercial manner possible, by the purchase on the part of the eight jurisdictions of their liberty from Austria. They had a good advocate in the person of Baron Maximilian von Moor, the Archduke's Prime Minister, whose father was a native of Zernetz, and therefore acquainted with their circumstances. This able adviser explained to his royal master that, by granting its longed-for liberty to this portion of Rhaetia, he would secure frank, willing allies, while he got rid of treacherous, stubborn subjects, and that the dangerous unions with France which had caused him so much anxiety, would cease, with the peculiar position that had called them into being. Thus, on the 4th of June, 1649, Davos, Klosters, Castels, and Schiers, bought their freedom for the sum of 75,500 Rhenish gulden, and, in 1652, Belfort, Churwalden, Langwies, and St. Peter, following their instructive example, obtained immunity from the feudal yoke for 21,500 gulden.

Another long drowsy period of inaction ensued, so far as regarded influence on the world, till, at the time of the great French Revolution, grave complications arose with regard to the Veltlin. There can be no doubt that Rhaetia had grossly misgoverned the rich

provinces which her public men, the sons of a barren, needy country, had regarded more as a source of wealth and a means to position, than as a field for the display of energetic patriotism. Their misrule, joined to the difference of faith, caused the disunion between superior and vassals to become every year greater.

In 1796 Napoleon Bonaparte entered Milan, and, in the following year, the discontented provinces threw themselves into his arms, and requested to be united to the Cisalpine Republic. Their prayer was granted; and on the 21st of June, 1797, the final separation from Rhaetia took place.

To complete the break with their master, the renegade subjects confiscated, in the following autumn, all the private property belonging to their Bünden lords, amounting to about eight millions of francs.

Many were the attempts made by Bünden to regain possession of what she had lost. Already, in 1797, a deputation was sent to Bonaparte, in which the name of a Sprecher of Bernegg again figures. In the close of the year the ambassadors returned, but had no cheering intelligence to bring; on the contrary, Talleyrand had openly declared the incorporation of the Veltlin with the Cisalpine Republic to be a *fait accompli*—a fact past recall.

It may easily be conceived what a blow to Rhaetia was the alienation of her rich southern districts, not alone politically, but also from a social point of view. Looking through the history of the influential families of Bünden, and particularly of Davos, with which we have specially to do, it is astonishing what a large proportion of the sons of these haughty mountaineers we find, seeking wealth and preferment in the opportunities and positions offered to them, through the possession by their country of these fertile, productive lands. It may be interesting, likewise, to note how power and influence at home were distributed among a very few houses, and how each of these seems, like a royal dynasty, to have had its periods of greatness and decline. This is brought peculiarly before us by the perusal of an old list of the Davos Landammänner, in

the possession of Arduser the guide, himself one of the family now, we hope, familiar to our readers, and whose grandmother belonged to the still better known Sprechers of Bernegg.

This interesting document contains the names of the seventy-three Landammänner who governed Davos from 1293 to 1739. There is a gap between 1332 and 1405. The Belis show a majority, sixteen of that family having been magistrates of the district, but their tenure of office is almost entirely confined to the early period of the history of the Landschaft. Later on we find the privilege chiefly confined to the houses of Sprecher—represented by eleven individuals—Buol furnishing nine and Jenatsch contributing four Landammänner to the valley. Many other names, but with fewer repetitions, such as Müller, Brader, Valer, Arduer, &c., are also met with, which are still borne by inhabitants of the Landschaft, and frequently associated in these days with the once powerful position.

At the bottom of this strange old manuscript are the following words in Latin and old German :—

"Devota morti pectora liberæ."

"Their hearts devoted to a death in freedom."

"Dem Rethier ist zu aller zeit Angelegen gwest die schön freyheit."

"Fair freedom has ever been the Rhaetian's grand necessity."

"Dass er den tod nicht siehet an
Nur dass er sterb ein frier Mann."

"For death he does not fear to see
If only he may perish free."

In April, 1799, we see Rhaetia entering the Swiss Confederation, as an integral portion of it, and the same year we find a French *corps d'armée*—"L'Armée des Grisons," as it was called—quartered in Buenden, with a detachment of it stationed in Davos. This army was occupied in watching the Austrians who lay in the Tyrol, and had likewise to keep open the communication between the French troops in Italy and Germany. At length the last days of the

eighteenth century beheld Bünden, exhausted and impoverished as she was by the foreign occupation, freed from the scourge that had so long tormented her, and Helvetian soldiers marching into Coire to superintend the final union of the Grisons with the Swiss Confederation.

We have now followed the story of Davos as closely as circumstances would permit—from the invasion of the Etruscans (hundreds of years before Christ) to the close of the last century, when, with the rest of Graubünden, the Landschaft became united to Federal Switzerland. And we would fain hope that the narrative, though necessarily condensed, has presented a tolerably luminous view of a period extending considerably over two thousand years. At first we felt, when groping among the mists of distant centuries, as though we were seeking for some signs of footsteps in a bleak and savage Alpine scene, then gradually a track —faintly marked, it is true, but yet a track—gladdened our straining eyes till, as time rolled on, this became a clearly defined, but rugged mountain road, which, growing ever wider and smoother as we followed it, ended, to our joy, in the clear, broad highway of modern history.

CHAPTER VII.

PRESENT LOCAL LIFE.

THE district of Davos, as already more than once stated, is composed of a main valley with several lateral openings, and it does not overstep the boundaries clearly marked by nature save at the northern end, where the basin of Upper and Under Laret —looking as though it should properly belong to Klosters—is, nevertheless, incorporated in the Landschaft. The Grenzstein—boundary-stone—stands in the forest, near the spot where the steep descent known as the Klosters Stütz begins.

An Appenzell legend relates that God once passed across the country, bearing a great bag in His hand, through a hole in which the contents ran out. Thus it came to pass that here fell a dwelling-house, there a cot, here a hay-barn, there a cow-house; and so the buildings were strewn all about, quite irregularly, and often far apart. This description applies with perhaps still greater force to Davos, where the whole valley is thickly dotted with habitations; yet only in half a dozen places are they sufficiently clustered together to be deserving of the name of hamlet, while village was too grand a title for any one of them, until the immigration of strangers necessitated the erection of many new buildings at Platz and Doerfli.

The six hamlets are Davos-Platz, situated in the centre of the district, and, so to say, its capital, Davos-Doerfli, about a mile and a half to the north, Ober-Laret, by the shores of the Schwarzsee, in the green hollow already mentioned, Frauenkirch, three miles to the south of Platz, Glaris, two miles beyond it, and Monstein, in a lateral dale of the same name.

Sertig-Doerfli, although it possesses a church and forms a complex of houses, can scarcely rank as a hamlet, because it is inhabited in the summer only, when the cows are pasturing on the meads and mountains of the Sertig-Thal.

The Landschaft, with a population of nearly two thousand in 1870, now greatly increased, is divided into two parts, and, so far as the number of inhabitants goes, the partition is pretty equal. The marketplace at Platz forms the boundary between the Ober- and Unter-Schnitt—Upper and Lower districts. The Ober-Schnitt comprises the country to the north; the Unter-Schnitt the southern portion. These two grand divisions, with their thirteen subdivisions—six in the Upper, seven in the Lower district—form, politically, one jurisdiction. All the male inhabitants who have reached the age of seventeen are entitled to a vote in the management of local affairs; they make laws and regulations, elect the magistrates and officials, and also send two deputies to the *Grosse Rath*—Grand Council of Coire. The meetings of this *Landsgemeinde*—General Assembly of the electors—take place every month or two, according to the pressure of business. The provincial constitution, as every one must notice, is in the highest degree democratical.

The Local Court of Davos, which decides all causes that the Landschaft is capable of judging, consists of the *Kreispräsident*—much the same as a Scotch sheriff (the ancient title of Landammann is still adhered to by the natives)—the six *Richter*—"judges"—and six so-called substitutes—the whole twelve acting, strangely enough, as jurymen, with the Landammann alone on the bench. All these functionaries are not, however, summoned in cases of small importance. As regards the civil law, the *juge de paix*, or his substitute (both appointed every two years at the same time as the other officials), settles cases not implying a gain or loss of more than 30 francs.

The committees of the District Court decide causes which affect a sum of 30 to 150 francs.

The *Kreisgericht*—District Court—ranges in its

jurisdiction from questions of 150 francs to those of 500 francs. In all these cases there is no appeal. Disputes involving a value of from 500 to 1500 francs can be judged by the Kreisgericht, with power of appeal to the *Bezirksgericht*—Divisional Court; or these cases may be brought at once to the Bezirksgericht. No further appeal is possible. This Bezirksgericht is, of course, a higher court than the local one, under the Kreispräsident, and embraces a far wider district. Cases where 1500 francs and more are involved are carried at once before it, but with power of appeal to the *Cantonsgericht*—Court of the Canton—which has its seat in Coire, and is supreme. Only political causes—such as disputes between communes, districts, or cantons, in fact those involving points where public interests are concerned—can be taken to the Federal Tribunal at Berne.

All matters connected with national economy, such as forests, water, and roads, though decided by the Canton, now require to be sanctioned at Berne.

With the revision of the Swiss Constitution, in 1874, the principle of centralisation was introduced, and the Cantons have consequently lost a great many of their former sovereign rights. The post, the telegraph, and the army are managed, from the headquarters at the Federal capital. The purchase of the railways by the State is also in contemplation.

Davos has the right to judge all criminal cases; but serious ones, entailing expense to the Landschaft, are despatched for trial to Coire. In Coire, too, the prisoners are confined whenever the sentence is of long duration. Capital punishment is abolished throughout Switzerland.

The customs connected with the election of the officials still smack of the olden time. On the evening before the appointment of a new Landammann, which takes place every second year on the first Sunday in May, burghers and naturalised strangers are all obliged by law to congregate in some inn or private dwelling, in order to propose eligible candidates for the inferior judicial posts, as likewise to elect

Heuschätzer—hay-valuators—who are sworn in that same evening, and have, as their duty, to measure the hay when sold. Furthermore, on this occasion the counters of votes are chosen for the next day. Jovial intercourse is, however, by no means forgotten amid the pressure of weighty work. Many devices are adopted to secure fines, that are then spent in providing wine. All who fail to appear, save on account of illness or enforced absence from the country, all bachelors over thirty, all newly married men, all householders who have recently changed their place of abode, and all retiring officials, have each to supply their quantum of wine. It therefore not unfrequently happens that these pre-election evenings are of long duration, and that the voters arrive next morning at the ballot-urn with somewhat muddled brains.

On the election day the Landammann, whose term of office is about to expire, conducted by a procession with flags and music, marches in state to his habitation. There he is greeted by a representative of the people with a suitable speech. Then the procession wends its way to Platz, where, when the weather is favourable, public worship is held in the open air, for, on this day there is but one service in the whole Landschaft—the installation sermon. When it is concluded, the Landammann ascends to the balcony of the Rathhaus and makes his farewell speech, taking a retrospective view of the two years during which his tenure of office has lasted. The new Landammann is then elected by ballot, and, as soon as his consent has been obtained, the oaths are administered to him. The voters next proceed to the choice of the *Richter*—judges—and their substitutes, after which comes the appointment of the two deputies for the Grand Council at Coire. The retiring and the succeeding magistrates then dine together at the public expense. The new Landammann is likewise conducted to his dwelling with music and banners. In bad weather the election takes place in the church.

At the next monthly meeting, on the first Sunday in June, the so-called *Bittamtstellen*, such as notary,

assistant-notary, and herald, for which candidates have already announced themselves, are given away by the authorities. These functionaries, in contradistinction to the Landammann, whose position is purely honorary, receive a small salary and various fees. At the same meeting are elected also the official auctioneer, with an assistant and two appraisers, and the swearing-in of all these paid officials takes place.

The *Rathhaus*—town-hall—of Davos, the building where all the meetings of the local government are held, will interest not only the visitor who likes to acquaint himself with the modern institutions of the spot where he is sojourning, but likewise those who love to dip into forgotten history; and the latter class will regard with interest the ancient structure, within whose walls the congresses of the Zehngerichte, and triennially, the confederate parliament of Bünden, met and deliberated in times long gone by. Though utterly devoid of all pretensions to architecture, there is nevertheless a quaint old-world look about it. From under its sloping eaves, the heads of wolves, killed centuries ago, grin down upon the stranger, while below them is a rough fresco of blind Justice, with her scales, and beside her frowns the crest of the Zehngerichte, a savage man, with a pine tree in his hand and a chaplet of oak leaves about his brows. This emblem is often seen in conjunction with a Steinbock and a key, the first being the arms of the Grey Union, the second those of the Sacred House, and the three together represent the treble alliance in the crest of united Rhaetia. In a country where deciduous trees play so small a part among the natural features, it is strange to find as its distinctive symbol a savage crowned with a wreath from a tree unknown in the valley. It may be that the idea was taken from a superstition familiar to the whole neighbourhood, and particularly well-known among the inhabitants of the Prättigau. The "wilde Männli," or "Waldfauken," always pictured with such a garland on his head, was a sprite, who helped the peasant at his work, but if he became too obtrusive, he could only be got rid of

after having been presented with a donatiour of some sort. The congress-hall in the second story of the Rathhaus is worthy of the visitor's attention. It is wainscoted, and the carvings, particularly those of the door, are wonderfully handsome, if we take into consideration the isolated position of the district, when they were cut more than three centuries ago.

To the right, in a niche near one of the windows, is an inscription in old German, giving the date of the building and the name of the architect.

"Ich, hanns arduser diser zit landtschriber uff Davas och bumeister dis hus und habs mit Gotes hilf glücklich zu ende bracht 1564."

"I, hanns arduser at this time Public Notary at Davas also architect of this house, have with God's help happily finished it in 1564."

A tremendous porcelain stove, which looks as though it could devour a whole forest, occupies one corner of the room, and on a table in the centre stand six large pewter tankards, with the date 1647 engraved upon them. The old glass window-panes are interesting; they date from 1564; but so many are missing, and those that remain have been so awkwardly pieced together, that it is almost impossible to make out the original designs. At the right as you enter are cupboards containing a collection of ancient banners and arms. The harlequin-like mantle of the *Landvogtibel*—herald—half blue, half orange—such are the bilious-looking colours of Davos—hangs in the room and is donned by that functionary at sittings of the government, *i.e.* meetings of the Landesgemeinde, and on other occasions of solemnity.

These large gatherings take place in the great hall —the *Bundesstube* (Council Room) as it is called— while the Courts are held in a vaulted chamber on the left-hand side as you enter. In the smaller apartment also, modern manuscripts, protocols, legal documents, etc., are kept, while within a substantial cupboard that stands against the dining-room wall, are stored the volumes of ancient archives distinctly written, and well preserved for centuries by the pure clear air. Dry-

asdust could spend many an exciting hour here, though much that is of interest and value has been carried off to the central depository at Coire. Among other curiosities of which the Rathhaus still can boast, is a large net, formerly used for hunting; wolves were driven into it and then shot down.

The prison of Davos is in the Rathhaus, just opposite the present dining-room, and the low heavy door looks sinister enough, but few culprits spend any length of time behind its bolts and bars. Formerly the place of punishment was in the upper part of the house, but a change had to be made, and the present position chosen, on account of the facilities previously offered for escaping.

One Landammann who, a few years ago, had sentenced a prisoner to confinement for the space of a fortnight, was chagrined to hear of his flight, after an incarceration of a few hours, and the judge was still more surprised when the man suddenly appeared before him a few days later.

"I beg your pardon, Herr Landammann, for having made my escape, but you see I had an engagement to fulfil; I had promised to get married on a certain day, and I could not break my troth; now I have come back to finish my time."

"No, no, my dear fellow," said the magistrate, fully appreciating the humour of the situation, "you are not to blame at all; it is our fault that we have not seen to the prison better."

The police-force of the Landschaft is not apparently more effective than was the former cell. Probably the Davosers are of opinion that great principles are best embodied in small space, so doubtless the single limb of the law of which the district can boast, who is likewise one of its puniest sons, represents in his insignificant person, to the eye of the republican Swiss, the full majesty and terror of justice.

From the prison we will descend to the cellar, where we find several casks of splendid old wine, called *Spendwein*, because its proper destination is the relief of the sick poor. It is, however, possible for a stranger

to get a taste of it. Only one barrel may be broached in a year. However much English connoisseurs may be at variance regarding the merits of Veltlin, its generous qualities were celebrated long ago by Virgil in his Georgics. Modern poets, too, seem to have inherited his taste, for Scheffel in his 'Gaudeamus' sings,

"Wär' nicht ein Trost im Thal Valt'lin, genannt der Valteliner,
Ich fluchte auf das Engadin und auf die Engadiner,"

which may be thus translated—

"And were there not in Valt'lin-Thal a balm called Valteliner,
Right well I'd curse the Engadine, right well the Engadiner."

From the town-hall we turn to the village church, contiguous to it. The old church of St. John's is at once the principal and the largest edifice for public worship in the valley. Its lofty, quaintly twirled spire, seen far and wide, forms the chief landmark of the district, groups itself picturesquely with the surrounding mountains, and is an unavoidable adjunct to every artist's sketch. The most ancient portions, choir and aisle, date from the fifteenth century. The exterior of the south wall is ornamented with frescoes of the same epoch. It is wonderful how form and colour have been retained under the influence of the thin, dry air, as the pictures are quite singularly exposed to the attacks of the weather. On the walls both of church and churchyard are tombstones of the old Davos families, with inscriptions and armorial bearings. The interior of the sacred edifice, as in all buildings consecrated to the creed of Zwingli, Calvin, and Knox, is simple, not to say bare. Relics there are, however, of former times that will be thought worthy of notice by the stranger. On the left, close to the pulpit, is the pew, little injured by time, of Johann Guler, Knight of Weineck, and his spouse, Elizabeth von Salis, bearing the date, 1611, with the united arms of the two families carved upon it. Close to the Gulers' seat is that of the house of Jenatsch—an inscription in letters of gold

chronicles the fact—"Herr Hauptmann Christian Genaz und Frau Hauptmeni Elisabeth Genazi," the husband's name and title both skilfully made feminine to suit his wife. Opposite, on the pedestal of a stall, are the arms of the family of Planta—a bear's claw reversed—so familiar to visitors in the Engadine, and on the wall hard by are painted the armorial bearings of Jenatsch, with the following record in old German—

"Paulus Jenazius alter Landtamman auf Davos, zum andern Mal Haupt des Loblichen Gerichtenpundts, Podestat zvo Trahona zvo Ihr Königliche Majestet in Hispanien, Philippo I vnd Herzogen zwo Mailandt, loplicher gmeiner III Pvndten, Abgesandter, Oberster Leutenampt vnd Havptman vber ein Freycompagnia Pvndtsgenossen anno 1666."

"Paul Jenaz, formerly Landammann of Davos, later chief of the honourable Alliance of Ten, Governor of Trahona to His Royal Highness, Philip I. King of Spain and Duke of Milan, Ambassador of the three Confederations, first lieutenant and captain of a Free Company of Rhaetians, 1666."

This was Paul, the elder of the famous George Jenatsch's two sons. He was twice married, on each occasion to a maiden of Davos. The first, whom he espoused in 1650, was Elizabeth von Valär, the second Jakobea von Buol-Strassberg. The date of his second marriage is 1669, just a year after his first wife's death. It was his son Andreas who presented the organ to the church, as we learn by the verse carved upon it:—

"Andreas Jenatsch mein Stifter war
Sein Sohn Rvdolph schenkt mich hiehar,
Das dvrch Gesang vnd Saitenspil
Gott werd geprisen ist ihr Will."

"'Twas Andrew Jenatsch gave me, of his grace,
Rudolph his son that set me in this place,
Their wish—by song of voice and play of chord—
That the Great God might be by all adored."

Leaving the church to visit the churchyard, our first impression is one of wonder, that it should so

long have satisfied the wants of mortality, till we learn that, up to a very recent period, eighteen years constituted the usual term for which a grave was purchased. When that period had expired, the skeletons were disinterred and thrown into the charnel-house, a sloping-shed at the side of the sacred edifice, but even here no decent order prevailed, and often the poor remains, not allowed to rest in peace, were to be seen scattered about among the tall rank grass, as though children had been "building houses" with the cross-bones and skulls of their ancestors. Now all is changed; the pressure of a superior refinement produced by the stream of immigrants, has made itself felt in this, as well as many other directions. A new cemetery has been constructed about half-a-mile beyond the village, on the right hand side of the Frauenkirch road, where the natural feelings, perhaps the natural prejudices, of the mourner are carefully regarded.

Some will, however, still wander into the old churchyard that surrounds St. John's, where native and stranger lie closely side by side, though their roads in lifetime were far apart. The peasant has gone to his long rest, with the burden of three score and ten, or four score years upon him, borne till the weight became too heavy for mortal shoulders, while the alien has been ruthlessly cut off before his prime, the frame exhausted while the burden was but light. The natives live to a good old age, and pass away only because the universal law of nature must be obeyed. No chronic ills, no aches and pains, no racking rheumatism, or slow and painful decay convert middle life and old age into a plague. One generation *must*, however, make way for another, and the old folks drop off ruddy and ripe, as the withered beech leaves that are gently pushed aside by the fresh green buds of spring. What did he or she die of? one asks the bereaved sons and daughters of the valley, when the church bells, which ring joyously rather than solemnly, announce the day before, that dust is to return to dust on the morrow. "Their time had come," is the universal reply. These bells ringing from midday till

one o'clock, according to an old custom of the district, seldom announce the premature departure of infant, child, youth or maiden in the native population of the valley, but this is not the case among the visitors, for consumption is the favourite weapon of that shearer who loves to gather the *green* grain to his granary. The old "Friedhof" which surrounds the church of Davos-Platz, has sad tales enough to tell, and "too late" might be inscribed on many a tombstone. There is no sadder story than that modestly told by a simple cross erected to the memory of Heinrich Schaumberger, who died in the spring of 1873. His life was at once too short and too long; too short to mature and mellow fully, the rich gifts with which he had been endowed; too long, in that he had become conscious of his powers just when he was called upon to resign them, and the wrench from life was proportionately harder. Born and bred in that fair Thüringian land, of which he always spoke with the deepest reverence and love, though it did not in his case sustain its old-world reputation for the discovery and encouragement of native talent—his existence as an ill-paid country school-master, was a struggle and a combat. He thought, but never had leisure to turn his thoughts into words, till he arrived a hopeless invalid at Davos. The air, which to many gives their rightful heritage of a green old age, only trimmed his flickering life-lamp, and made it burn brightly for a brief space—but to the end. He died pen in hand. All true lovers of German literature will peruse with delight his sketches of middle-class and village life, and rejoice in the delineations of nature in all her moods, drawn with the poetical truthfulness of one of the grand old masters of the Netherlands. Many will contrast the simple pathos and quiet simplicity of *his* writings, with the overcharged pictures of German peasant life by Auerbach. It is strange how frequently authors attain celebrity in foreign lands, for the very qualities the lack of which is lamented in their own. Auerbach with his 'Dorfgeschichten,' Frederika Bremer with her Swedish tales, are apt examples of this axiom.

Besides St. John's, there are three other parish churches in the district, the Landschaft being parcelled out into four ecclesiastical divisions, Platz, Doerfli, Frauenkirch, Glaris; and, in addition to the parish churches, three chapels of ease—at Ober-Laret, at Sertig-Doerfli, and at Monstein, supply the spiritual wants of the peasantry. The pastor of Doerfli has to do duty every other Sunday in summer, at Laret; the minister of Frauenkirch officiates every second Sunday throughout the fine season at Sertig-Doerfli, while the incumbent of St. Nicholas at Glaris, has to perform service every fortnight throughout the year at Monstein.

The pastors of Davos are members of the Presbytery of Davos-Greifenstein, to which also belong, Wiesen, Filisur, Bergün, Latsch, and Stuls. A superior court exists under the name of Synod, and in certain cases, an appeal can be made to the *Protestant* portion of the *Grosse Rath*—Grand Council—at Coire. The population of Davos holds the form of religion represented by the name of the Swiss reformer Zwingli. As regards ecclesiastical arrangements, the parishes have the right to choose their spiritual overseers, and also the power to turn them out, if their ministrations do not please the congregations. There is service only once a day, and it bears a strong resemblance to the Scotch Presbyterian order of worship; the chief point of dissimilarity is in the duration of the two—the sermon at Davos never lasting above half an hour, the read prayers being short, and the singing restricted to two hymns. The women sit on one side of the aisle, the men on the other; the pastor shows his deference for the fair sex, by allowing them at the close of the service, to pass out before him, then he in his turn is followed by the male portion of his audience; the women walk out slowly, the organ playing gently as they go, whereas the parson and the men of the congregation disappear in quick time. The stipends are very small, though of late years there has been a considerable augmentation. Till quite recently, however, the incumbent of Davos-Platz, the principal cure in the Landschaft, received 1000 francs—£40 per annum,

while the others got 800 francs—£32. As an example of primitive manners we may add, that for his summer work at Sertig-Doerfli, the venerable old pastor of Frauenkirch has six measures of milk presented him every Sunday. A great increase has likewise been made in the salaries of the schoolmasters, who formerly fared no better, relatively speaking, than the spiritual instructors of adults. The highest emolument was 400 francs—£16—for the scholastic year, which, however, only comprises the six winter months, as, in summer, the help of the younger members of the family is indispensable to the agricultural pursuits of their elders. The salary being quite inadequate for the support of a family, the teacher ekes out his income in other ways, and follows during the long holidays some craft or calling. Not unfrequently he becomes a servant in one or other of the hôtels. In spite of the poor remuneration of the masters, the Government schools, of which there are eight—Platz, Doerfli, Laret, Dischma, Sertig, Frauenkirch, Glaris, and Monstein—are by no means bad; indeed, those of Platz and Doerfli rank among the best in the whole Canton, and it often happens that scholars leave them qualified for entering the second class of the Coire academy. This is all the more remarkable when the short period of tuition is taken into account. Experienced German teachers, who have been present at the school examinations here, are astonished to find that the pupils are not a whit behind those of Germany, where the period of tuition is nearly double. The result is to a considerable extent explicable by the longer hours, and probably also the free open-air summer life has a good effect on the moral and intellectual development, as well as the physique of the children. On Sundays after church the clergyman of the parish gives lessons in dogmatical religion to youthful parishioners. As regards the period of instruction, an exception has been made in favour of the schools at Platz and Doerfli, which are now open throughout the year. Summer attendance, however, unlike that in winter, is not compulsory. The hours

are from 8 to 11 A.M., and from 1 to 4 P.M. The children of both sexes have to attend from the age of eight to fifteen. Despite the still moderate salaries of the teachers, the funds of the *Schulgemeinden*—School Boards—are not sufficient to supply the necessary amounts, and the scholars have therefore to pay a certain sum in fees; what that sum is depends of course upon the number enrolled.

This arrangement, however, will soon cease, for, in accordance with an enactment passed in 1874, education throughout Switzerland was to be free at the expiration of five years from that date. All these School Boards have either invested their funds in land, lent them on the best security, or kept them in money. The Landschaft of Davos is unfortunately not richly dowered, for as a *Kreis*—district—it possesses only a capital of 30,000 francs—£1200.

The education given at the Davos schools is a sound elementary one; the branches taught include a grammatical knowledge of the German language, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, singing, and a little natural science. *Hochdeutsch*—High-German—is of course *taught* in the schools; and as the boys and girls are usually sharp (far above the average run of peasant children), they talk the acquired speech glibly enough to the stranger, who, if he has attained to some proficiency in German, being here both able to understand and be understood, escapes those stings to his vanity that await him, not only in many other parts of Switzerland, but likewise in certain portions of the "Fatherland." Among themselves, the peasantry employ the Walser dialect which the first Teutonic colonists brought with them to the district, and it is astonishing how staunchly true they have remained to their vernacular, though for centuries Romansch was spoken all around them. This Walser dialect bears a very strong resemblance to the *Mittelhochdeutsch*—Middle-High-German—the language of the period of the Hohenstaufen, and rendered classical by the numerous great poets who wrote at the time. Doubtless, on account of its retired position and slight

contact with the outer world, Davos has retained its original speech almost unchanged through the lapse of centuries, so that the vowel terminations and soft sounds bring with them romantic reminiscences of the knightly Minnesänger at court and castle, of music, poetry, and love, associated with the names of Wolfram von Eschenbach, Heinrich von Strassburg, Walter von der Vogelweide, and all the other courtly cavaliers of the gentle, minstrel tribe.

Intercourse with the outer world is, however, already beginning to do its work, for a strongly marked difference is perceptible in the dialects of the Ober- and Unterschnitt, the old-fashioned tongue having retained its peculiarities most strikingly in the latter, as the district is less subjected to the influence of foreign visitors.

One or two short specimens of this Walser dialect may interest our readers. The following is a favourite shepherd's saying, when the mists, which greatly increase the fatigue of his work, obstinately cling about the mountains:—

"Bränta, Bränta, lüpf di',
Odär i erstüpf di'."

"Clouds, clouds, ascend, ascend,
Or — of you I'll make an end."

This is a grace frequently in use before meals:—

"Spîs Gott,
Törst Gott,
Erhalt Gott,
Mich und alli ârma Chind,
Diâ uf Aerda sind.—Ama."

"Lord, feed, preserve and comfort me and all
Poor children Thine on earth who to Thee call.—Amen."

It is curious to find so close a rendering of our English proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," in the primitive Walser dialect, "An rollanda Stein wasmăd nid." Turning from the language that the

Teutonic colonists brought with them, to the Rhaeto-Romansch spoken by the early inhabitants of the valley—the vernacular of the Etruscans much modified by the Latin of the Roman period—we find that the almost forgotten population, which first peopled the district, has yet left indelible proofs of its existence in the names that cling to the natural objects around us. The following are a few of a long list.

Davos is—as has been already mentioned—a Romansch word signifying "behind," "back of beyond," and is a corruption of *de ad vallem, de avauls, d'avous* —meaning a valley lying beyond, and conveying a notion of distance from the speaker. The French *devant* is its opposite.

Ducan is supposed to be derived from *dunaim*, hill, whence likewise comes the French *dûne*. Scaletta has its origin in *scala*, steps, stairs; Spina comes from *spinnaul*, a thorn, and is descriptive of a spot abounding in thickets. Pedara is derived from *petra*, rock; and the Alp of Persenna has, probably, in its first syllable, the same root—*petra*, rock—which, with *sana*, healthy, gives the meaning, fruitful hill—at all events a truthful description of a mountain, whose slopes produce the best of hay. Drusatsch comes from the Romansch appellation for the *Alnus viridis*, the Alpine alder—trosa, tras, draussa, drossa—for it grows there abundantly, though doubtless the quantity of the brushwood has been considerably diminished by the unceasing encroachment of the insatiable peasant, who sacrifices everything to the increase of his meadow lands.

Clavadel finds its explanation in *clavaù, clavò*, signifying stable or hay-barn, no inapt description of the little table-land, on which so many of these châlets are still scattered about.

Now that the reader has taken a cursory glance at the former history and modern institutions of Davos, it may interest him to form a closer acquaintance with the present inhabitants of the valley. The long period of repose and sleepy inaction, that followed the turbulent story of the past, wrought gradual changes in the

condition of the people. The descendants of the bold warriors and doughty knights, are now peasant proprietors of the land on which their forefathers did their deeds of valour; the noble ancestors moulder in the dust of peaceful village churchyard; the sword has been exchanged for the scythe, and nothing remains to tell of the proud old historic heroes save the traditions extant among their humble posterity, and the patents of nobility, yellow with age, to be found in not a few of the lowly dwellings. One of the noble house of Sprecher is assistant cook in a hotel here, and rules the roast where his fathers ruled regiments. The branch of the Buols that stayed in the land of its adoption has sunk to the ranks of simple peasant life, and now gives its historical name to a flourishing establishment here, as may be seen any day from a perusal of its sign-board; while Arduser, the descendant of another of the first noble settlers in the valley, is a popular and much-liked guide, with a capital horse and *Bergwägeli*. Though the Bœlis occupy positions of as much distinction as the Landschaft can *now* bestow, one cannot help looking back regretfully to the time when they played a part in history. One of them is a medical man in Davos-Platz, and upon him the family mantle of talent and rectitude seems to have fallen. Another of the same old stock, having made a comfortable little fortune as a wine-merchant in Warsaw, now adds to his surname the name of the district from which his ancestors, the lords of Belfort, derived their title. The ruins of the old castle frown down upon its valley, and are regarded with curiosity by strangers, who come *viâ* Tiefenkasten to Davos.

These are a few among many examples of the simple, ordinary positions now associated with names once famous even beyond the limits of local story. It may, however, interest some of our readers to find how many of the original stocks are still represented in the Landschaft. The Gulers, indeed, no longer exist in Davos, though they are found in the Prättigau; here, however, flourish still the following families who settled early in the valley: Accola, Ambühl, Arduser,

Bätschi, Beli—now usually written Beeli—Bernhard, Biäsch, Bikel, Branger, Büsch, Bühler, Buol, Conrad, Christ, Donier, Engel, Engi, Fridli, Gadmar, Gerber, Grapp, Hartmann, Hermann, Hofmann, Hold, Hosang, Jenni, Jost, Isler, Kaiser, Kaufmann, Kindschi, Küonz, Lick, Meisser, Müller, Nadig, Nier, Prader, Ruesch Tawerna, Schlegel, Schuoler, Sprecher, Singer, Valär, Wieland, Wolf.

It may be that, despite their now lowly positions, the "long pedigrees" still exert an unconscious influence, and produce that strong self-respect and sturdy independence, which jar unpleasantly upon some tourists, who would be glad to find in its place servile obsequiousness of manner. Indeed the aborigines sometimes make the stranger feel his inferiority, in matters where he would fain assert himself, for the heart of the condescending parvenu *will* throb unpleasantly when the driver of his *Bergwägeli*, or his guide up some giddy peak, or over some treacherous glacier, beguiles the way with tales of his ancestors who lived and fought centuries ago—Knights and Counts of the Holy Roman Empire. Many may find it difficult to understand why the posterity of such distinguished sires have fallen so far in the social scale, by subsiding to the status of insignificant yeomen, instead of developing, as in other countries, into the refined and cultivated class of modern landed gentry. But let such persons picture to themselves an outlying portion of Scotland, with resources sufficient to support a frugal and contented population, that had become at the time of the union between the rest of the kingdom and her rich English sister a free and independent state, cut off by natural barriers from intercourse with the outer world, and severed from all connection with the Courts where its sons had derived position and privileges as well as a fitting field for the display of energy and talent. Add to all this a form of government founded upon a purely democratic basis, with laws enjoining the sub-division of property; and it will be seen that the Scotch chiefs and lairds, instead

of becoming wealthy and educated owners of the soil, would have sunk gradually to the lower condition which here excites the astonishment of the stranger, and become, like the Davos peasantry, a people of flocks and herds. The very dwellings of the former noble families of the valley may remind one, not a little, of the primitive seats of the Highland gentry, long before modern wants and luxury had crossed the border, and bring back memories of distant times, immortalised by the pen of Sir Walter Scott, or by the less ambitious pencil, and more shadowy sketches of that half-forgotten but inimitable novelist Miss Ferrier. Who that has read 'Marriage' can fail to remember the querulous despair of the spoiled London beauty, when she first catches sight of the bleak Scotch home, that her husband had portrayed to her in such glowing colours. Cold and comfortless, too, are the dwellings of the former nobility of Davos—*adelige* or *Herren-Häuser*—houses of nobles or knights—as the people call them in distinction to the *bürgerliche Häuser*—habitations of mere citizens.

The square-towered *Schlössli*—little castle—situated on the upper road at Platz, with its solid walls, vaulted passages, and quaint old-fashioned rooms, will of itself interest the modern visitor, but the interest will be doubled when he mounts the winding staircase to the haunted "Count's chamber," with its dark, handsome wainscoting, and sees upon the ceiling two round shields, one bearing the arms of the house of Jenatsch, the other those of the family of Buol. Hans Antoni Jenatsch, 1727, is the legend inscribed round the well-known armorial bearings, of the arrow and the double crescent—while, encircling the maiden with the rose, is the name of Anna Prudentia von Buol-Strassberg. The house was in fact built by Johann Anton, fourth and youngest son of Georg, the younger of the two sons of the famous historical hero. Anna von Buol-Strassberg was his second wife. If we follow downwards the twigs and branches of the genealogical tree, we find that the family continued for generations to distinguish itself, both at home and abroad, and in the

present day, a scion of the house has taken service as an Austrian officer. Turning from the upper to the lower road, we notice, near the Landwasser, another towered dwelling with pebble-paved passages and strong massive doors, while beyond Platz, on the Frauenkirch highway, is one of the many houses that once belonged to the Buols. It is protected by an avalanche-breaker, and has the armorial bearings of the family above the door. If you retrace your footsteps and walk towards Doerfli, you pass, about midway between the two villages, on the left-hand side of the road, two solid buildings, founded by the Jenatsch. One of them has been completely "restored" by its present proprietor, but the other is still much as it was when George Jenatsch built it. Strange feelings steal over you as you cross the threshold and pass through the same substantial doorway, under which the doughty warrior bowed his plumed head of yore. Above, on the lintel, are his arms and those of his wife,—the names Oberst Georg Jenatsch and Anna Buolin, the polite feminine of Buol—with the date of the completion of the house, 1634, an antiquity which its whitewashed walls seem, but only seem to deny. To the right, as you enter, is a small, but handsomely wainscoted chamber, where the present proprietor—a good peasant—will receive you politely, while he pityingly wonders at the interest you exhibit in the armorial bearings over your head. Then you cross to the opposite side of the passage, and see again the proud quarterings, on the domed roof of the stucco-ornamented room. In the vaulted corridor leading to the staircase, your footsteps awaken ghostly echoes, and it seems as though you heard the heavy tread of the departed hero, and the click of his trusty sword, while his form passes before you, dressed as he is represented by one of his many portraits, in the rich garb of the seventeenth century—crimson attire, with a scarf of gold and a collar of richest lace. His haughty imperious features and eagle glance are visible for a moment, then the grand stern knight of the past vanishes, and you see at your side the simple, perplexed peasant of to-day.

Immediately opposite the houses of Jenatsch, are two, built about the same time, and in similar style, by the Sprechers, forming, however, one block of buildings. The chief seat of this family was, indeed, the old Seehof at Doerfli, just divided from the church of St. Theodor by the high-road, and now forming part of an hotel. At Doerfli, too, on the right-hand, beyond the curious little sanctuary, is one of the homes of the race of Guler, bringing with it reminiscences of the gallant soldier, the accomplished statesman and chronicler. Many other interesting old dwellings exist in Platz, which visitors who care for such things will discover for themselves, as they study the customs and manners of a period long passed away, in a region so rich in memories and relics.

In the case of many of the houses, there is no difficulty in fixing the date of their construction, for it often stands above the doorway in association with the name of the founder, and frequently accompanied by a devout sentence or text, half hidden by Romansch scrolls and ornamentations. It is likewise easier in Davos than in most places of the sort, to distinguish human habitations from stables and barns, for the basements, at least of the former, are almost alway built of stone—neatly whitewashed—the upper portion only being formed of wood, which, probably on account of the extreme dryness of the air and the heat of the sun's rays, is dyed fiery red or deep mellow brown. The houses are almost all constructed on the same plan. You enter a wide vestibule, where huge chests, bulky furniture, and utensils of all kinds are kept; off this open the kitchen and sitting-room. In the latter, the enormous be-curtained stove, which stands in one corner, suggests to the uninitiated, reminiscences of the old fashioned "four poster," and beside it is always to be seen the inevitable stuffed bench, called a *Gutscha*. In the houses of the more wealthy proprietors, a staircase, narrow and steep, however handsomely carved, leads from the primitive entrance-hall to the sleeping chambers above. Most of the dwellings are scrupulously clean,

but in winter a want of purity in the atmosphere makes itself disagreeably felt, as the windows seem to be kept hermetically sealed, doubtless to save firing, since wood comes dear to those who have to buy it, and even the owners of forests are growing less reckless in their treatment of them. The old-fashioned casements, consisting of queer, little, round panes of doubtful clearness, set in pewter circles, are rapidly giving place to large windows with modern glass. Even the antique dwellings themselves are being "restored" and altered, while the richer and more ambitious proprietors actually build, for their own use, comfortable, hideous, modern houses. The primitive furniture unfortunately often disappears with the primitive cottage, much of it valuable in its way. Some of it is curiously sculptured, and, in particular, the long, low, massive chests excite the acquisitiveness of those who, in accordance with the fashion now in vogue, seek such antiquated family heir-looms for their halls. The well-to-do brides of former days were provided with these great boxes, in which their wedding *trousseau* was laid, and usually their maiden name with the date of their marriage was carved upon the front of the substantial wardrobe. Durable enough must have been the linen and clothing then in use, if we are to judge by what we still see in these days of Davos degeneracy, for even now the home-made upper- and under-clothing are sufficiently strong to defy, for a long period, the wear and tear to which the hard lives of the owners expose them. The stability of the textile fabrics will perhaps account for the curious fact, that only of late years have the Davos women begun to knit or sew—even now they wield the scythe and hay-fork much more deftly and gracefully than the knitting-pin or needle. A few years ago, none even attempted to learn, the incapacity of the house-wife being supplemented by serving-girls—generally from the Prättigau—who made their living as itinerant sempstresses, making and mending the garments of the inmates in the various houses that they visited. The Davoserin, however, was and still

is a clever spinner and weaver, and she fabricates with her own hands the house-linen as well as all the under-clothing for herself, her husband, and her children, during the long leisure hours that the winter brings with it. Sheep are kept here for the sake of their wool—the flesh is little prized; the hemp is procured from the Prättigau, flax being too perishable for the rough usage inseparable from out-door peasant's life, and for the scrubbing with cinders, which is the means of purification in fashion among the people of Davos. While the husbands and sons loiter and chat, the wives and daughters spin, or with small looms weave the thread into webs about two feet wide. Yarn they dye beforehand by means of a mixture of alder bark and other ingredients, the colour chosen being always a grave and sombre one. Many a visitor to Davos covets the garments worn by the natives, their warmth and durability being admirably suited to the climate, and gentlemen not seldom attire themselves in complete suits of the so-called "Davoser Tuch"—Davos cloth—while ladies content themselves, for the most part, with mantles and petticoats. The dark-eyed, olive-complexioned little *Sennerin* at the Schatzalm is a deft weaver, and her mother has often a spare web for sale. This family of the Accolas are the proprietors of the rich flowery slopes so familiar to the Davos visitor, and some of them are always there in summer, but their permanent abode is a substantial white house, the second on the right-hand of the meadow-path, after crossing the Landwasser, as you go to Clavadel. In this family, as in many others, the Romansch features are conspicuous. Indeed the two types—Romansch and Teutonic—are still plainly visible among the inhabitants of the valley, and most people will think that the lively black eyes, brown-tinted skins, and regular features of the former race, render it the more prepossessing of the two.

The Aborigines have generally some knowledge either of Romansch or Italian, a fact easily to be explained by the constant communication with Romansch-speaking districts, and with the southern peninsula,

and in part too by the circumstance that aliens are called in to do the heavy work, which the natives would not think of attempting.

In the spring, when the snow-melting drives away the blond strangers of the North, that have been harboured throughout the winter in the sheltered valley, those who take flight to the lakes of Italy will be met on the passes by groups of dark swarthy men, carrying the leathern wallets and enormous umbrellas, which are *de rigueur* with the southern *ouvrier*. These are the "hands" that perform all the hard and rough labour in Davos, build the houses, make and repair the roads, contenting themselves with sheds for shelter, with *polenta* and water as nourishment, sending all their earnings to their wives and families, whom they rejoin in the plains of Lombardy, or in the valleys of Piedmont, when the cold season has set in. Truly a frugal industrious set of workmen, widely different from the Anglican pet picture of mingled *macaroni* and laziness.

The Davos yeoman busies himself only with his own plot of ground and that which appertains thereto. In addition to the property in the valley, on which is situated the family dwelling-house, he almost invariably possesses grazing rights for his cattle on some one or other of the hillsides.

Alp and *Alm* are synonymous terms, used in the whole German-speaking portion of the Alps to signify a mountain pasturage, where the flocks and herds feed in summer, and from which a crop of hay is got in autumn.

Where the ground is particularly rich, as, for instance, in the Flüela-Thal, the scythe is brought into requisition twice during the same season. Sometimes, however, these Alpine properties are rather a name than a reality, as is the case, for example, with regard to the Schiahörner, where the right of pasturage belongs to the Buols. But the barren acreage is more than compensated for, by the luscious grass of the Strela-Alp. The boundaries on the mountains seem to be of a very elastic description; they are doubtless

clear enough both to owner and herdsman. In the valley the substitutes for English hedgerows and palisades are formed by short pins of wood, barely visible when the grass is high in summer.

As already observed, the inhabitants of Davos are pre-eminently a pastoral people. Tillers of the ground they cannot be, for the valley lies too high, and the summer is too short for cereals to mature their seeds. The one grain that ever approaches ripeness is barley. Even potatoes do not always reach their full development. Only here and there, in certain favoured spots, are a few patches of corn to be seen; yet gardens, carefully tended, repay the trouble bestowed upon them, and cabbage, kohlrabi, broccoli, carrots, turnips, spinach, salad, beet-root, schorzonera, &c. &c., flourish well around the village of Platz.

These vegetable plots are, however, chiefly attached to the hôtels and houses arranged for the accommodation of strangers; to the true Davoser, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* The wife of one wealthy peasant naïvely announced that she did not care to cook garden produce, since *polenta* and coffee took far less trouble to prepare! The natives lavish all their time and attention upon their Alps and meadows, which are indeed the real source of their wealth; nor do the care and trouble they bestow remain unrewarded, for the Davos pasturages rank among the finest of the high-lying districts in Switzerland. The natives divide their meadows into three classes, *fette Wiesen*, fat meadows, *magere Wiesen*, lean meadows, and *Riedir*, reedy meadows. The first are richly manured, the others not at all. The valley hay is cut in July, the *Wildheu*—wild hay—as the produce of the mountain-side is termed, in August and September, and then the peasants leave their "town residences" and go into villeggiatura on the Alms, where some have a dwelling-house, while others lead a gipsy sort of life, whole families being huddled together for the night's repose in a hay châlet. At this season, if you go to some of the outlying hamlets or groups of houses, where no influx of strangers has taken place to neces-

sitate a resident native population, you will be surprised to discover a deserted village, or at most, to stumble upon some octogenarians sunning themselves on the benches in front of the doors, with the infants of the population—who would be in the way on the busy Alps—upon their knees. If the weather be favourable—the *Wildheu*—cut one day is housed the next, great care being taken to separate from it the sturdy tubular-stalked *Veratrum album*—a poisonous plant, common in the pasturages. The expertness of the mowers strikes the observer with astonishment. On the roughest ground the work is done smoothly and well, the instrument used being a scythe very much shorter than the English one. The flocks and the cattle linger on the Alms behind the mowers; but, in October, all the mountains are deserted, and so the main valley is enlivened by the presence of groups of pretty cows, and the air is stirred by the sound of their sweetly tinkling bells, for even after the second crop of hay, called *Emd*—English after-math—there are still some nice pickings to be found, whereas the nourishment on the hillsides has failed entirely. The valley-grass, in its turn, becomes dry and sapless, therefore even before the snow falls, the cattle are generally housed in their winter quarters. These Swiss cows, for the most part dun in colour, lithe and slight of limb like a deer, with highly arched, darkly pencilled eyebrows, which many a belle might envy, are gentle and tame exceedingly; but sometimes their very docility is productive of awkward misunderstandings. Recently, a visitor to Davos encountered a herd of cattle in the forest, one of which shewed a decided desire to form a closer acquaintance with him. The lady advanced, the gentleman retreated. At length, with true British valour, the hero resolved to stand his ground, whereupon his horned antagonist came to close quarters, and bowed her head, not to toss him, but—to be scratched!

The hay, that has been cut in autumn on the Alms, is stored up in those picturesquely placed châlets, perched high upon the mountains, that delight the eye

of the Swiss tourist; and, on account of the greater facility of transit, it is brought down in winter, over the snow on small sledges, one man between the shafts guiding and backing in front, while another behind does his best to restrain the headlong velocity at which the sleigh is inclined to run down the steep, smooth slope. This occupation is not always free from danger to those who engage in it, and to others, for, when the snow is loose and soft, the weight of the hay-sledge may readily set it in motion and so produce an avalanche carrying everything in its course away. In 1877, a father and son lost their lives in this wise, as they were sliding down the innocent-looking hillside above Frauenkirch. Wood cut and piled up during summer is brought from the forests in the same fashion. The rise in the price of this most necessary article has been very great of late years. A *Klafter*—a measure 6 feet long, 6 high, and 3 wide—which could formerly be brought for 5 francs, now costs nearly fifty; and even the most stolid proprietor is beginning to recognize the duty of husbanding his resources. But reason and indolence are at war with one another. The peasant finds it easier to fell trees breast-high, by which means he avoids the exertion of stooping, than to make use of the stems, limbs, and branches, that have become the prey of the tempest or have succumbed to the gradual decay of nature; so the woods are full of mouldering masses of excellent material for burning, while landslips and avalanches are encouraged by the reckless destruction of sound trees, whose tenacious roots bind the treacherous mountain-side together. Nor does the owner seek by judicious planting to supply the wanton waste in which he indulges. Only here and there do you come upon young plantations, nor are they otherwise than imperfectly tended; and probably it will require more disasters, more green meadows buried beneath the stony *éboulement*, more châlets swept away by the avalanche, to bring the inert yeoman to his senses, to make him reflect and bestir himself. The dangers consequent on the neglect of the forest, and the minor evil of the

greatly increased price of fuel, are felt throughout the whole of Switzerland; but happily, since the revision of the constitution, laws and measures have been passed in the direction of removal and remedy. Though far inferior to the admirable code which exists in Germany, decent provisions for the management of the woods have now been adopted in the whole of Switzerland.

In Davos the woods are the property of private individuals, not of communes. Among many other wise enactments a law was passed in 1874, that forbade the felling of trees, in places where it would be detrimental to the public welfare by paving the way for avalanches or landslips, without the express permission of the foresters. Unfortunately these officials are a very different class from the highly educated German *Förster*; a glass of good Veltlin is a warm argument, and, after a sufficient amount of hobnobbing, the desired consent is not hard to obtain. It may seem to some that regard for their posterity should make the proprietors more careful of what is such a necessity of existence, but it would never occur to a Davoser to plant that his son might enjoy. "Let *us* do as we please, if nothing else remains to them, those that come after us can always emigrate," is a favourite axiom in the Landschaft. The peasants of our valley *think* exactly as a Prättigauer *said*, "If the forest lasts *my* time, I ask nothing more of it." The inhabitant of Davos is, truth to tell, an exact contrast to the sentimental picture drawn at home of the ideal mountaineer. He is sensible and shrewd, he works when necessary, but he saves himself when he can. He is proud and independent, and honest, so far as a very simple code of morality is concerned, but he will get the better, not only of the alien, but of his own kinsmen, when a suitable occasion presents itself. Poetry and romance belong to the opposite pole from him! Even in matters connected with the heart, sentiment is not allowed to run away with sense. He falls in love with *francs*, not with *faces*. "The richer the dearer," says more than one country girl, and, truly,

many a swain jilts his sweetheart if he thinks that he has found favour with some damsel more plentifully dowered. The courtship, as still practised among the less sophisticated of the peasantry, reminds one, at least in its outset, of a Scotch wooing. The "lad" appears at eventide, generally on a Saturday, at the home of his "lass," and, climbing up to the window, sues for permission to enter. If the maiden be inclined to listen to his suit, she replies, with the proper amount of shyness, that she must "ask Papa." The request is granted, the door or window opened, and a cosy chat ensues on the family bench by the stove. Should the girl be disinclined to the proposals of her admirer, his gentle tap and modest demand are responded to by peals of mocking laughter—surely a sore mortification to the vanity of the *prétendant*. The betrothals generally take place in winter, and so the weddings, following the universal laws shown us by statistics, usually come off in spring. A marriage is an occasion of much rejoicing and festivity among the well-to-do families. A great dinner is held immediately after the ceremony, to which all the friends and relatives on both sides are invited. When this meal is over, the bridal pair, accompanied by their young friends, often go out for a drive, and a dance forms an invariable wind-up to the convivialities. The brides here, as is customary in Switzerland, save when Parisian fashions are sighed after, wear dresses of black stuff, or of black silk if the family is wealthy, and a white wreath always encircles the head. It is seldom that a *fair* face looks out from beneath the nuptial crown. The girls rarely marry till they are past twenty, and their beauty fades with their teens. The complexion very soon loses its early bloom, the cheeks their youthful roundness, and quite young matrons may be seen wrinkled, wizened, and with protruding cheek bones. This is partly to be attributed to the dryness of the air, which makes the features coarse and hard, in exact contradistinction to the effect of the climate of Albion, whose humidity gives to her daughters their world-renowned complexion and, along

with it, the less enviable tendency to consumption. Something, too, must be attributed to the rough lives the women lead here. The young men frequently leave their native valley to push their fortunes elsewhere, and Davos supplies its full proportion to the large percentage of *conditori, cafetieri,* &c. which the Canton des Grisons sends to the metropolises and principal towns of Europe. When they have realised what they consider a sufficient competency, they retire from business and return to the place of their birth, seldom, however, accompanied by a foreign wife. If they do not marry a daughter of the Landschaft, they at least try to bring home a girl from some other part of Switzerland. After their long self-expatriation, the pastoral avocations and pursuits of their birth-place seem new and strange, while their better halves possess the knowledge gained by experience; but this apology for inertness will not hold good universally, for all the young men do not emigrate from the valley; many never leave its precincts, and yet few indeed can be exempted from the charge of indolence. They smoke, drink, attend the markets, and work hard enough by fits and starts, but the real labour is performed by the women. These wield the scythe both in the valley and on the Alm, and as we pass them in the eventide, still toiling and moiling on the rugged mountain, while our *vasculum* is filled with the booty of a pleasant afternoon's ramble, the thought occurs, perchance to both, that it is ours to pluck the flowers of life, theirs the weeds, that the sunshine is for us and the shade for them.

You might imagine, therefore, that the Davos maiden would be glad, when she changes her name, to exchange her place of abode for one where she was worked for instead of working herself, but such does not seem to be the case; for the young people marry chiefly in the Landschaft, and more than once the overtures of visitors in a superior rank of society have been rejected with scorn.

"I never fall in love, save with a consumptive girl," is the assertion of a young Teuton, but this was not

the opinion of a certain Prussian colonel, who, venerable in years and in honours, came to Davos to cure a bullet-hole in his lungs, only to be shot by Cupid's darts through the heart. This "Lady of the Lake," the sixteen-year-old daughter of a peasant by the Davoser-See, was wise beyond her years. "A good stroke of business I should make, were I to marry an old fellow like you; nay, I prefer a young lad of the place," was her reply, with rustic straightforwardness, to his prayers.

The winter sledging parties present a good opportunity for judging of the state of Davos hearts. They are quite an institution of the valley. When the year is young, and the Christmas gaieties are still fresh in the memory, each village has its own sledging-day when each *Bursch* invites his *Mädchen*—each lad his lass. They drive about the Landschaft, headed by an equestrian in military attire, and accompanied by a brass band. It is interesting to watch the procession as it passes and repasses, and if, to judge by the behaviour of the swain in the earlier portion of the day—

> "Silence in love betrays more woe
> Than words though ne'er so witty,
> A beggar who is dumb, you know,
> Deserves a double pity,"

towards the afternoon, at all events, the various potations partaken of, *en route*, have produced their effect, and the warm wine of the Veltlin at length melts the cold heart of the mountaineer. The dancing continues all night and the Davos patient may well envy the aboriginal his lungs, for each waltz lasts, on an average, three-quarters of an hour, and is not unfrequently performed without a pause. Next morn at dawn or even towards midday the *Bursch* conducts his *Mädchen* to her home and there partakes of hot steaming coffee prepared by her own fair hands.

The married couples of the different villages have likewise their day abroad, but the entertainment ceases earlier, and is marked by more eating and less dancing.

These sledging-parties are, however, gradually losing their character, and the national costumes have entirely disappeared. The *tout ensemble* of the Davos girls would certainly have driven to madness that worthy "Landammann" who some years ago fulminated right eloquently in the ancient Rathhaus against a fair delinquent who had so far forgotten her modest mountain manners as to invest in a modern crinoline! *Autres temps autres mœurs!* It is now no longer easy to distinguish between the natives and the birds of passage, as the pretty sledges with horses gaily caparisoned and tinkling bells glide swiftly past you. A nearer look, however, enables one easily to distinguish between the sturdy daughters of the mountains and the health-seekers from below.

While the company is bereft of its old national character, the procession of sledges has been curtailed in its old length; where fifty could formerly be counted, you now see barely half the number. This is particularly the case as regards the metropolis of the district, where many of the matrons and maidens have become too sophisticated to indulge in the time-honoured amusement. Curious, likewise, is it to observe the distinction of dress between the belles of the capital and those of the outlying villages. The latter still cling to their warm head-gear and simple dark attire, but in the case of the former, hats have supplanted handkerchiefs, and flounces and furbelows the full plain petticoat of former days.

> "Oh! that the Gods the gift wad gie us
> To see oorsels as ithers see us."

For truly the simple peasant maiden, content to remain such, is a much more agreeable object than her pretentious sister, trying to ape the manners of a civilisation to which she was not educated. These contrasts are frequently observable betwixt mother and daughter. The older woman has an innate dignity and propriety of demeanour, the offspring of her unobtrusive self-respect, that sit as well upon her as does her useful gown or plain cap; whereas the younger person, hope-

lessly striving to imitate a class which is not hers, looks as ill at ease in manner, as she is awkward in the fashionable attire of the day that decorates her muscular but clumsy figure, and her perhaps ill-favoured face. The daughter is vulgar; the mother is *not*. Fortunately, such grotesque specimens of humanity are not as yet the rule in this still unconventional district, being found chiefly among those whose walk in life has brought them in contact with the strangers. There are still many among the younger women, married or single, whose quiet manners and dignified modesty repel familiarity, command respect, and might serve as a wholesome example to the fast matron or English "girl of the period."

Should occasion lead the stranger to seek out the peasants in their own homes, he will meet with good-breeding and a kindly welcome, which may, however, easily become churlish incivility, if they feel in the visitor's conduct aught of the disagreeable hauteur, or, worse still, laboured condescension, that some people assume when speaking to those whom they deem beneath them. The interior of the yeoman's dwelling will interest him, and the luxuriant plantation of broad dock-leaves around it will be a puzzle, till he discovers the utilitarian purpose for which the scorned weed, *Alpenkraut*—Alpine herb—as they term it—is cultivated so carefully. It is cut in summer and autumn, boiled down, allowed to ferment, and then stored up as food for the pigs. The cooking-apparatus—a rough open oven and large box sunk in the ground—is generally attached to each cottage. Leaves and stalks are all used, and the not very savoury mess forms, when ready, a thick, dough-like substance. Usually it is kept in an out-house, sometimes, however, in the dwelling itself, as one reverend gentleman could certify to his cost. A long walk had whetted his appetite, and while the hostess of the "Alp" had gone in quest of the milk he had ordered, he sat down, as he thought, on the comfortably-cushioned family bench. To his disgust, he presently discovered the soft stuffing to be closely-packed dock-

dough, and the supposed "Gutscha," the ample pig's trough. This place of repose, at least, was less dangerous, if also more unromantic, than the back of a boa-constrictor, or the slope of an iceberg, or even a Davos ants' nest!

Pork is much consumed by the natives, but the favourite meat is the *gediegenes Fleisch*—the Swiss name for *gedörrtes Fleisch*—i.e., meat dried in the open air. Its preparation, however, requires judgment and care, as it has to be watched assiduously and carried to and fro, from balcony to cellar, and from cellar to balcony. If long exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, it becomes shrivelled and hard, while much of the cellar destroys it entirely. The meat is by no means cheap, for, when the process is concluded, three pounds of the best beef have shrunk into one. Fresh meat is despised by the natives. The old Chamois-hunter, for instance, who saw much of what the strangers ate, on his many errands to hôtel-kitchens with milk and game, gave the *grünes Fleisch*—green meat—as they term it, a fair trial, but found it vastly less palatable than the *gediegenes Fleisch* to which he was accustomed. This nourishing article of food is partaken of, on an average, about twice a week, but the peasant's staple of life is a farinaceous diet. Indian meal, eaten in the form of *polenta*—a kind of porridge—chestnuts, and potatoes are the three articles upon which he chiefly relies. A great deal of milk is drunk and much cheese is eaten, the latter served in the morning along with the coffee and bread instead of butter. The Davos peasant is sober and frugal; the large contingent of card-players and Veltlin drinkers that crowds the numerous public-houses—opened of late years—does not generally contain many natives of the place, but consists of a class of men whom the varied requirements of the strangers have induced to settle here. These aliens are looked upon with a species of contempt by the free and independent proprietors of the soil, and this feeling is perhaps extended to the puny invalid who has come to strengthen himself, in the pure bracing air that has made the aborigines

so sturdy and robust. Indeed, in more ways than one, morally as well as physically, the Davos peasant, rich with his acres of meadow, his forests, his herds of cattle, and his flocks of goats, has the advantage over the luxury-loving, conventional stranger.

Between the "Fremd"—to use a German word—familiar to the North Briton—and the native, there is a quiet antagonism, not the less keenly felt because little shewn outwardly. In truth, our presence has done the Davoser no good, and has wrought them not a little harm.

Many necessaries of life, such as fuel, etc., have risen greatly in price, while articles regarded by the old folks as luxuries are matter of every day necessity to their children.

Only a limited class profits by what we spend, and we have brought new thoughts, novel wants and requirements, in short, as the Italians say, *una altra maniera da fare*, to a simple and contented people with sense and shrewdness enough *not* to be grateful for the dubious gifts. We have made their land our land, but our ways are not their ways, and years may go by ere the indigenous population is thoroughly reconciled to the presence of the stranger.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

As many who go to Davos are persons that have come abroad for the first time, and whose lack of experience renders it desirable that everything should be made as easy as possible to them, a chapter devoted to trifles which would be smiled at by those more habituated to travelling, whom occasional rough quarters and untoward incidents amuse as a pleasant relief in the dead monotony of a modern journey, will yet be of use to the majority of visitors, all the more so as the unique position occupied by this district causes its circumstances and surroundings to be different from those of other places familiar to our country-folk.

We will begin at the beginning, and bring the stranger from London to his destination by the quickest and most convenient route, premising that the average cost of the journey, usual stoppages included, is about £9—£10. This is calculated for those who travel first-class the whole way. All can pilot themselves easily to the French metropolis. It may, however, be mentioned that the Dover and Calais route is the best for those who look upon the passage of the Channel as a period when much misery may be compressed into little space, and believe quite logically that the larger the space the greater the misery. The journey from Paris to Bâle may be comfortably performed per express train in a day, and at Bâle there are several good hôtels close to the railway station. People who do not fear to encounter fatigue frequently travel straight through from London to Bâle, and in summer the same energy will carry them on to Davos

in another long day, though this necessitates a very early start; but more leisurely tourists, who prefer leaving Bâle at a later hour, will be able, after a pleasant journey of some half-dozen hours past Zürich, where they must change carriages, along the smiling lake of Zürich and the grandly romantic lake of Wallenstadt, to get out quietly at the roadside station of Landquart, and spend a comfortable night there. Those who object to unnecessary changes should be careful that their tickets from Zürich to Landquart take them via Rapperswyl, for, if they travel by the slightly shorter and much prettier "Ligne du Lac," they will have the annoyance of being compelled to get into another carriage at Ziegelbrücke, which constitutes the junction between the two routes.

Landquart is on the Zürich and Coire line (Coire, the capital of the Grisons, being the railway terminus), a curious post-station—it can hardly be called a hamlet—about half an hour on the Zürich side of the provincial metropolis, and far the most convenient sleeping-place for those who wish to reach Davos, as they can begin their diligence journey without the disagreeable changes and consequent fatigue that any other arrangement of their time entails. There is only one hotel at Landquart, situated a few paces from the station, but though simple, it affords perfectly comfortable accommodation for a night. In the crowded month of August, when the rooms are much in request, it is prudent to announce your arrival by telegram or otherwise; and the same precaution should be observed in winter, that you may secure a well-warmed, sleeping apartment.

In summer, the traveller has the choice of two diligences; the early one leaves Landquart at 5.45 A.M., and the later at 2.30 P.M., both reaching their destination in about seven hours, inclusive of the time allowed to the passengers for dinner and lighter refreshments *en route*. Timid people will be glad to learn that the journey to Davos is as easily performed in winter as at any other season. There is, however, only one

daily diligence after the middle of September; it starts from Landquart at the convenient hour of 10 A.M., and brings passengers, between 5 and 6 P.M., to Davos-Platz. The snow seldom lies long in the vale of the Prättigau, and usually the vehicle goes upon wheels as far as Klosters, where it is replaced by a sledge or sledges. Klosters stands, as it were, upon the snow line, which is generally represented by slush in its dirty little street. The "Post," unless it has very few passengers, is arranged as follows. A covered sleigh takes the lead and all the other conveyances—open ones—follow it in a row. People who wish to travel in the shut vehicle—it is exactly like an old stage-coach—had better secure their places beforehand by communicating with the landlord of the hôtel that they have selected in Davos. Those who intend alighting at the Hôtels Belvedere or Buol should acquaint the *conducteur* with their purpose, as the diligence will then be stopped at either house, the necessary sanction having been obtained from the authorities. This is a great convenience to passengers, who would otherwise be carried past their halting-place to the coach-office in the centre of the village. Private conveyances of all kinds, for those who prefer that mode of travelling, can also be procured at Landquart. The cost of these is also given further on.

As we have said, few will be disappointed with the scenery presented to them in their drive from Landquart to Davos. Passing through the gloomy portals of the Klus, you enter the laughing Prättigau. Fain would we dwell upon its varied charms, and describe so happy a union of riches and sublimity, the wealth of fruit-trees, the flowery meadows, the narrow gorges, and frowning precipices, the spreading beech forests, the foaming cataracts, and the splendid background of snow and ice, formed by the gleaming glaciers of the Silvretta group. But my task is to lead the wanderer up the skilfully engineered road which winds through the thick forests from the village of Klosters to Davos-Kulm, the culminating ridge that separates the two valleys, and gives him the first glimpse of the goal of

his journey—a green, pastoral, mountain-girt dale, through which flows the silvery Landwasser, offspring of the dark Davos Lake, whose unruffled waters bathe the feet of the rocky, pine-clad Seehorn.

The route from Coire is much lauded, but it is considerably longer, and less convenient; in winter the communication is not direct, and *no covered sledge runs.* The natural features of the Landwasser-Strasse cannot be said—taken as a whole—to rival the attractions of the Prättigau, though, at one or two points, they may present scenes of greater grandeur. The crowning beauty of the road is the gorge of the Züge, and as a leisurely visit from Davos is much preferable to a hurried look from carriage or diligence, this only forms an additional reason for choosing the journey by Landquart, *as strongly recommended in the interests, both of invalids and tourists.*

Coming by way of the Prättigau, you pass, as already mentioned, the hamlet of Davos-Doerfli, where several hôtels have been built for the accommodation of visitors, who, however, for the most part prefer a residence in Platz, on account of the greater conveniences and superior resources that it offers.

The amount of wind caused by the proximity of the openings into the lateral valleys, and the distance from shade in summer, have, doubtless, tended to divert the attention of medical men from Doerfli, and fixed it on the capital of the Landschaft.

The present village of Davos-Platz may be said to have sprung up, with the rapidity of an American town, out of the embryo Swiss hamlet, which recent repeated conflagrations have still further reduced. In and around it the foreign life is grouped. Here stand the six or eight hôtels and the score of villas and châlets, that have sprung up within the last decade for the accommodation of the hundreds of strangers, who frequent the valley during ten months of the year.

It is a pity, from an æsthetical point of view, that no settled plan was adopted in the construction of the new edifices, and, for sanitary reasons, it is still further to be regretted, that a place, owing its birth

and growth to the wonderful properties of its air, should not have been so built as to permit of its natural gifts being taken advantage of to the fullest possible extent.

As regards the mode of life, we had better mention at once that the notion of taking up house, a favourite plan with English people, who resort to the south for the winter, is not a course to be recommended here, save when urgent pecuniary reasons render it imperative. The distance from which provisions have to be brought, the expense of and delay in their transit, the difficulty of procuring good servants—the better class all prefer situations in the hôtels—form a catalogue of obstacles which none who are not obliged to do so will care to face. Added to this is the counterbalancing fact that, when the comparatively high prices in this part of Switzerland, and the heavy entrance-duties levied by the Canton are taken into consideration, the hôtel charges must be pronounced extremely reasonable. Those, however, who are not to be daunted by difficulties, and who have a competent knowledge of German—French will not replace it—can easily find a sufficient number of rooms, with a kitchen attached, in many houses of the place. Several of the villas already mentioned are dependencies of the different hôtels, but most are inhabited by persons who go out, foreign fashion, for their meals to one or other of the *tables d'hôte*. As English travellers generally wish to be comfortable, wherever they may be, and have, moreover, as a rule, the means of fully satisfying their wants, few will be tempted to venture beyond the hôtels, which are, at the same time, pensions, i.e., give board and lodging at a fixed rate per diem. *A priori* reasoning might induce people to believe that the question of hôtels is one of minor importance, but this, though doubtless the case with regard to many health-resorts possessed of peculiar curative machinery, is, as has already been hinted, certainly not true of a place where the air is the influence that is to restore the patient.

It is curious to notice how much sanitary principles, which appear to us all important, are disregarded by

the vast majority of foreigners, and it is, therefore, a matter of congratulation that the Hôtel Belvedere, as already mentioned, in this respect, as well as in the beautiful views to be enjoyed from it, is adapted to English peculiarities and demands. From its windows is seen the whole Landschaft, bounded on the north by the Rhaeticon, that raises its arid head above Klosters, on the south closed by the narrow gateway of the Züge, through which the impatient Landwasser has fretted its rocky bed; and, far beyond the peaks of Aela, St. Michel, and Ozur, with the leaning tower of the Tinzenhorn, stand out solemnly against the sky. The Hôtel Belvedere is the house patronised almost without exception by the English who have found their way to Davos. They like the vicinity of the pine woods (reached in five minutes' easy ascent from the hôtel) where whole mornings can be dreamed away listening to the "soughing" of the Thal-Wind in the branches, or more profitably spent with pen or pencil, book or work. It is pleasant likewise to turn from the doorway on to the green hillside and there gather your favourite flowers, without the disagreeable preliminary of a ten minutes' walk along a hot, dusty road. The Belvedere is situated in the warmest, most sheltered nook of all Davos-Platz, and on the southern slopes, beneath which it nestles, may be culled the earliest gentian with its starry blue petals, and there too timidly appear the first pale, dove-tinted anemones of spring. In its interior arrangements it is the establishment which especially adapts itself to the habits and customs of English people, and Mr. COESTER, the proprietor, who is a German, speaks English fluently, and is well-acquainted with Anglican peculiarities. His house may be conscientiously recommended as at once the best and most moderate here. The price for board and lodging is from 5s. per diem, and upwards. On the hill behind the hôtel stands a small *dépendance*—a sunny cottage—where those who wish for quiet and retirement may find it.

The Hôtel Belvedere is not, however, a mere English colony, for in its society there is always to be found

an interesting mixture of different nationalities. Those who have lived much abroad will not have failed to remark that the so-called English hôtels are frequently very popular with the best class of foreigners, who, though they may laugh good-naturedly at our foibles, like our ways and appreciate the comforts and conveniences which our presence brings. The exact reverse is the case with the less refined and more ignorant portion of the continental world, to whom our very virtues are faults, and who shun us when they can.

The other hôtels are Rhaetia, Schweizerhof, Kurhaus, Strela, Post, and Rathhaus.

Considering the difficulties to be encountered at this height in satisfying all the cravings of civilised life, most requirements are well supplied. Neither mundane nor spiritual wants are forgotten.

The shops are numerous, and supplied with many things you want, and with still more that you do *not* want, which, however, the good-natured visitor frequently purchases from the benevolent wish of patronising the shopman, generally a quondam visitor, who, his means running short before his lungs were repaired, has started a bazaar, as he terms it, in order to eke out a livelihood and remain on in an air whose restorative power inspires him with unbounded confidence. Indeed, the kindly stranger is utterly distracted by the numerous, conflicting interests. There are so many persons both deserving of, and requiring support. Besides the shop proprietors, the very shoemaker, blacksmith, and tailor, several of the clergymen, the doctors, the masters, the hôtel-proprietors, and even many of the servants, have all settled here with a view to their health; and, still more interesting, as more touching, is the case of widows, who enter on some modest occupation with the hope, by a sojourn in the invigorating atmosphere, of rescuing their children from the terrible malady that cut off the father in his prime.

It would be well were the bazaar-keepers to lay themselves out more to meet the demands created by

the pursuits here indulged in. The choice of artists' materials, for instance, is limited: cork-lined boxes, butterfly-nets, hammers, and all the implements required by the entomologist or the geologist, had better be brought by the visitor from England, and the angler should practise the same forethought. The botanist will be satisfied with the drying-paper, and the *fainéant* with his hammock, in which, by the way, people with a disagreeable aptitude for cold-taking should never forget to lay a warm shawl or rug before hanging themselves up, as the recumbent position in an open net submits the body to considerable exposure, and a severe catarrh is not unfrequently the undesirable result. There are two circulating libraries—one of them, that of Mr. Richter, in conjunction with a bookseller's shop, where all that is lacking in the literary line can in a very short time be supplied.

There is a tailor resident in the Haus Morasani, who, though he be not a Poole, can yet turn you out in fitting guise for the Davos "Corso," while worthy Frau Marti in the Haus Taverna, though not a rival to Worth, can nevertheless make a dress sit better than many an artist of more pretensions. Masters in the ancient and modern languages as well as in all the usual branches of education are easily to be found, on moderate terms. Accomplishments too, need not be neglected, as professors of music and teachers of the rudiments on divers instruments—not forgetting the pretty plaintive *Zither*—are neither rare nor dear. No good grounds, therefore, exist to make parents or guardians hesitate before sending their delicate children or charges to Davos, as the mind can be properly cultivated, while the body is strengthened and developed.

There are seven or eight doctors, and several trained nurses belonging to a German Protestant sisterhood. As regards religious requirements, besides the four parish clergymen of the Landschaft, a Lutheran pastor, paid by a fund raised among the visitors—who does duty alternately in the different hôtels—a Roman Catholic priest, who officiates during the summer in the

Protestant parish church, and an English chaplain residing in the Hôtel Belvedere and performing the service there during the whole season, complete a very adequate provision for the spiritual wants of the community. The Rev. Francis Redford, F.R.S.E., Rector of Silloth, Cumberland, spent a year at Davos as chaplain, for the benefit of his health, and the careful meteorological observations made by him, combined with his medical experience and general knowledge of the place, render him an admirable authority on its climatic and hygienic peculiarities. His instruments were past suspicion—all certificated by Mr. Glaisher—and we strongly suspect that his observations are very much the most trustworthy that have ever been made at Davos. The maximum- and minimum-thermometers, solar radiation thermometer and hygrometer are now the property of Mr. Coester. The register has been continued regularly, and the notes carefully preserved. As soon as sufficient data are collected, it is intended to publish an accurate and satisfactory statement of the meteorological features of the place, as observed during a period long enough for generalisation. The requisite tables will be appended, when they are ready, to this Guide-book.

Now that some idea has been given of the internal resources of Davos, it may be well to mention its relations to the outer world; for many will naturally feel anxious regarding the communication betwixt the Alpine prison, and their homes far away beyond the hills.

Throughout the summer, from June 15th till September 15th, no fewer than twelve diligences come and go to and from Davos on the several roads; and though this number is diminished to six in winter, there is still intercourse with the outer world more than enough to counteract any feeling of solitude or isolation. Letters and newspapers, posted in London, are punctually delivered on the third day; and this fact alone gives a pleasant feeling of nearness and security as regards communication with one's belongings. The rate of postage to all European countries and to

America is 25 centimes (2½*d.*) for 15 grammes—nearly (½ oz.); and there is the same charge for each additional 15 grammes. Letters to any part of Switzerland cost for the above weight 10 centimes (1*d.*); but up to ½ lb.—the postal limit—only 10 centimes more have to be paid.

In the Davos district a single letter (*i.e.* not overweight) costs 5 centimes. Postal cards to all foreign countries, comprised in the recent international arrangement, cost 10 centimes; within Switzerland, 5 centimes.

For books, newspapers, printed matter, and samples, a convention, as is well known, was entered into by the same powers that organised the scheme for letters. Anything of the sort under 50 grammes despatched to England requires a stamp of 5 centimes; above that weight the additional charge is 5 centimes for every 50 grammes.

In Switzerland, printed matter of any kind costs 2 centimes up to 50 grammes; from 50 to 250 grammes, 5 centimes; from 250 to 500 grammes, 10 centimes. The postage for samples is as follows: 1 to 50, 5 centimes; 50 to 250, 10 centimes; 250 to 500, 15 centimes.

Post-office orders to England cost: up to £2—9*d.*; from £2 to £5—1*s.* 6*d.*; from £5 to £7—2*s.* 3*d.*; from £7 to £10—3*s.*

Registration costs 20 centimes, the amount you can recover when a letter goes astray being invariably 50 francs. An arrangement unknown in England—*remboursement de poste*—enables you to pay at the nearest post-office for anything you may have ordered from any country, where the system is in force. Within the limits of Switzerland, the tax on this convenience is 30 centimes, up to the sum of 100 francs. For the convenience of people resident abroad, it is a great disadvantage that no English parcel post exists. Each closed packet to or from England, is charged as a letter. Packages therefore had better be confided to the care of some respectable *expéditeur*; the Globe Parcel Express will be found satisfactory, and by communicating with Mr. George Wheatley, at the head-

office, 156 Leadenhall Street, London, all information can readily be obtained. We may, however, observe that small packets come cheapest if sent by *grande vitesse*—quick mode of transit—and are between England and Davos, or *vice versa* a week or less *en route*, while heavy boxes ought to be sent by *petite vitesse*—slow carriage—which costs much less, but implies several weeks of transport.

To or from Germany parcels can be sent by the post, if under 10 lbs. at a uniform charge of 1 franc 25 centimes, while in Switzerland itself only 40 centimes is charged for a pretty heavy package. Anything under 120 lbs. in weight can be sent by post.

As regards telegrams, we English people are likewise sadly in the background. An ordinary despatch from Switzerland to London costs 7 francs (5*s.* 7*d.*), and to the country 8 francs (6*s.* 5*d.*).

In Switzerland itself there is, to begin with, a regular tax of thirty centimes, and a charge of five centimes for every two words. The addresses of sender and receiver are both charged for.

To quit the subject of communication with distant parts of the world and return to the narrow limits of the Landschaft, we may mention that the means of locomotion are considerable, and the cost of carriages similar to that in most other parts of Switzerland. The horses are good, the coachmen steady, and the prices all fixed by a tariff appended to this chapter. In winter, one-horse sledges, which only accommodate in comfort two passengers and the driver, are almost invariably used, as the snow-tracks are seldom wide enough to permit of a pair being driven without awkwardness. The one-horse *sleigh* is charged for precisely as the one-horse *shay*. The coachman expects a gratuity varying from two francs to five, according to the length of the excursion. For each day's journey 5 francs are generally given.

People of a frugal turn of mind will, when in need of a *cast*, find the diligences a resource. In summer the hours are suitable and convenient. A list of them is given later. It must, however, be borne in mind,

that only at the principal stations, where a change of horses takes place, is it imperative to accommodate all the travellers who present themselves. At the small offices, and on the highway, the diligences if full will not have a *supplément* put on to receive you, or take you up, however urgent you may be. Foot-passengers ought to remember that they are expected here to take to the *right* side, either when meeting or being passed by a vehicle; this is really of some importance in winter, because failure to observe the rule of the road produces confusion, and often results in the pedestrian being compelled to take refuge in the deep snow, an experience neither beneficial to health nor temper! When several people together encounter one of these vehicles they ought to station themselves on the same —the right side. Of course, in driving, you hold to the right or left as you meet or pass another conveyance.

Mountaineers will be happy to learn that several good and trustworthy guides are to be had. Michel, Arduser, and Mettier—the old chamois-hunter—are those chiefly employed. To distinguish him from his numerous relatives of the same name, the first is known by the cognomen of "Bienen-Michel"—Bee Michel—on account of his apian proclivities, the little garden of his quaint cottage boasting an extensive stock.

People who do not patronise excursions will be thankful for the efforts made to improve the walks, to keep up and increase the tale of benches, to supply a band of music, and foster generally the amenities of the health-resort by the Davoser Kurverein—society for the embellishment of Davos—which levies a small weekly tax upon all visitors. The Commune has nothing to do with this board, the parish being poor and not caring to encourage the presence of a foreign element—looked upon as semi-intrusive—by making exertions to further their convenience or comfort.

A foot-passenger, asking the peasant for information as to the goal of his walk, will find that the Davos *Stunde*—hour—is a most elastic measure of distance, particularly when applied to mountain climbing, where

few would care to imitate the regular dogged step of the sturdy native. The French kilomètre is the official measure of length, and the table of comparison with the English mile, given a little farther on, may be found useful, as also the following statement of the relations between the three thermometers generally employed.

Thermometer Table.—Réaumur's thermometer is generally used in Germany, and the Centigrade in France; either, especially Centigrade, is much simpler than our Fahrenheit system. To convert degrees of Réaumur into Fahrenheit—if above freezing-point, multiply by 2¼ and add 32°; if below, multiply by 2¼ and substract from 32°. Thus, for 17° R. (above), and −8° R. (below):—

17° R. × 2¼ = 38¼°; add 32° = 70¼° F.
−8° R. × 2¼ = 18°; sub. 18° from 32° = 14° F.

To convert degrees of Celsius (or Centigrade) into those of Fahrenheit, multiply by 1⅘, and add 32° if above freezing-point, or subtract from 32° if below it.

The figures given above will enable the traveller to reduce with little trouble the degrees of Réaumur and Centigrade to those of Fahrenheit.

Inveterate shoppers may be glad to know that the convenient French mètre is now much used in Davos, though many of the old-fashioned people still cling to their time-honoured Elle—ell. The mètre is subdivided—as is universally known—into one hundred parts called centimêtres, and it is about one-tenth longer than our own familiar yard, which contains ninety centimètres, while the Swiss Ell has sixty. The Swiss foot is exactly the same length as the English one, though it consists of ten inches instead of twelve, the Swiss unit being longer than ours by one-fifth. Perhaps the following hints how to convert the official measures of length and distance to our English standards may not be useless to the traveller:—

One mètre = 1·094 English yard = 3·281 feet = 39·37 inches = 1 1-10th yard nearly. Hence, to turn mètres into yards, add 1-10th; to turn yards into mètres,

subtract 1-11th. Hence, again, 10 mètres = 32·81 feet; 100 mètres = 328·1; 1000 mètres (or kilomètre) = 3281 feet, or 5 furlongs nearly. Hence, a kilomètre = 5-8ths of a mile, nearly; or 6 miles = 10 kilomètres; or 10 mile = 16 kilomètres, nearly.

In using these Tables, remember that 3 kilomètres (for example) being 1·863 miles, 30 kilomètres will be 18·63 miles; 300 will be 186·3; and so on. Hence, to turn 366 kilomètres (for instance) into miles, say 300 = 186·3; 60 = 37·3; and 6 = 3·7; total, 227·3 miles.

As people in Davos are constantly weighing themselves, it may be of advantage to state that the Swiss pound is half a French kilo, its relation to ours being accurately expressed by the formula $50\frac{3}{4}$ K = 112 lbs. English; or, more roughly, 1 kilo = $2\frac{1}{5}$ lbs.

Before closing, we may give one or two hints about dress useful to persons coming for the first time to Davos. Summer visitors of both sexes must bring with them the clothing usually taken to the Alps. Gossamer robes are here at a discount, as the climate is not suited to them, and the laundresses are neither very cheap nor very good.

Winter sojourners should be careful to possess themselves of a wardrobe at once warm and light. Plenty of thick underclothing is particularly recommended. A fur-lined coat for men, and a similar cloak for ladies, warm rugs, thick coverings and well-lined foot-baskets, are essential items for both sexes. Gentlemen as well as ladies, when going out for a walk, are advised always to have with them a woollen plaid or shawl—which, carried on the shoulder, is really far from cumbersome—for, should rapid changes in the temperature occur, it can be much more readily thrown off and on than a jacket, overcoat or mantle. Vanity as regards foot- and head-gear must be laid aside. The extremities should represent antipodes. Strong nailed boots and thick gaiters, suitable for Siberia, ought to be associated with a broad-brimmed straw-hat like that of a West Indian planter.

The general appearance is still further improved by

the presence of a pair of blue spectacles, necessary to protect the eyes from the dazzling glare of the snow. The propriety of keeping the feet both warm and dry cannot be too much dwelt upon, as neglect in this respect is speedily visited by punishment, in the form of colds and catarrhs, that may seriously imperil the good effects of Davos air. A misplaced regard for fashion displays itself, as is to be expected, more especially in the fair sex, who try to convince both themselves and their sensible friends that it is impossible for them to bear the weight of heavy shoes and gaiters.

Women, really anxious to regain their health, must conquer this feminine weakness, and insert their feet, however Andalusian, into a pair of hob-nailed boots, with plenty of room and to spare, for a double layer of felt soles. If they prefer it, they can conceal flannel-lined Wellingtons under their skirts. The natives wear woollen stockings, summer and winter, and invalids and children would do well to follow their example.

Indoors, cold is not to be feared; the houses, unlike those of southern climates, are well-built, well-heated throughout, and provided with double doors and windows, as well as furnished with every other appliance for resisting a low temperature.

I hope that I have said enough to draw the attention of my countrymen to a place which, though for long years hidden from them, and even now but little favoured by their presence, has been known and frequented for a decade by Germans, Dutch, Poles, Russians, Scandinavians, French, even by Italians and Spaniards, hundreds of whom annually returned to their distant homes with a good prospect of life before them, while by many an English fireside there stood a vacant chair, and hearts mourned sadly over near and dear ones who had found an early grave by the olive- or cypress-grove of the Mediterranean. It was to those threatened by a similar calamity that I wished to tell of a place where the lamp of life already waning might be trimmed anew; and implore them to give up the seductive but deceptive mirage of a southern clime,

and instead of seeking to lull the subtle enemy who has attacked them to a short-lived slumber in the balmy regions of the south to challenge him to open hand-to-hand combat in the Alpine valley of Davos.

And now I will conclude, feeling assured that, while the traveller will be greatly obliged to me for having made him acquainted with so pleasant a nook in which to spend his summer holiday, the gratitude of the invalid will exceed that of the tourist tenfold, and when he who came here pale and emaciated, with the shadow of death upon him, leaves, with the vigour and strength of former days restored, he will, at the last turn of the road, cast a regretful glance at the peaceful valley he is quitting, and with heartfelt thankfulness exclaim, "A blessing rest on thee, Davos."

TIME-TABLE OF COACHES TO AND FROM DAVOS-PLATZ.

SUMMER SEASON.

June 15 *to September* 15.

ARRIVALS:

1.5 P.M. from Süs.
1.5 P.M. leaving Landquart at 5.45 A.M.
9.40 P.M. leaving Landquart at 2.30 P M.
8.10 P.M. from Süs.
12.45 P.M. leaving Coire at 4.45 A.M. (by Lenz).
9 P.M. leaving Coire at 4.45 A.M. (by Thusis).

DEPARTURES:

7 A.M. to Landquart.
11.40 A.M. to Landquart.
11.40 A.M. to Süs.
5 A.M. to Süs.
2.25 P..M to Coire (by Lenz).
6.20 A.M. to Coire (by Thusis).

WINTER SEASON.

September 16 *to June* 14.

ARRIVALS:

3.10 P.M. from Süs.
5.30 P.M. leaving Landquart at 10.0 A.M.
3.25 P.M. leaving Coire at 5.15 A.M. (by Lenz).
3.25 P.M. leaving Coire at 4.20 A.M. (by Thusis).

DEPARTURES:

7 A.M. to Landquart.
7 A.M. to Süs.
7.30 A.M. to Coire (by Lenz).
7.30 A.M. to Coire (by Thusis).

LIST OF CHARGES FOR CARRIAGES.

	1 horse. Francs.	2 horses. Francs.	3 horses. Francs.	Eng. miles.
Alpenrose . . .	8	15	20	
Alvenenbad . . .	22	40	55	18⅛
Bergün . . .	30	55	75	25½
Coire, by Lenz . . .	35	65	80	34⅓
Doerfli . . .	3	5.50		1⅝
Dürrenboden . . .	9			
Flüela Pass . . .	12	22	30	10⅛
Grüsch . . .	20	35	45	
Glaris . . .	6	12	18	4⅝
Klosters . . .	10	18	24	8
Küblis . . .	16	30	40	15⅙
Landquart . . .	26	50	70	28⅝
St. Moritz, by Flüela .	50	90	130	42⅓
Pontresina, by Flüela .	50	90	130	42¼
Ragatz . . .	35	65	80	
Samaden, by Flüela .	45	80	120	38⅛
Schiers . . .	20	35	45	
Schwarzsee, *alias* Laret .	7	13	18	
Schmelzboden, *alias* Hoffnungsau . . .	10	18	25	6⅝
Schuls . . .	32	60	80	31⅛
Seewis . . .	26	50	70	

	1 horse. Francs.	2 horses. Francs.	3 hors s. Francs.	Eng. miles.
Serneus	12	20	26	
Sertig	8			
Spinabad	6	12	18	$4\frac{6}{13}$
Süs	22	40	55	$18\frac{5}{11}$
Tarasp	32	60	80	$30\frac{1}{8}$
Tiefenkasten	25	45	65	22
Thusis	35	65	95	31
Tschuggen	8	15	20	
Wiesen	15	28	40	$10\frac{5}{6}$
Wolfgang, *alias* Davoser Kulm	6	12	14	3
Zernetz, by Flüela	25	50	70	$22\frac{1}{2}$
Carriages from Landquart up to Davos	45	70	130	$28\frac{5}{8}$

CIRCULAR TOURS.

By the Albula Pass to Samaden, down the Engadine over the Flüela Pass and back to Davos	75	140	200
Thusis *viâ* Tiefenkasten to Coire and through the Prättigau back to Davos	65	120	170
More distant excursions, each day, going or returning	18	30	45

For each day's stoppage 10 frs. per horse is charged.

Each person, beyond the authorised numbers, pays an addition of 25 per cent.

In the above prices the gratuity to the driver is not included.

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